THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A°. D¹. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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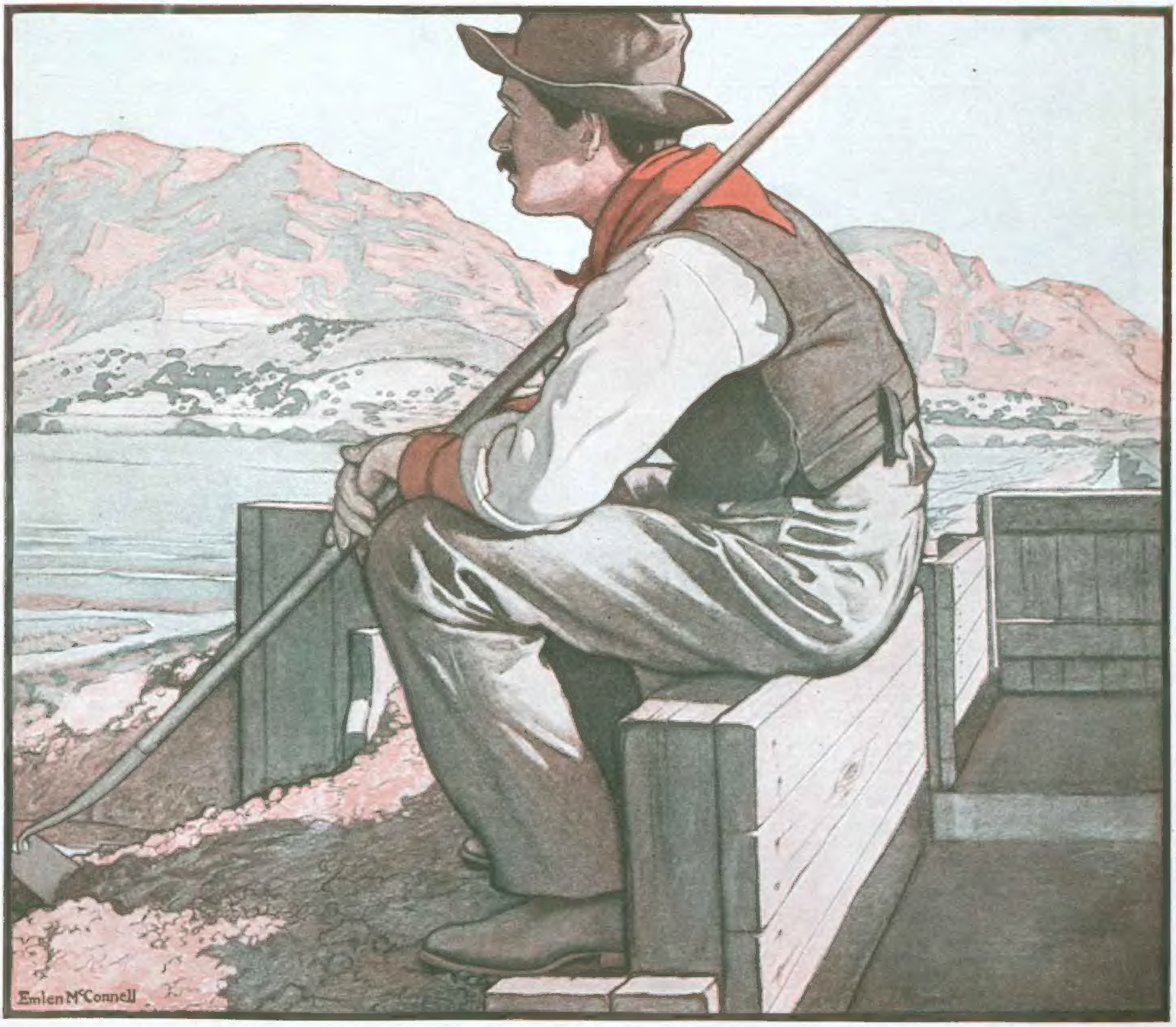

The Boom in the Northwest

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

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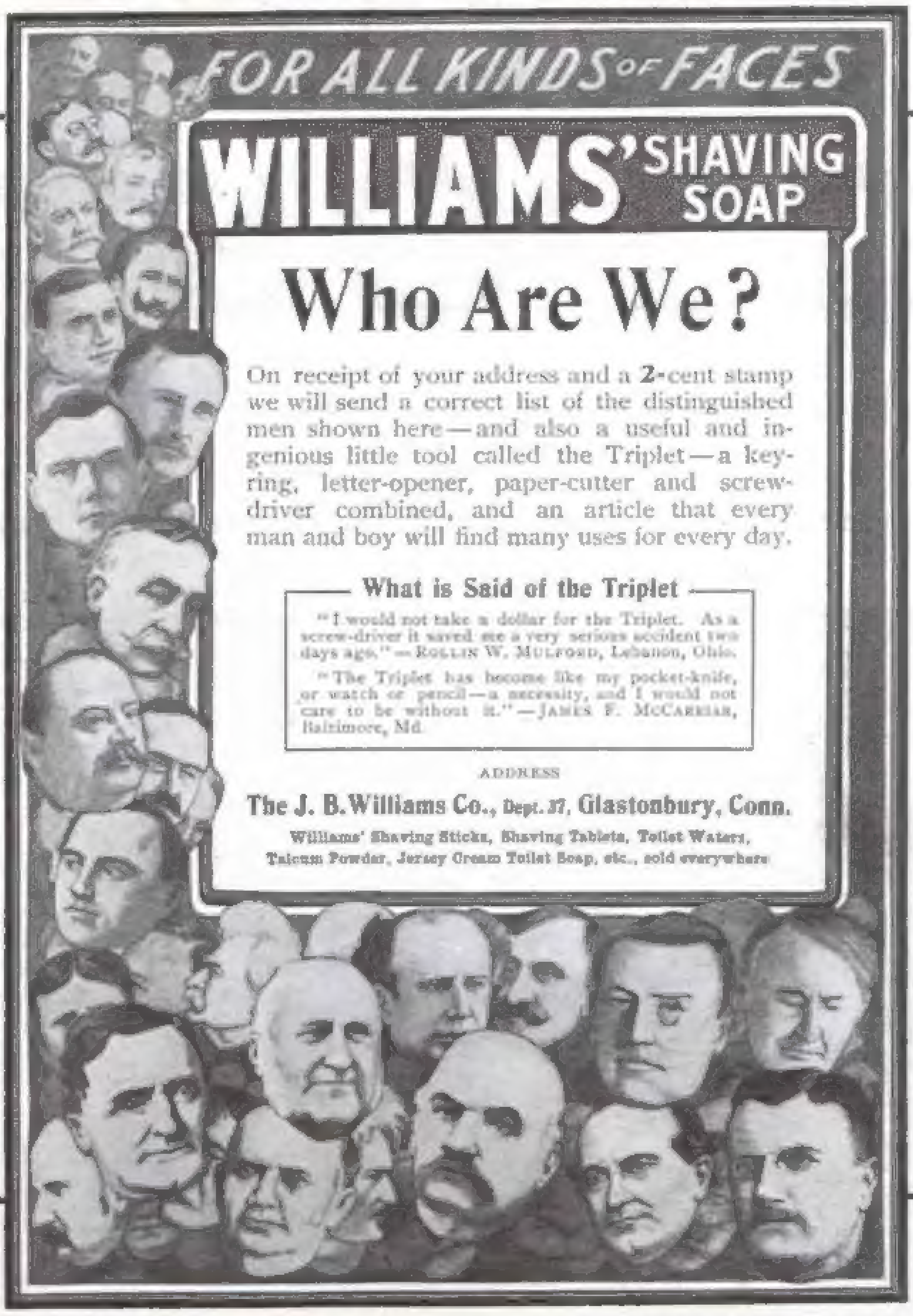

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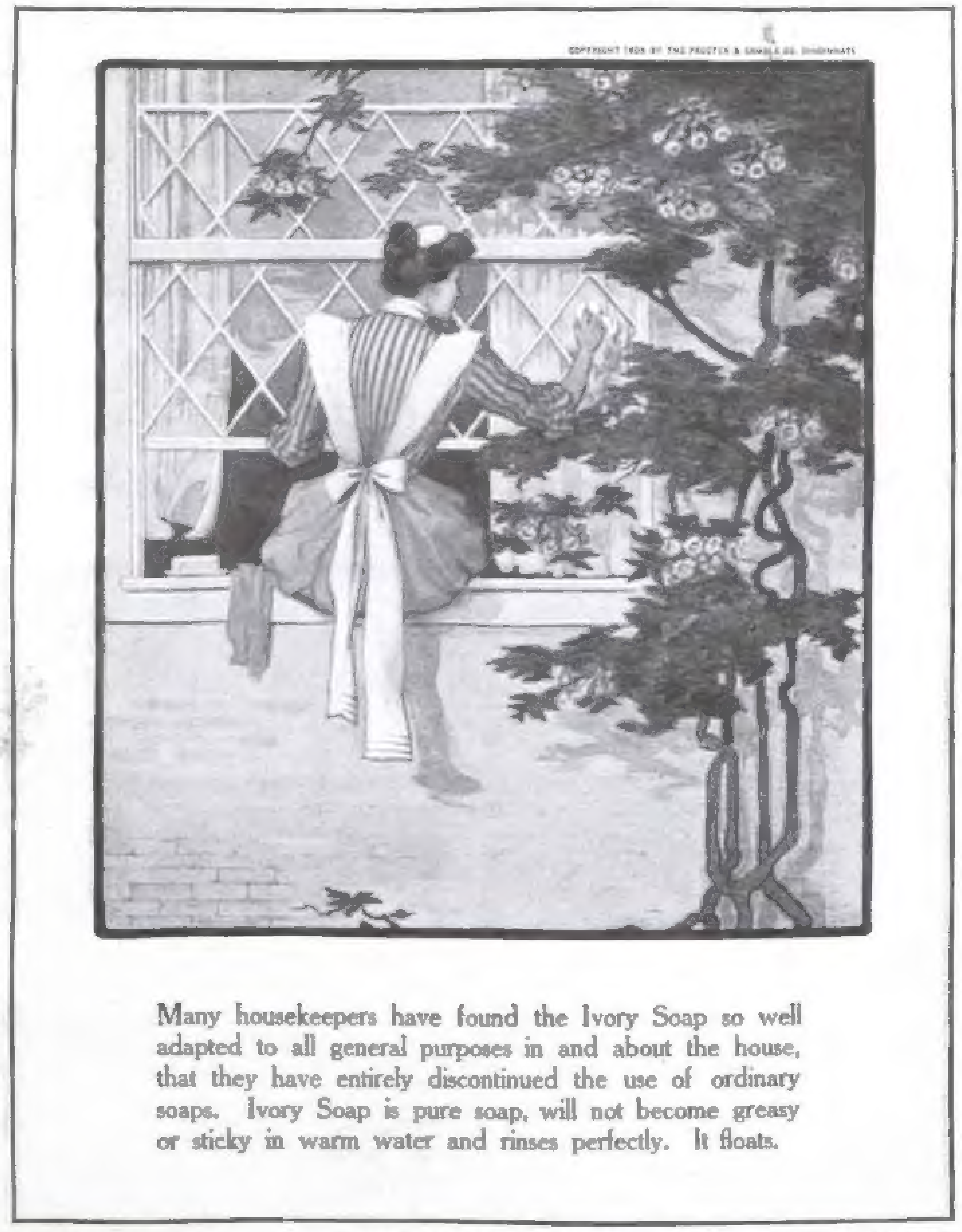

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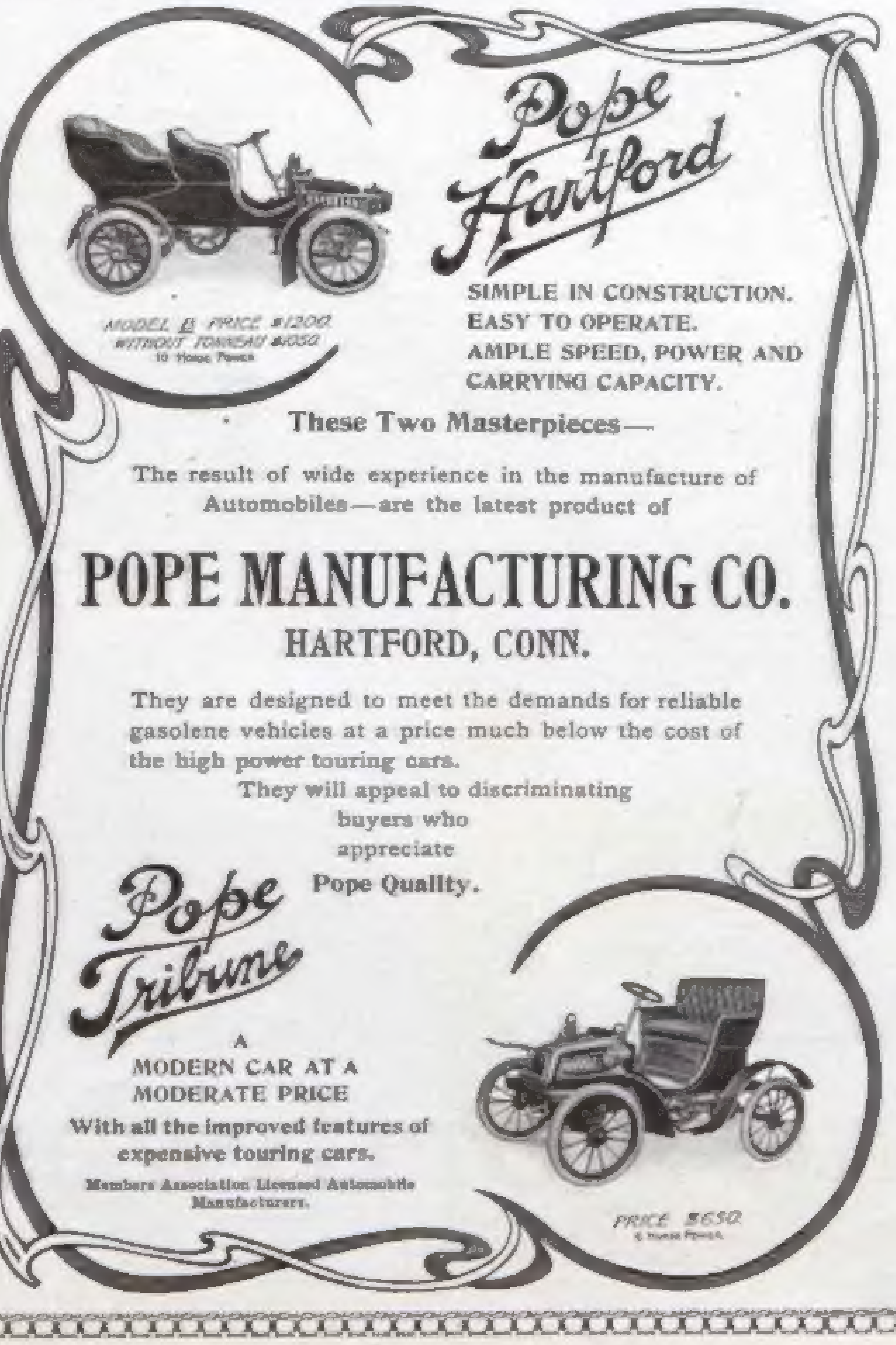

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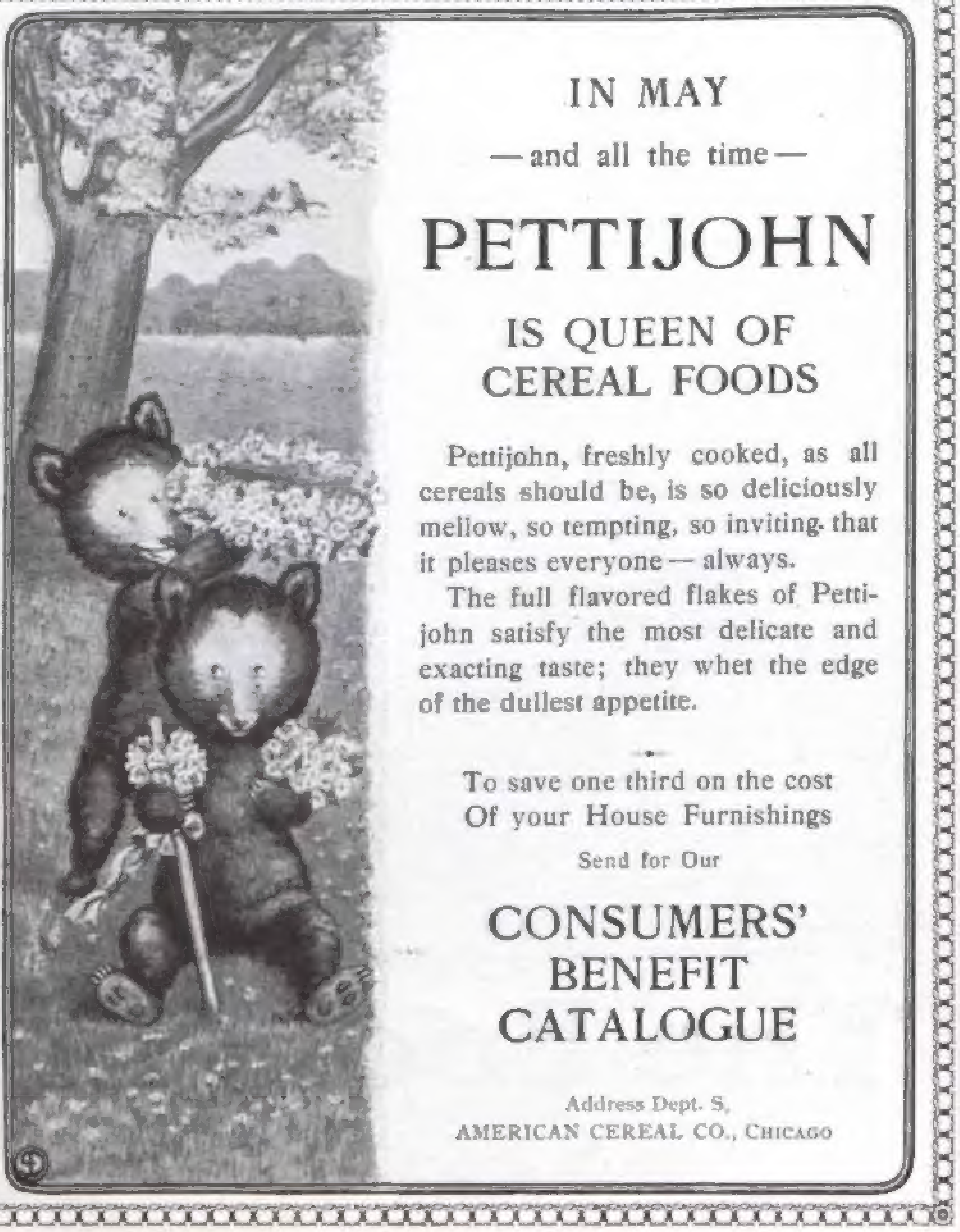

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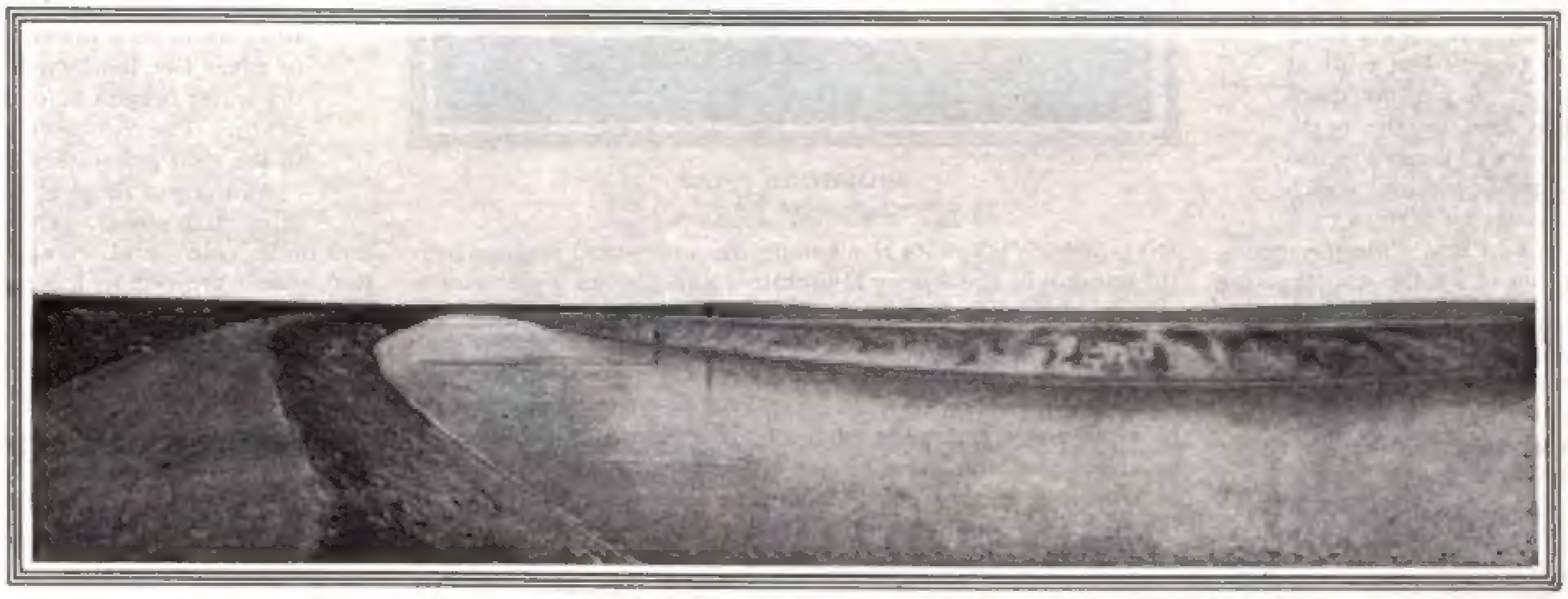
The Boom in the Northwest

Opening Up a Country that Must be Developed by Capital

By William Allen White

THE thing we call civilization seems to be an incessant battle with Nature. As soon as man has shed his tail, covered his nakedness and made a fire he begins prodding the earth and whipping the waters of the earth to make them serve him. For a countless period of time Nature works in her indomitable way, putting a portion of the earth under a certain flora and bringing from the uttermost parts animals that thrive thereon; the balance between the needs of the plants and the requirements of the animals seems perfect. The perfection evidently reflects some definite and understandable purpose or direction of things. Of a sudden man comes, with his fire, and his clothes, and his steel tools, and his own purpose, and his own direction. In a year, or at most a decade, Nature surrenders; the wilderness becomes a garden, growing plants different from those that Nature put there, fattening animals that drive out those which Nature brought from afar and bred there, and making the desert to blossom, or the forest to shrivel away. And the aspect of things changes with another purpose seemingly as indomitable as that of unfettered Nature, but with a foresight and wisdom in using Nature's tricks to conquer Nature's wilderness that reveals a kinship between the two forces: the mind of man and the "way of the Lord."



TWIN FALLS DITCH

The explorer, the pioneer, the settler, the boomer, the citizen—the seed, the cotyledon, the volunteer grain, the young turf and the impregnable sod, have crept slowly over this Western continent, covering it as with a new verdure; and over the half of the continent beyond the Mississippi the bright carpet of civilization has overlaid the dull-hued floor of the desert almost in a generation. Viewed from a distance remote enough to see it in perspective, the advance of civilization seems peaceful and steady and serene, but when one is in the wave, as it lashes the sands of the primordial earth, he finds that it is charged with a force that bends men and breaks them, and loosens mighty passions of greed and hate and lust for power. He finds that it often develops in men a large scorn for the laws of God, the respect of man, or the fear of the devil, that gets the day's work done by crass brute force and trusts to to-morrow to forget the way it happened. At the end of two or three generations after this one civilization will have taken all of the worth of the American continent that she can use. The battle for conquest, then, will be ended, and only the struggle to hold what has been won will go on. Therefore those who would be a part of the army of the conquest must hurry to enlist, and if they would enter the army now they will find its recruiting stations at the big railway passenger depots of Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For the battle is now raging in the Great Northwest. There the boom is on; there the lip of the wave of American civilization that has submerged the rest of this continent is lapping up the sage-brush and the chaparral and the forests; and the volunteer must hurry, or the battle with the wilderness will be over forever.

Draw a line west from Denver to the Pacific Coast, and another line north from Denver to the boundary line between this country and British Columbia, and a kind of rough rectangle is made by the two lines, the boundary and the coast. In this area is what may be called the new Northwest—the land of the big boom. One-fourth of Europe that wears its shirt-tails properly tucked in could be put in this territory, and yet excepting a few oases, a few cities and a few garden spots it is as the floods that followed the glaciers left it. For considerably over a generation this waste place has been reasonably familiar to men; it has been crossed by three railroads and penetrated by several others. Its various climates are pretty well recorded and its mineral resources have been guessed at with something like accuracy. The power of its rivers has been gauged and the wonders their waters would work when turned upon the soil have been known both by precept and by example. But the Northwest has been the land of to-morrow—the land that would always be there when the world got ready for it. And now to-morrow has come to this land, and the day of waiting has closed. The prosperity of the seven fat years last past has piled up capital for investment, and the capital has sought the point of least resistance for its outlet. For this Northwest is essentially a country that must be opened by capital. The Mississippi Valley was a poor man's country, a homesteader's country, where the only capital a man needed was his hands and his head. But in this Northwest country before a man can go to work with his head and his hands at least $1000 must be spent, and that, too, not by one man but by a score or so. It is one of the *few* American settlements that will be made not by the individual but by groups of individuals; for three industrial forces, each requiring considerable capital for operation even in a small way, will be the visible means of support of the Northwest. They are irrigation, electric power and mining. When a man's farm is on a big ditch that supplies water to a dozen other farms, and when his shop is on a wire that supplies a score of other shops, and his mine is remote from the main highways of commerce, dependent absolutely on a State wagon road or the spur of a railway that he and a dozen mine-owners have "chipped in" to build, he loses that sense of freedom and unrestrained independence that he gets on a Kansas farm where his only partner is Providence. But with the loss of independence comes the feeling of security. The weather of Providence is capricious; the water in an irrigation ditch is certain. About the best Kansas land is worth $100 an acre; and irrigated land in the desert begins at that figure without improvements and ranges upward to $1000 an acre. And so the law of compensation works through all the world.

The extent of the irrigation movement in the Northwest is appreciated when one learns that four companies in three States are building ditches to bring nearly a million acres under cultivation within the coming year: the Big Horn Irrigation Company, and one financed by W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") in Wyoming, the Twin Falls Irrigation Company in Idaho, and the Washington Irrigation Company. A score of smaller projects will reclaim half a million acres in this territory, and within the next two years the Government will have $10,000,000 to spend on lands now under survey in the States of Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Washington and Oregon. There is no lack of water in this territory. The mountains are snow-capped, and the desert rivers flow the year round. The

[illegible]

TWIN FALLS

Snake River, the Yellowstone, the Columbia and their tributaries carry water enough to irrigate millions of acres, and some day this water will be used. It is within the bounds of reason to predict that during the next ten years the waters of these streams will be covering an agricultural territory richer and more productive than that of all New England. For when an irrigated acre is reclaimed it is a full acre. A quarter section is one hundred and sixty acres, every inch of which is good for two and often three crops a year. There is no waste land and no such thing as a crop failure. In the lava dust soil of Idaho, remote from city markets, there are hundreds of fruit farms yielding crops that establish an average price of $200 an acre for the land. In the Wenatchee Valley in Washington, where the cities of Portland, Seattle and Tacoma furnish a lively market, land sells from $250 to $950 an acre, according to the improvements it bears in the way of trees and perennial crops established.

It is worth while to examine briefly one or two of the more important Northwestern irrigation projects that are typical of the smaller projects near them. The Twin Falls ditch is a representative Idaho irrigation scheme. Water is taken from the Snake River at the town of Milner, where the river chokes between two islands. Here a great dam, the third largest in the world, and the largest in America, has been thrown across the stream. The dam is building by electric power generated by the river, and the Snake is literally damming herself. The water thus confined is turned into a ditch on the south side of the stream. This ditch is ten feet deep, one hundred and twenty feet wide at the top, and over sixty miles long. A similar ditch seventeen miles long runs from the dam on the north side of the Snake, and the two ditches will water 270,000 acres. This land is divided into quarter sections which are sold for three dollars and fifty cents an acre in cash and twenty-one dollars and fifty cents in long-time payments. These are the terms of a contract made by the constructing company with the State of Idaho under a national irrigation law called the Carey Act. The water right belongs to the land, as one hundred and sixty shares of stock in the company owning the ditch and the dam go with each quarter section sold. When the land is all sold the stock in the irrigation company will belong to the settlers, who will operate the ditch as any other stock company. There can be no debts against the ditch and the dam. Two and one-half million dollars is going into this work, and enough water will be turned into the big ditch this spring to cover 80,000 acres, and practically all this land will be sold and occupied by the time it comes under the ditch. It should be added that the engineers' plans provide for a storage lake to hold flood water. This will be eight miles wide, thirteen miles long and thirty feet deep.

PHOTO. BY MC BRIDE, PAYETTE, IDAHO

A HAY RANCH, IDAHO

Here is another enterprise, considerably different from the Twin Falls project, but like several of its kind which the Government will construct. It is carried on by the Big Horn Basin Development Company, and provides for the storage of water in the crater of an extinct volcano.

Control was acquired of 250,000 acres in the Big Horn Basin, in the Big Horn County, Wyoming. At the western extremity of this acreage, and many feet higher than the highest area of acquired land, there is an immense natural reservoir, which, when filled, will give a lake of 5106 acres, ninety-seven feet deep. Beyond, and to the west of this natural reservoir, and several hundred feet above it, is the south fork of the Shoshone River, which takes its rise among the snows and springs near the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and carries a permanent stream of water of greater volume than is carried by all the rivers in Wyoming south of it combined. A canal less than thirty miles long will divert and conduct water from the river to the natural reservoir. The estimated cost of the canal, to be twenty-five feet wide in the bottom and five feet deep, is less than $200,000. No money need to be spent on the natural reservoir except to cut a tunnel to take the water from the interior, near the bottom, to the exterior, to flow it over the lands to be irrigated, lying below. There is already a lake of twenty-five to thirty acres in it. To build such a reservoir would require an expenditure of over $2,000,000, but Nature has placed it where it will do most good without cost. It is estimated that the cost of building distributing canals and laterals to reach the 250,000 acres of land lying below the natural basin will not exceed $200,000.

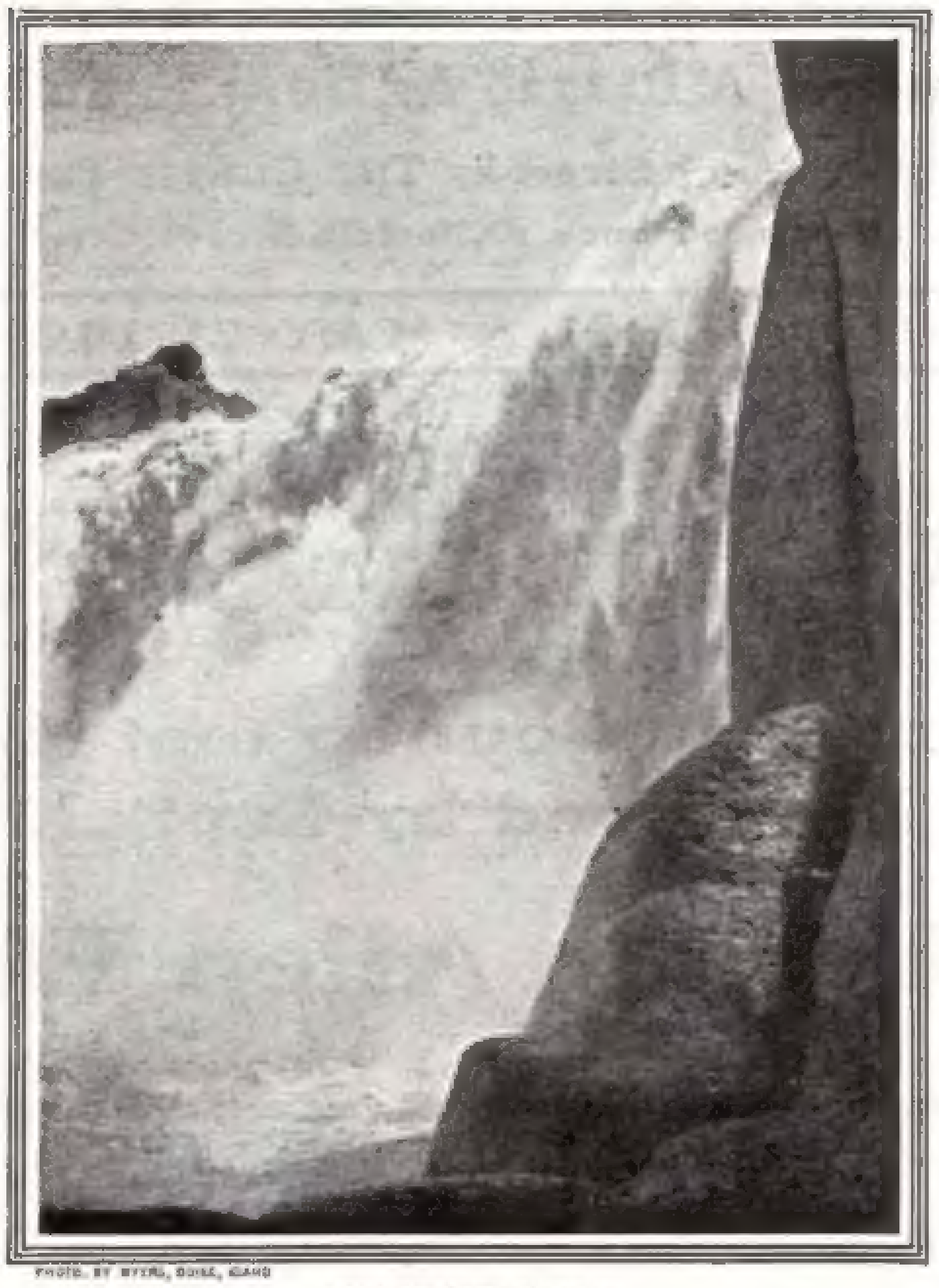


PHOTO. BY MYERS, BOISE, IDAHO

SHOSHONE FALLS

A settler may buy from these lands so segregated one hundred and sixty acres, and may pay the State fifty cents an acre, but he must show that he has acquired a water right from the water company. Then he may pay down twenty-five cents an acre and enter upon his land, but before he can pay the State the remaining twenty-five cents an acre, and acquire a clear title, he must show that he has made certain improvements, that he has irrigated a given proportion of his land, and, above all, that he has settled with and satisfied the water company. In the mean time, all improvements and appurtenances become a part and parcel of the land, which cannot be alienated by the settler by mortgage or lien of any kind whatsoever. The water company thus holds a first lien for all unpaid amounts, and the security is absolute under the law. The State of Wyoming, by contract with the water company under the Carey Act, allows a charge to be made for water rights of from twelve dollars to twenty-five dollars an acre, and probably in this case it will be as high as thirty dollars. Each tract of forty acres represents one share in the irrigation system supplying it. When, therefore, a settler has paid his water right in full he becomes an owner in the system to the extent of one share for each forty acres, and when ninety per cent. of such shares have been sold and settled for the responsibility of the water company ceases and the settlers take over the water system, form their own company, and operate it under the State supervision at their own expense. Meantime, each forty acres is assessed annually for maintenance of the canal, and the failure on the part of the settler to pay the annual fee cuts off his water.

The Twin Falls ditch does not take any considerable per cent. of water from the Snake, which runs in this vicinity seven hundred feet wide, forty feet deep, and with the swiftness of a mill-race. The river is full of falls and rapids. But even if the big ditch should exhaust the Snake, experience has proved that only a small part of the water taken out of a river is actually used by the irrigated vegetation, for the water taken out seeps back into the river, and only twenty per cent. of it is lost. One of the wonders of irrigation in the West is a California plant which uses the water three times. It is first transferred from a waterfall into electric power, and then runs into a ditch that waters a high plateau. The electric power pumps up the seepage from wells on a lower bench of land, and uses it again to cover the land on that level; and fifty per cent. of the water taken out of the first ditch reaches the river again. The Yankee will do more wonders with water in the next generation than he has done with land.

And one of these great things will be the development of electric power. On the Snake River alone there are now under consideration, and in several cases under construction, power projects which experts have declared will produce half a million horse-power at low water and will not be obstructed or thrown out of operation by floating ice in winter. Near the city of Tacoma surveys have been made and work is progressing to produce over 150,000 horse-power from the waterfalls on the near-by mountains. Just as much power may be developed near Portland and Seattle. Almost every city or town in all the Northwest has at its door more power than it can use. Literally, millions of dollars are being invested in these power schemes.

PHOTO. BY MC BRIDE, PAYETTE, IDAHO

FRUIT RANCH, IDAHO

The Shoshone Power Company is a project that is typical of the best power concerns along the Snake River. It is building and has practically completed a tunnel nineteen feet in diameter, with a fall of two hundred feet in four hundred of length. It is estimated that this will generate 20,000 horse-power. The company has ten adjacent tunnel sites, each of which will develop this amount of power, at Shoshone Falls; at Twin Falls, a few miles above Shoshone Falls, the company has a location which will develop 100,000 horse-power, and below Shoshone, at Twin Lakes, the Augur Falls power rights are owned by the same company, and Augur Falls, though a comparatively small affair, will develop 25,000 horse-power.

These three falls are now twenty-five miles from a railroad. They are remote from any settlements; but when the water is turned into the Twin Falls ditch this spring five thousand homeseekers who have bought land of the Twin Falls Company will move into the country, and capital is only

PHOTO. BY MYERS, BOISE, IDAHO

THOUSAND SPRINGS ON SNAKE RIVER

TWO AND A QUARTER DAYS' TROUT FISHING, UPPER SNAKE RIVER

waiting for the water to flow into the ditch to call the town of Twin Falls into being; in two years what is now a dreary stretch of sage-brush will be involved in a paving scandal, and the bond election for the beet-sugar factory will be boiling hot. But Twin Falls and the Twin Falls country will use only a small part of the Shoshone Company's power. Much of it will go to Salt Lake, and to Tonapah, the new Nevada gold-mining camp (which has no water, and is short of power), and some of it will be sent northward into the Saw Tooth Mountains. The wires may go north or south, but they cannot follow the river, for every hundred miles they would encounter other power systems just as great. There is a series of springs a score or so of miles down the river, between Shoshone and Glenn's Ferry, which competent hydraulic engineers have estimated will develop 300,000 horse-power, and at almost every ferrying place along the Snake River it is possible to develop enough electricity to run a good-sized inland town. The promoters of these power companies are country bankers and fruit growers and men who do not know the watery ways of Wall Street, and the capitalization of these companies is rarely larger than a sum on which the plant may earn a small interest. If pools and combinations continue in fashion some day a high-hatted promoter may wander out this way and unite a hundred or so of these plants into one company, put their stock into a merger, and make enough money to grow three double chins and moralize on the virtues of thrift and industry. But now these power plants are simple enterprises which have their roots only in the needs of the communities near them, and not in the greed of gentlemen who sugar-coat their grand larceny with the patter of high finance.

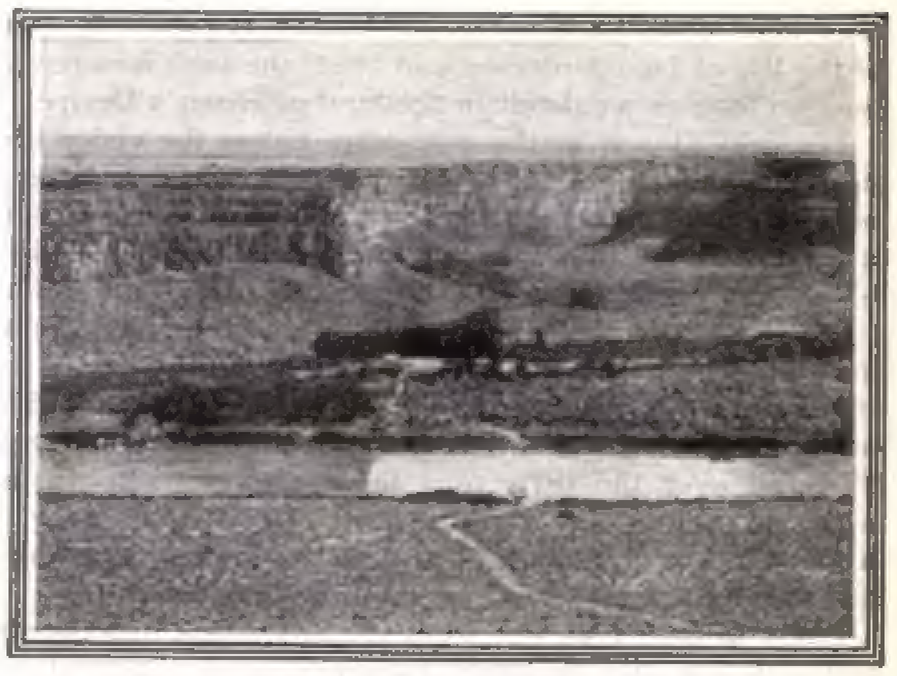
But whether or not the stock gamblers manipulate these power plants that are building now, they will not seriously hamper the latent energy of the desert rivers and mountain waterfalls. When this energy is harnessed and transformed into power it will destroy the desert. Cities and men will fill the valleys and overrun the mountains. All that is worthy in American civilization will bloom and come to fruit here, but in its own way, and with sectional features as distinct as those of the South, the Middle West or New England. The feeling of communal interest in one another, which is bound to come to people strung on a common ditch and on a common wire, is sure to show itself in character as the generations pass. It is interesting in this connection to know that when the Shoshone Falls Company's power plant, which is now far ahead of any other power undertaking in the desert, was first contemplated it was linked with the Twin Falls Irrigation Company, above mentioned, and the plan proposed was that with each quarter section of land sold to a settler the light and heat for his house and stables be furnished. The men who dreamed this dream lacked ability to raise the money for the two schemes combined, though each is now amply provided with funds. Some time this dream may be realized; it is within the range of probabilities; there is power enough on the Snake River to furnish light, heat and power for a million people.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on The Boom in the Northwest. The second will appear in an early number.

Bookworms

BOOKS have many insect enemies. Some, like cockroaches, attack from without; others, such as the much-advertised bookworm, assail from within, dwelling in the very volumes themselves. All of the latter, as has recently been discovered, may be destroyed by a simple means—by shaking them to death.

A machine, now in use in some French libraries, embraces a number of books together, and shakes them so effectively that, without the slightest damage to the volumes, any bugs that may be in them are simply shaken to death. If a few should survive their constitutions are so demoralized that they are no longer capable of doing any harm.



PERRINE'S FRUIT RANCH AT BLUE LAKES, IDAHO

It appears that there are several species of bookworms, all of which are the larvæ of beetles. The worst of them, known to entomologists as *Anobium paniceum*, bores right through a book, making a continuous hole, which usually has several side galleries.

Another means whereby book-assailing bugs are destroyed is heat, and yet another is cold. They will succumb to cold storage at a low temperature, and 150° Fahrenheit will "settle" them satisfactorily. Carpet beetles now and then attack books, and the familiar "silver fish," well known to every housewife, is a not infrequent enemy.

As a protection against such external foes, pamphlets are sometimes poisoned with arsenic or corrosive sublimate. Fumes of bisulphide of carbon, or of tobacco, are useful for occasional application in libraries. But it should be realized that different kinds of bugs demand equally various remedies. Most of those which attack the books from outside seek to devour the paste by which the pages are attached to the binding, and poison of one sort or another seems to be the most effective means whereby they may be killed.

The Hen at Heart's Desire

A Dan Anderson Story

By Emerson Hough

DID you ever stop to think," said Dan Anderson one morning, pausing to roll himself a *cigarrito* as he walked down the single street of Heart's Desire—"did you ever stop to think what is really and truly the greatest of all the world powers?"

Although the day was young it was already too warm for one to talk of serious matters; yet presently Dan Anderson went on: "No, you didn't? Well, I'll tell you. It's the hen."

As usual, Dan Anderson was right. Chickens! Eggs! Ah! in that eggless land, why bring up such matters?

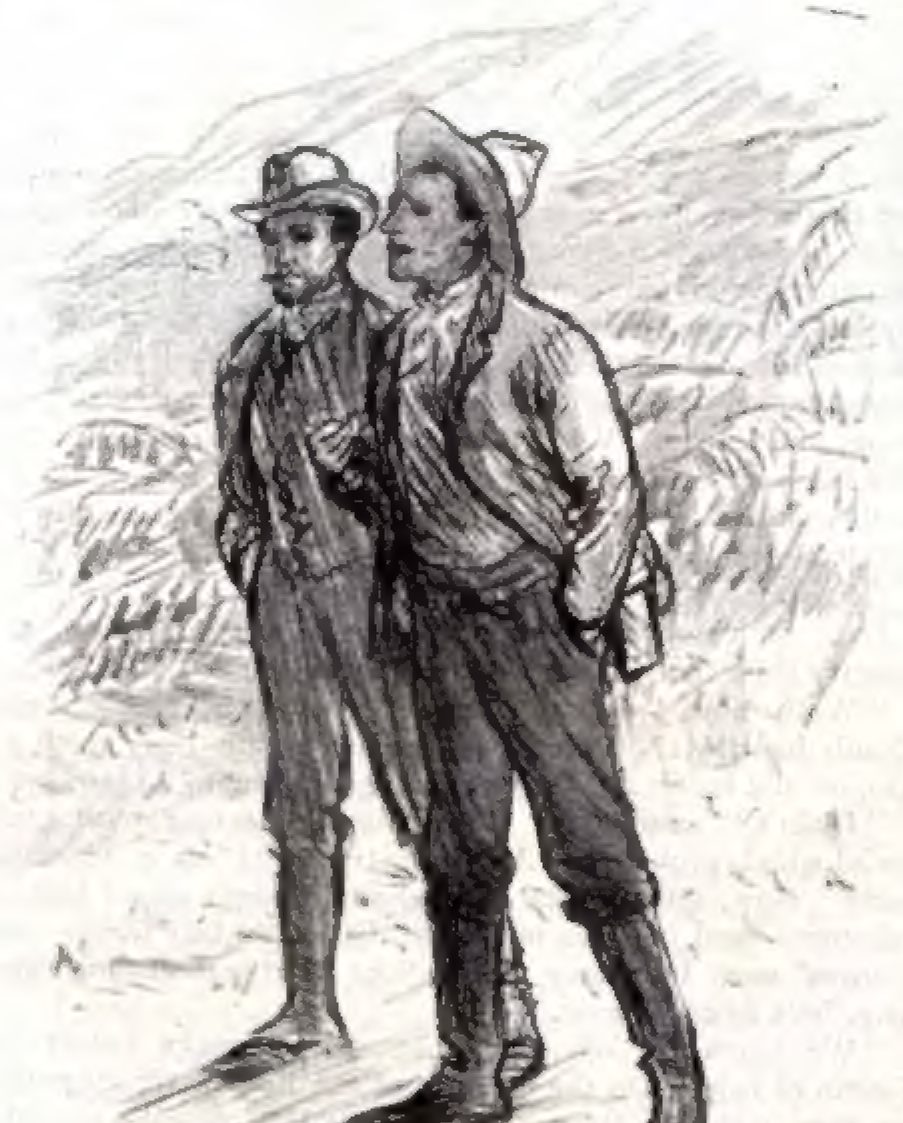
"Now, here we had our breakfast," said he with a wave of the hand back at the little cabins where each and sundry of us had cooked his own breakfast that morning. "What was it we had for breakfast? Bacon. Things from Whiteman's. All out of tin cans. And me raised tender by my mother." He blew a few meditative puffs of smoke.

"Now, was I put through Princeton and sent West to eat like this? Why, man, as I was sittin' up to my table this mornin' I thought, all of a sudden, you know, of eggs! I thought how a nice yellow omelet would look. Then, since I knew I might as well go for a sheep as a lamb, I just turned loose and thought of all kinds of eggs—fried eggs, hashed brown, shoestring—well, all sorts of eggs, you know. Then was when I realized that, after all, it is the hen that is the greatest of all the world powers. Sir, the hand of the hen—it is that which rocks the world!"

The mountain air of Heart's Desire did strange things with grammar and rhetoric sometimes, but it had cost Dan Anderson, Princeton graduate, nothing in force or directness. I caught his meaning almost at once, and could only sigh for answer.

"Oh, I know it looks hopeless," said he. "The piñons are full of bobcats, coyotes and all uncleanliness. The last chicken of the Kansas family went long ago. The Greasers down at the mouth of the cañon haven't got a rooster left. There was eight hens over at Tulerosa, but the boys got too frivolous; and now, where are we? Why, civilization—we ain't got any."

In good sooth there was ground for what he said. Women, home and hens—all these are indeed of the social fabric, yet here they were not. All life came from the tin can, and of all things ovate there was dearth infinitely great.



"THE HEN IS THE GREATEST OF ALL THE WORLD POWERS"

"Yes," said Dan Anderson, taking up the thought aloud, "we're living in a land before the hen; and it ain't right. Without the hen there can be no social system. I have read that somewhere in the revised statutes. Without the hen we can never be a great metropolis. In time our boasted civilization will wane and fade. Our institutions will not survive.

"Sir, did you know that the hen product of the proudest country of the globe—which is the States, my son—each year amounts to more than the entire wheat crop? Think of that. And why is this the case? Because it takes wide acres and much rolling-stock to raise wheat, and some places won't raise wheat at all. But how saith the hen? Any place as big as a dollar bill is good enough for her. She'll sit—or set?—now which of those two is right I plumb forget since I left college; but anyhow, she will conduct operations on small, unused and unfrequented localities of relatively inconsiderable dimensions, as we say at Princeton."

"Why, sir," he continued, "I gaze with you at the vast slopes of these our virgin mountains. In imagination I people them with their proper and legitimate inhabitants. Under every piñon tree on high Carrizo I behold a hen—calm, philosophical, contented—carrying on that great though too little appreciated industry which underlies all true progress, all art, all civilization! Sir, I bid you gaze. Do you not see those bold slopes, the rugged home of all our virgin golden wealth, dotted thick with the peaceful homes of the multifold and various hen? Can you not see more eighteen-carat gold on the outside of Carrizo mountain than we shall ever dig from its interior? Ah, sir, look!"

For a time it did seem that one could actually see those hens, just as Dan Anderson, in his fervid imagination, no doubt saw them at the time. It was a way he had of making others see what he thought he himself saw. It took him to Congress, and may take him higher some day. Yet a part of this vision of Dan Anderson this morning might have been due to the glorious sunshine that flooded the valley of Heart's Desire. It might have been in part due to the oblivion-bearing, sweet blue sky, which taught all men to forget old ways of thought. It might have been attributable to the rich wine of the mellow mountain air in this little valley which, like some harmless hashish dream, contented us—contented us—contented us! Ah, if that valley could once more come back again—if it were not gone forever out of the life of Dan Anderson and of all the boys who remained boys so long as we dwelt in the land of Heart's Desire!

We were almost at the post-office before the vision of Dan Anderson began to fade. Dan Anderson got a letter, the only one over from Socorro in the last mail. Without comment he thrust this into his pocket, whereby I knew the letter was from Her; and knew also that Dan Anderson, simply as a part of the stoic training which he enforced upon himself, would not read it until night. The sweat would stand upon his face at times, and he would long, and long, but he would not read his letter until night, when the candle flickered over the little pine table, and when he was alone with no sound to disturb him. Until that hour Dan Anderson would remain as solemn, as logical, as whimsical and as enigmatical as he was on every other day.

Curly followed us out from the post-office into the street, and with him Dan Anderson conversed after a fashion at first not obvious to the bystander.

"Curly," said he, "you know that young Englishman, Ted Hanley, that just come in lately to stay with Jimmy Alcock and McKinney, down on the Carrizozo ranch—tall young fellow, with feet that stick out in front about a yard?"

"Him," said Curly. "Oh, him? You mean the feller with high boots and the ground-squirrel gun? Whut about him? Has he made any holler?"

"What have you been doing to the new Englishman, Curly?" asked Dan severely. Curly blushed guiltily.

"Well, we *had* to take him out snipe hunting," said he defensively.

"Where?"

"Up there, on Carrizo; last Sunday night. We *had* to hold services of some kind, and somehow it seemed so plumb *solemn* to think anybody'd be d——d fool enough, these days, to hold a bag in the dark and wait for it to get full of snipe. Why, say," he went on eagerly, "when we all got back to the Lone Star—you know we left him about a mile up the mountain in the dark, and tole him to strike a match and whistle onct in a while, so's the snipe could tell where the bag was at—well, sir, when we got back down here, an' thought of him settin' up there on the mountain, in the dark, a-scratchin' *and* a-whistlin'—why, we all felt right *solemn*, I tell you. It didn't seem hardly real."

"Well," said Dan Anderson, "I did not think myself that it was part of the Anglo-Saxon intelligence to go snipe hunting up near the timber-line. But, Curly, you're too risky. Somebody'll shoot you yet."

"Oh, maybe," said Curly calmly; "but not him. He ain't caught on even yet. I tole you it was plumb religious, the whole business. When he come down in the mornin' first thing he asked for was matches. Said he'd 'a' got the whole bagful, he was right shore, if he hadn't run out of matches! He was right cold, but he was shore sporty. Says he, 'You couldn't awsk the birds to find me when it was so completely dark, you know.' When he said that we all got sort of uneasy. It didn't seem hardly possible such a awful fool could be alive! An' him with a trunkful of much fine gold, too."

"What's that?"

"Why, I said it. He litter'ly got a whole trunk of gold money out there at the ranch. McKinney told me. Trunk got here about three weeks after the Englishman did. He never had done traveled much, an' he like enough got some mixed up, seein' Amerriky, which is the home of the free. He cashed in all his papers an' made it clean gold money, which he could understand. Then he checks his trunk somewhere—glad to do it, for he says they can't check nothin' in his low-down country. Then he puts the check in his clothes—an' then he gits forgetful and kain't tell much what happened, till Jimmy Alcock gits him out of soak over to Socorro. He was flat broke then; but still he 'lowed he had all kinds of gold money somewhere in Amerriky—New York or St. Louis, he couldn't remember which. The States seemed some large to him. Then Jimmy, which was English hisself once, you know, before we civilized him, he hunts through Teddy's clothes for his brawsses. After a while, along comes the trunk; an' I tell you, it was mor'n half full of five-dollar gold pieces and such like. Them English is rich scandalous."

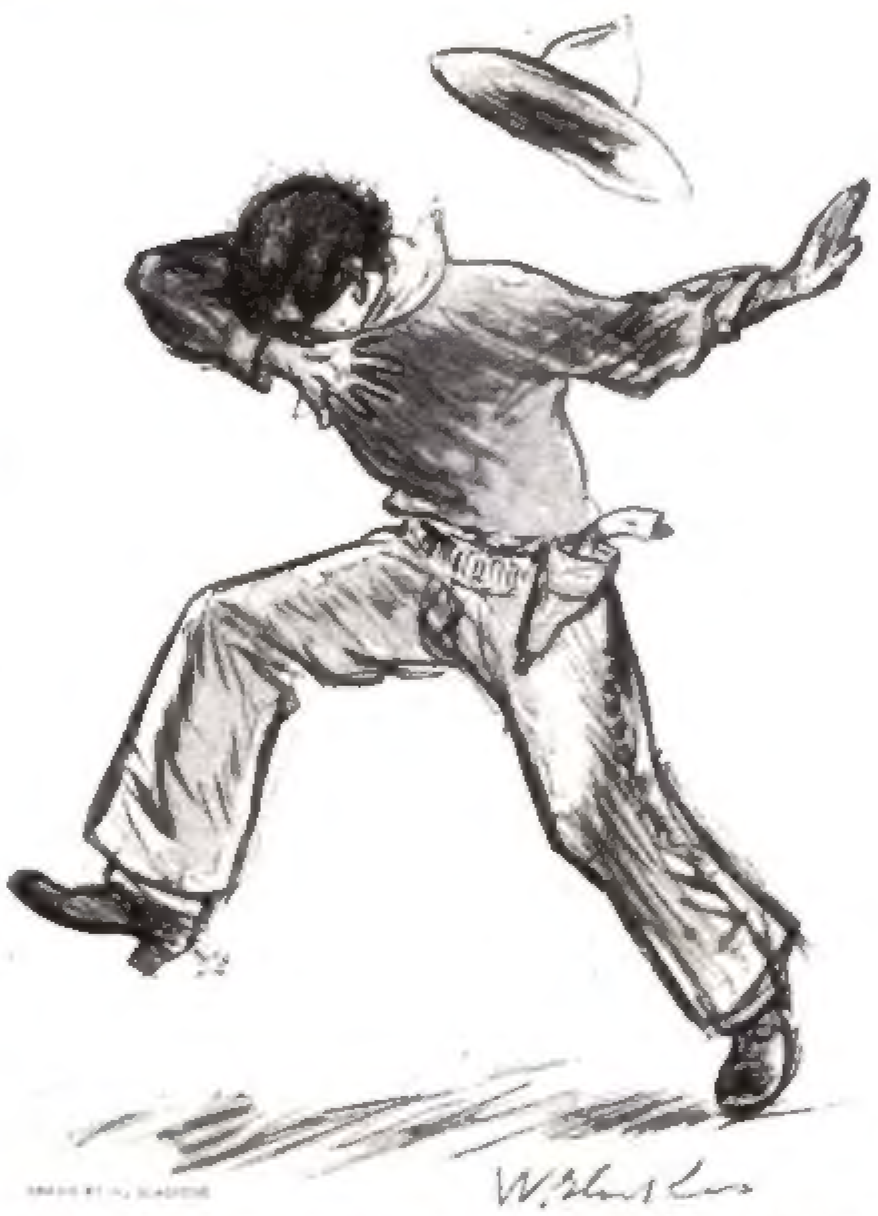
"The hen," said Dan Anderson, irrelevantly soliloquizing, "should be the lodestar of the municipal ambition of this our young metropolis. If I could own the hens which will one day populate this gentle valley, you might write all the songs."

"Is he *loco* agin?" asked Curly. "Say, is he givin' me any slack talk?"

"Let him alone," said I. "Maybe he's going to think."

Dan Anderson had already thought. Presently he led us aside to a place where we might all sit in the shade and lean against the wall of an adobe house. There he unfolded the results of his cogitations.

"Science is a great thing," said Dan Anderson. "It does so many things that I won't stop to tell them all right now. I shouldn't be surprised if science would bring up babies by electricity before long, for it comes mighty nigh to it now. For instance, the raising of a fresh omelet by means of a kerosene lamp seems some strange to you, when you first think of it, now, don't it?"



SOUNDS OF EARNEST AND SOUL-STIRRING PROFANITY, MOMENTARILY GROWING MORE DISTINCT

Curly looked at me and touched his forehead with his finger. "Don't bother me, Curly," said Dan Anderson, who saw him out of the corner of his eye. "I don't suppose you ever heard of an incubator in all your fool life, did you? All you know how to do is to ride two thousand miles for forty-five dollars, and braid a leather quirt for accomplishment. What do you know about science?"

"Oh, *well*," said Curly.

"Now, an incubator is a box with a lamp in it," went on Dan Anderson calmly; "plain lamp, no frills; aforesaid lamp in such case made and provided bein' run by kerosene, as I was sayin'. Above this lamp is several shelves of eggs—plain, simple eggs, unvarnished. You look at your watch, an' you strike a match to your lamp, and then all you've got to do is to wait."

"Humph!" said Curly epigrammatically, "that's all the Englishman had to do for his snipe."

Dan Anderson paid no attention to him. "You strike a match to it," said he, "and then you go off and look over the morning mail. When you come back she's just literally alive with screaming little yellow-headed chickens, every one of 'em clamorin' to get out and pursue its destiny in life. Allowin' you put in twelve dozen eggs, you take out at least one hundred and forty-four chickens, not countin' twins."

"That would be about the whole bagful," allowed Curly, lighting his *cigarrito*.

"And with one hundred and forty-four chickens," said Dan Anderson, looking at him coldly, "the world is ours."

"Not none!" said Curly. "Don't you think it! The bobcats and coyotes would say the world was theirn. Moreover, do you s'pose chickens can eat sand? Why, man, you know as well as I do that we kain't get corn enough for our mules. Why, a grasshopper would have to live on baked beans if he settled here. You couldn't raise chickens here, not unless you fed 'em by spoon. I reckon I know. My girl tole me how they used to do in Kansas. Besides, down on the Brazos, before I come over here, I seen a man—fool sort of feller—and he had hens, he did. But there was grass there, and things. Why, them hens eats bugs copious. You just ask yourself how many squares a day any hen would get in this valley. You think they're goin' to live on sunshine?"

"It ain't a live hen that he's bought," said Dan Anderson.

"You mean the Englishman?" asked Curly.

Dan Anderson nodded. "He'll be the father of this country if he can raise eggs here," said he.

"Well, now," began Curly, "whut's the use of bein' plumb heartless? When eggs comes in tin cans we'll git 'em, an' not before. Whut's the use of throwin' it up to us?"

"I ain't," said Dan. "I'm simply dealing with great sociological problems. All industry rests on a scientific basis. Now, allowin' the Englishman bought about two incubators—and he's the only man that could buy them—and allowin' each incubator held about thirty thousand eggs, why, let's figure it over.

"We touch her off, say, about three weeks before the Fourth of July. On the mornin' of the Fourth we all gather out here in the public park of Heart's Desire. We fire off a few guns, to show that we're in on all the plays the nation's makin', good or bad. We have a few speeches—for instance, by the learned counsel on our right. We have something special out of Whiteman's canned goods. We don't have pie—not yet—but we have hopes for pie and other things. While we're celebratin', all the time old Ma Incubator is a-sizzlin' away, not payin' no attention to nobody. She don't ruffle up her feathers and squawk at you if you happen to go by her after a pail of water. She don't quit business an' go out for a walk, with her plumes standin' on end and her face sour and thoughtful. Nay, nay! She just tends to her knittin'. Then, as things get about to the top notch of our national glory and municipal pride—why, a little whistle blows in old Ma Incubator, an' that tells us the happy hour has come. Then a committee of leadin' citizens goes over an' lifts off the lid."

"Thunder!" said Curly, leaning forward at this picture.

"And lifts off the lid," said Dan Anderson, frowning at the interruption; "and out steps, to the music of the tinklin' cymbals, a-squeakin' and a-chirpin' like all Home, Sweet Home, just a even sixty thousand yellow-headed chickens, not countin' in twins! Gentlemen"—and here the speaker rose to his feet and swept about him a comprehensive arm—"picture to yourselves the men of this crime-laden, vice-haunted community, gazing with tear-stained eyes—ah, it is too much." Curly himself rose to his feet and gazed apprehensively up and down the street.

"Sho! man, you reckon they'd all hatch?" said he.

"Every one of them," said Dan Anderson firmly. "And in numbers there is strength. If we had sixty thousand chickens in this town every coyote in the hills would chase himself across the Mal Pais in sheer terror at the sight."

Curly scratched his head. "It would take a heap of ridin' to day-herd that hen band," said he. "In this country a hen grows legs as long as your arm, an' run! And—well, man, any fool knows you can't brand a hen satisfactory. You'd shore have trouble. Besides," said he triumphantly, "where'd you get the aigs?"

"From Kansas," said Dan Anderson calmly. "By way of the Santa Fé road to Socorro."

"Best way to do would be to send a lot of fellers over on horseback," said Curly, growing interested. "They could wrop up a few aigs, each one, an' carry 'em right gentle in their pockets."

"I should be proud to see that procession, Curly," said Dan Anderson gravely, "but the great number of eggs involved renders it an impossibility. We'll have to use boxes and buckboards. But you cow-punchers might be useful for just once. You could escort the egg brigade and see that Jim Peters, the stage driver, didn't get drunk over in the Mal Pais and stay there till the eggs all hatched.

"No, the eggs must be brought and put in the two incubators that the Englishman's goin' to buy. We'll set 'em up in Whiteman's corral. When we do that we've laid the foundation of an actual metropolis.

"Now, just figure a while. Any level-headed hen can raise eight dozen eggs a season an' only work eight hours a day. We'll say that's a hundred eggs apiece. Now, we've got sixty thousand hens, as I told you. How many eggs is that a year? It's six million! An' on every one of them six million eggs we got an option, whether it goes into an omelet, or a spring broiler, or is put into a tin can an' shipped direct to Great Britain.

"The trouble with you, Curly," he went on sweetly, "and with the learned counsel on my right, is that you don't stop to think. Why, look here, you couldn't *count* six million eggs, not in your whole life. There ain't mules enough in the Territory to *haul* six million chickens over to Socorro. In those happy days, back here at Heart's Desire, instead of a howling wilderness we'll have a pleasant world plumb full of happy, prattlin' babes an' all kinds of women folks. Now, here we are, with nothin' to eat for breakfast except what you get at Whiteman's. Just think what that Englishman is goin' to do for us! After the next Fourth of July this town will be full of women, an' they'll have nothing to do all day long but just everlastingly cook eggs—make omelets, make pies, and cakes, and custards, and all sorts of things—eat eggs from morning till plumb dark—scrambled eggs, boiled eggs, soft-boiled, medium-boiled, hard-boiled—shirred eggs, dropped eggs, poached eggs, eggs Delmonico, eggs fried, eggs hashed brown, shoestring—all sorts—eggs in angel cake, in charlotte russe, in omelet soufflé—eggs—why, gentlemen, this valley of Heart's Desire, after next Fourth of July, is goin' to be one continuous livin' example of an actual superabundance of all the things which go to make this world a pleasant place of pilgrimage."

Curly looked at Dan Anderson in awe. As to the latter, his countenance, as usual, remained enigmatical and unmarked by any trace of levity. Indeed, a gentle sadness seemed to sit upon his face as he turned to his companion.

"Curly," said he, "It's time for you to go see the Englishman. Bring him in to me. The future of this Territory is assured."

. . . .

That Curly had seen the Englishman presently admitted of no doubt. Jimmy Alcock, of the Carrizozo Company, came into town convulsed with mirth over his countryman's resolve to start a hen ranch. Yet even Jimmy Alcock, pure cowman as he was, fell under the spell of Dan Anderson's simple eloquence and calm assuredness. There followed a conference, after which the Englishman's trunk was opened, with his full and free consent. The latter wrote home to his family a glowing account of the ease with which money could be picked up in America. Soon thereafter, as old residents of Heart's Desire still remember very well, there appeared in town the famous egg train from Socorro, which at the time was matter of general territorial comment.

There was much pondering over the columns of agricultural journals before the choice was finally made of the incubators which appeared proper for the occasion. None of them seemed large enough to fit the plans of Heart's Desire, the limit of the largest being but a few gross of eggs, instead of the thirty thousand which comprised the original estimate of Dan Anderson. The two largest incubators obtainable were finally purchased, and, under Dan Anderson's supervision, set going in Whiteman's corral at precisely that day and hour which, granted all normal conditions, ought to have assured definite results on or about ten P. M. of the Fourth of July.

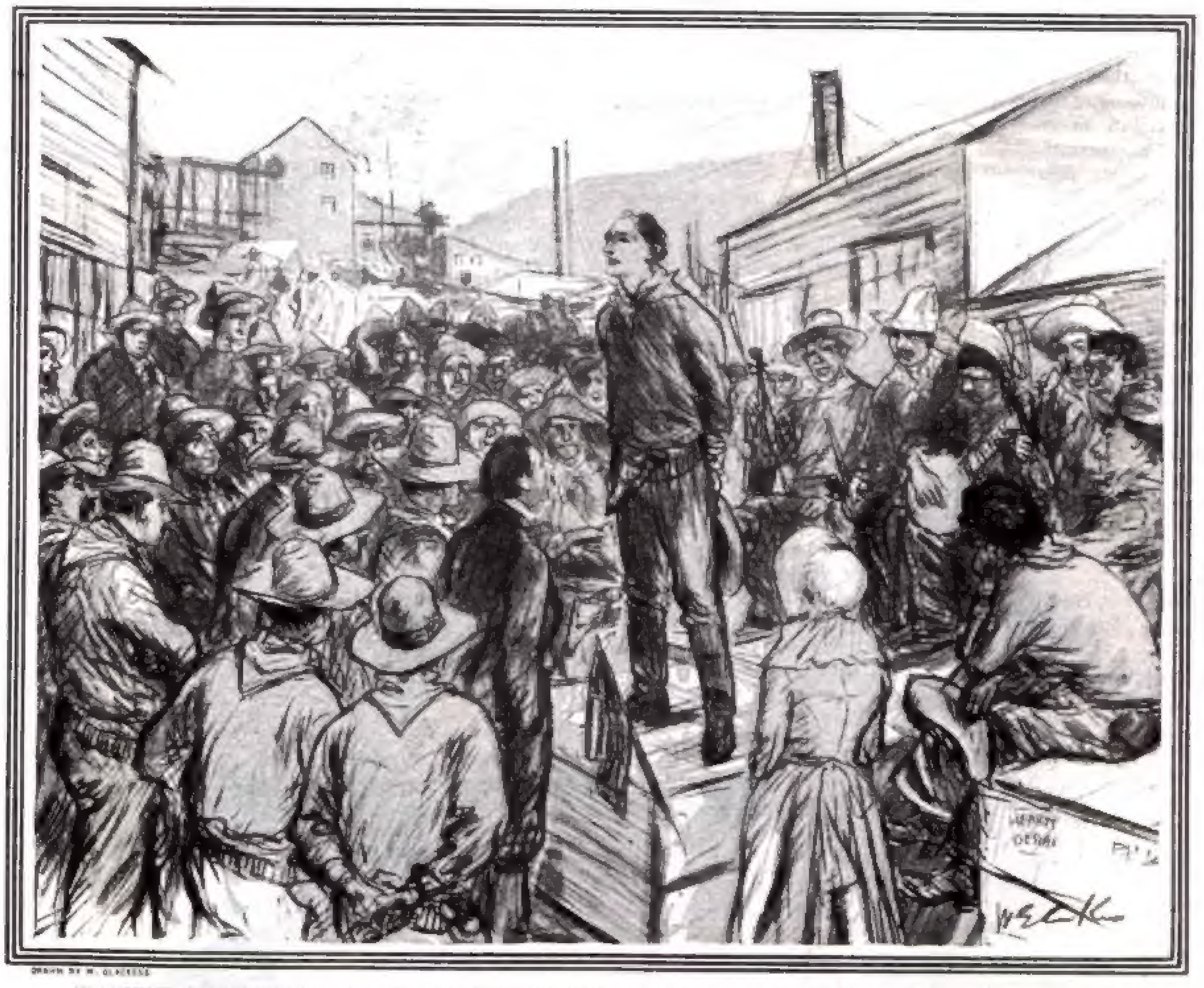
"I call it on or about that time," said Dan Anderson, "because that's the custom in legal pleadings. But if old Ma Incubator don't turn loose them chickens at three P. M. on the Fourth there's going to be investigation into her methods of administration."

The morning of the Fourth dawned upon a community keyed to a high pitch of interest. There was a general and abnormal sobriety, every man feeling that the occasion was such as demanded the concentration of all his faculties. The assembled populace comported itself with the utmost decorum during the addresses by Blackman, J. P., by Whiteman, the leading outfitter, by divers learned counsel, members of the Heart's Desire bar, and other leading citizens. The interest was intense when Dan Anderson rose to make what every one knew was to be the real oration of the day.

There was no band at Heart's Desire, nor indeed was there between the Rio Grande and the Pecos at that time any wind instrument whatever larger than an accordion, neither any manner of drum. The most that Heart's Desire could furnish was three fiddles and a banjo; yet, though these be not commonly held as germane to proper observance of the Fourth, Heart's Desire gravely listened to their efforts.

But ah! far sweeter than reed or string was the voice of young Dan Anderson, born orator, as he addressed the people on that day. One who saw him then can see him now as he stood, calm and young, straight and tall, before his audience, his hands behind his back, his body well poised, but leaning slightly forward, his face grave, his eyes shining. There be many speeches of the Fourth of July, but few have ever been better than this of Dan Anderson, at that time an unknown man, yet even then absolutely sure of his own future.

He knew that he had his people with him, and that they always would be with him, so long as he did not abuse their confidence. As to that latter, he was big enough to see, what many persons in all their lives have never been able to see, that the frontier could be serious and could understand its own seriousness; could jest Homerically and gravely, and seriously understand that it was jesting. It was an assemblage of boys. Dan Anderson knew that the savage and the boy are one, and that the frontier is the home of the great Homeric Boy—the sweet, the strange, the dangerous, the splendid! For these, as Dan Anderson well knew, jesting must be very large; but so long as he kept it large this community, strong, self-contained, idle, audacious and utterly bored, would gravely follow him, and admit, for the time, even that black was white. They were ready to honor that man who, out of such scanty material, could furnish them an endurable, not to say a memorable, Fourth of July.


DRAWN BY W. GLACKENS

HE WENT ON TO SPEAK OF THE LAW OF PRIMOGENITURE AS APPLIED TO INCUBATED CHICKENS

Wherefore, Dan Anderson laid well his foundation on the lines of our national glory. He taught these men, what many of them had never known, the origin and the imperative necessity of the law. He spoke of the beginnings of society, and explained the necessity for a social fabric. He taught them rudiments of political economy; pointed out the great extent of this country; explained the reasons for diversified industry. He touched upon the questions of supply and demand, and showed how the farmer, the granger and the miner were citizens most to be prized, since it was they who added to the actual wealth of the world. He showed them how great were the raw resources of this favored land, and instanced the attractions it had for such men as these noble young gentlemen who, daring all the perils of the deep, undertaking all the pangs of parting, had left their native home across the sea and come to America, to Heart's Desire, to join hands with us in building up a great, enduring social fabric, interwoven with many permanent and profitable industries. He reiterated that the business of this community was not to juggle with wealth that others had earned, but to increase the actual riches of the world.

The orator had every man in Heart's Desire swelling with a sense of his own self-importance, and the two Englishmen ready to march against any foe of America, long before he got to the edge of his peroration. Then, gravely and solemnly, he plunged into a eulogy of the American hen which was enough to cause any man to flush with pride that he had ever associated with her offspring. He explained how dear to the hearts of all was the actual hen; how ardently all must long for the unsullied original; how grieved all must be that for the time—for the moment, for but the passing, transitory moment—the community must content itself with a counterfeit hen. The latter was soon—almost upon this instant, gentlemen—to be transmitted into the pure gold of actual and enduring flesh and feathers.

At this moment Dan Anderson looked about him. A slight perspiration stood upon his forehead. Then he went on to speak of the law of primogeniture as applied to incubated chickens. After that he took up the picture of this happy, smiling valley, overflowing with gentle, chirping, contented fowls; pictured the happiness of a land where every man might have chicken for breakfast if he liked; dilated upon the revived currents of trade which would presently flow in and out of Heart's Desire. The constituent parts of his audience sat up straighter and looked at each other with an air of proud conviction. Ah, there were to be better days for Heart's Desire!

Dan Anderson looked at his watch. It was time that something should happen. Not even he could carry on a perpetual peroration. At length he paused for a moment, and then, still standing gracefully, half leaning forward, a winning smile upon his face, went on: "And now, gentlemen, feeling that we are gathered here upon no ordinary occasion; knowing, as you know, that this is a time more than ordinarily crucial in our history—a moment almost, I might say, of anxiety in our municipal life—I suggest the appointment of a committee to wait upon the—er—the maternal works now engaged in collaboration in the corral back of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Whiteman's, commercial emporium. If there are no objections I will ask our very good friend Curly to act as chairman of this committee, with Messrs. Whiteman and the learned counsel on my right as his assistants. Are there any objections?—there are none—the committee is appointed. Will the band now please play our national anthem?"

As Curly, the chairman, arose his florid face seemed troubled. "I ain't never been used to bein' no wet nurse to a artificial hen," said he to the other members of the committee. "Besides, I think somethin's wrong. My girl done told me that this thing wasn't goin' to work nohow. I'll bet four *pesos* right now that every d——d egg in the whole *rodeo* is baked to a finish this minute. If that's so you and me had better get over the divide."

The other members paused for a moment at Whiteman's store, and Curly seems to have gone on alone. What occurred in the corral subsequently was never explained in detail, for Curly was always touchy about it, and no one cared to urge the matter. What was heard by the "waiting multitudes," as Dan Anderson called the three hundred male and four female inhabitants of Heart's Desire, was a heavy, sullen report, somewhat like the firing of an anvil in an old-fashioned village Fourth of July celebration. A broken cheer arose at this, and many stood with their hands on their guns, ready to join in the enthusiasm of which they took this to be the signal. Dan Anderson's face changed a bit, but at once caught his customary sweet calm.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the hour of our triumph would seem to have arrived. In the natural and unscientific process of incubation, by hand, as it were, the hatching of an egg is perhaps not so vociferous as this would seem, but what an example we have here of the institutions of our country! Gentlemen, in union there is strength. Gentlemen, these recent eggs appear now to be one unanimous chicken."

At that moment there came a second heavy report. In the distance arose sounds of earnest and soul-stirring profanity, momentarily growing more distinct. In the street, rapidly approaching, appeared Curly, covered from head to foot with a clinging and parti-colored combination whose ingredients could not at that time be determined.

"Ah, gentlemen," said Dan Anderson, "it would seem that the chairman of the committee of investigation has been trifling with our most cherished hopes. He must have touched off the lamp. Let us meet adversity as cheerfully as we may. We will now go into a committee of the whole and look into this unfortunate affair."

* * * *

It was Dan Anderson, of course, who started the subscription to reimburse Ted Hanley for his expenditures in the interest of industrial progress. "It's been all outgo for him so far," said he. "Nothing at all coming in, unless some live chickens was blowed up on the mountain when she turned loose, and are maybe headed down this way. But any such strays might be called a negligible factor, I believe, and I reckon we ought to help the Englishman out. We can't ask him to hold the bag for his own chickens—he naturally wouldn't like that." So Ted Hanley, then and there adopted by Heart's Desire as a game man and one fit to endure upon that soil, was made the temporary recipient of the $300 which represented the entire circulating medium of the community. No one ever knew whether or not Dan Anderson was in earnest on that Fourth of July. No one knows to-day.

Modern Instances

ROSA BONHEUR had just finished the Horse Fair.

"Fine," cried the critics, "but why don't you paint the dark horse who will get the nomination?"

Perceiving a lack of artistic temperament, she was fain to disdain the criticism.

MACBETH was fearing he had murdered sleep.

"Nay," comforted his spouse; "you never played the cornet till twelve o'clock at night."

Thus consoled, he tried to forget the little affair of Duncan.

THE BUCCANEERS

A Story of the Black Flag in Business

BY HENRY M. HYDE

PART II

JORDAN, the agent of the Wireless at Pierson City, threw open the door leading to the rear office, where Livingstone was waiting with the broken model, and ushered in President Clark, of the International, and four other men.

"Mr. Livingstone, gentlemen," he said.

Livingstone, apostle of gloom, rose up smiling and shook hands with each of the visitors. He called each of them by name and asked them to take seats.

"We may as well light a cigar while we're waiting for Andrews," he said, passing his cigar case. Andrews was the only member of the International directorate who was not present, and the others looked at each other in surprise that this stranger should have so quickly noticed his absence.

"Andrews won't be here," said President Clark.

"That's too bad," returned Livingstone. "I thought he came back from the East last night on purpose to attend our meeting. Well, we may as well go ahead.

"I want to persuade you men not to go into the wireless motor business," began Livingstone, leaning forward in his chair. "I'm not here to make any bluffs or threats. I'll put the case before you in just a purely business way, that's all. You are banking on your new automatic wireless motor. We own the fundamental patents which absolutely control the making of wireless motors of any type. More than that, we've perfected an absolutely automatic wireless of our own."

Livingstone stepped over and lifted the blue velvet cover from the shattered packing-case which contained Carlson's model. As the International directors saw the crushed corner of the box they sat up with renewed attention.

"I left the packing-case on," said Livingstone, "because I wanted you to see just what has happened to the machine since it left our factory. It was shipped from Metropolis last Monday evening in perfect condition. You can see what shape it is in now. The corner of the box has been crushed in and some of the machinery damaged. I thought at first that the express messengers or drivers were responsible for it, but when you look at it closely it seems more likely that somebody has hit it a blow with an ax. The box was delivered at this office less than two hours ago, and there has been no time yet for an investigation.

"However, there is our automatic model. There is plenty of it left for purposes of explanation. I'll ask our Mr. Carlson to show you how it works."

The old inventor lovingly explained the working of his motor, while the International directors gathered about to listen. He was so affected by the damage done his precious model that even the hostile listeners felt sorry in sympathy for him. As he finished the crafty Livingstone got to his feet and, in order to forestall possible embarrassing inquiries, made a startling statement.

"On the third of this month," he said, "you shipped the first three wireless automatics that were built in your shops."

Livingstone named the day on which Fritz Schmidt had seen the packing-cases on the shipping platform, and the International people looked at each other in astonishment. But Livingstone went on quickly:

"They were built by hand, and you are waiting to see how they stand up before having the tools made. You have not, therefore, made any large investment as yet. I want to show you why it will be to your interest not to make one.

"Here are five patents." He held up a sheaf of papers. "No wireless motor can be built without infringing every one of them. I wish Mr. Lawrence would look them over and report to your board whether or not I am telling the truth."

He handed the patent papers to one of the men present.

"I invited only your directors to attend this meeting," he went on, "but I am glad you brought your patent attorney along. He will be able to look at the situation in an unprejudiced light."

Livingstone smiled knowingly. President Clark flushed and the other International people looked uneasy. This emissary of the enemy seemed to know everything.

"I have also to say that one of those three automatic models shipped from your factory has been in the hands of our patent attorneys and experts for some time. They report"—he referred to a memorandum in his hand—"that it infringes no less than nine of our patents. Papers have been prepared asking for an injunction and damages against your company on account of one of these infringements, but I have asked that they be not filed until I should have this opportunity to talk with you.

"Gentlemen, the Wireless Motor Company is prepared to fight for the control of the wireless motor business—but it doesn't want to fight. We'll leave you alone in the monopoly of the ordinary motor business. We ask, in return, that you keep your hands off that little part of the business which belongs to us.

"What have you to say, Mr. Clark?" concluded Livingstone abruptly, sitting down in his chair.

"I'm sure we thank Mr. Livingstone for this chance to see his model and hear his statement," said the president of the International. "Our directors meet to-morrow afternoon, and I think by evening we shall be able to give Mr. Livingstone an answer to his proposition."

He looked round at the other directors, and they nodded in assent.

"By the way," said Livingstone, as the visitors rose to go, "we shall be glad to buy your wireless and automatic patents, if you have any, at an agreed price."

Clark nodded, with a half smile on his face. "Thank you," he said.

"Before we break up," went on Livingstone, "I want to say that I am authorized to invite all the members of your board to visit our plant at Metropolis. We will throw everything open to your inspection."

Again the directors of the International looked at each other in astonishment.

"I have taken the liberty of engaging a private car that will leave Pierson City for Metropolis on Saturday evening," concluded the gloomer. "That car will be at the disposal of your directors and of any others whom you may invite to go with you. We have nothing to hide, even from possible competitors."

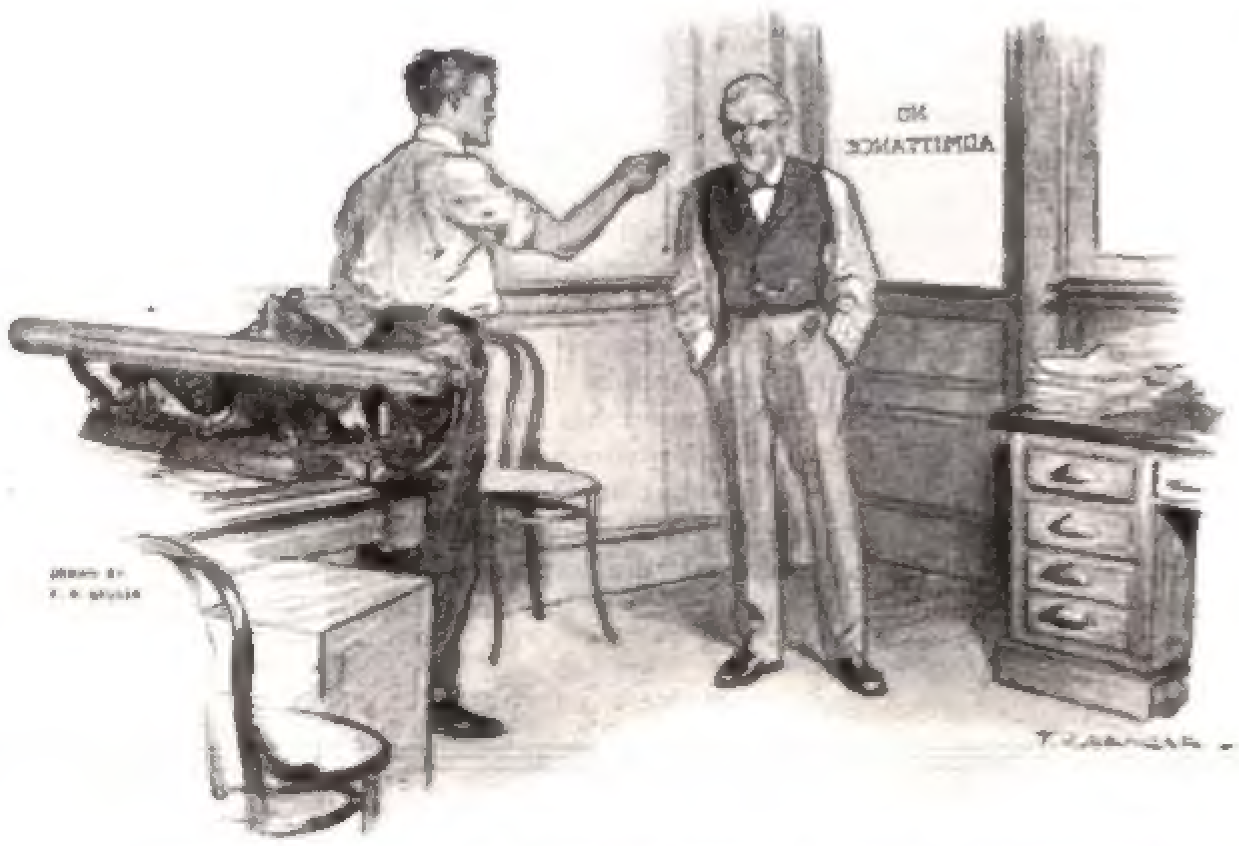
President Clark, of the International, was a young man, anxious to make a record, and he was strongly in favor of aggressive action against the Wireless Motor Company. Two of the remaining four members of the board of directors, young men like himself, sided with him. These three personally controlled about thirty-five per cent. of the stock of the company. They were opposed by two older directors, relics of the administration of Edmonds, the original president of the International, whose widow was still its largest stockholder. The two conservatives owned or represented practically the same amount of stock as that held by the Clark faction. The balance of power was, accordingly, in the hands of Mrs. Edmonds, whose allegiance was always more or less a matter of doubt.

Knowing that a majority of the board was with him, Clark was careful not to force any radical action through the directors' meeting on the afternoon following Livingstone's speech. In his own mind he had already decided to push the wireless automatic business, but he did not care to bring on a crisis in his own board.

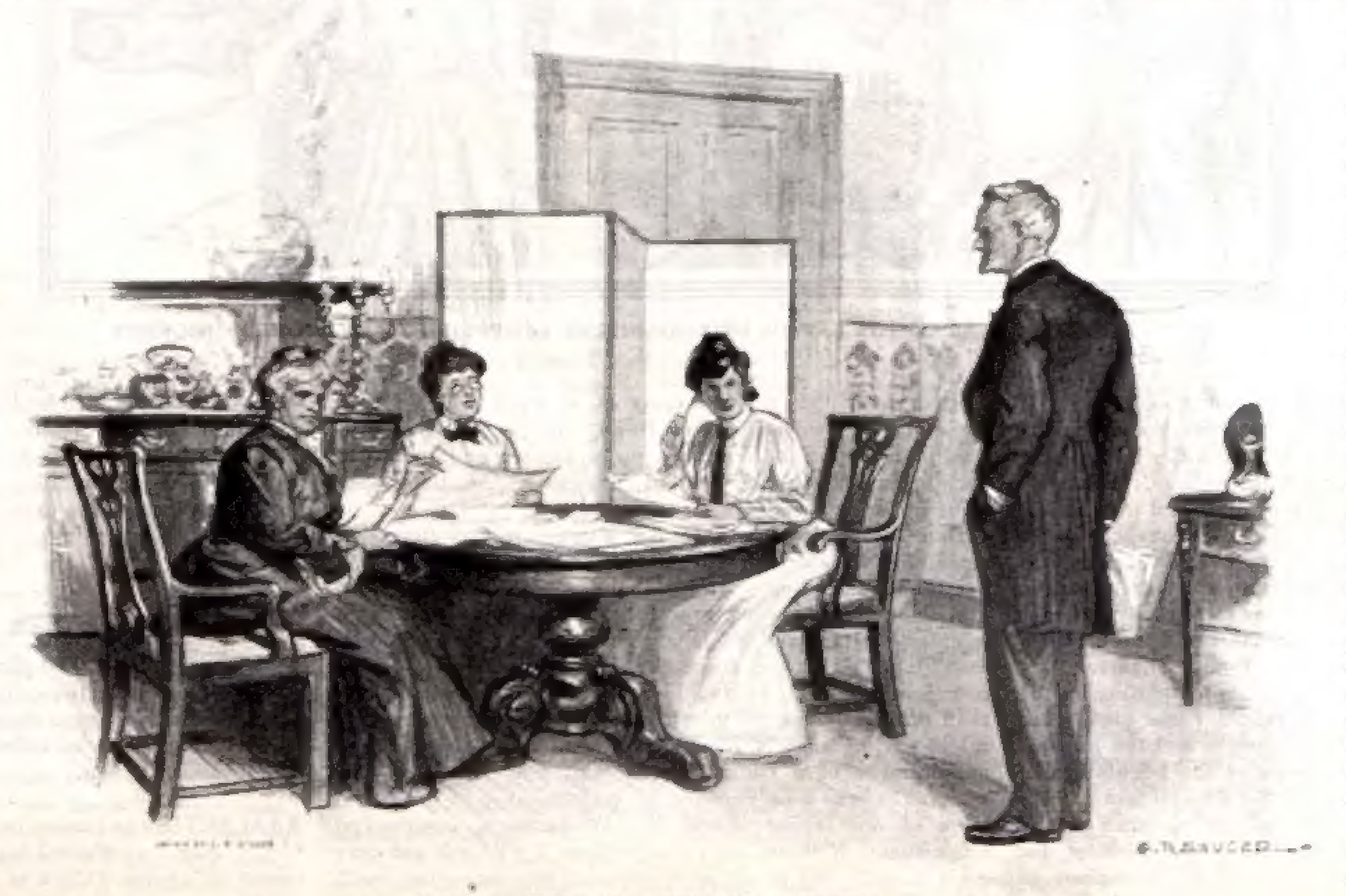
Accordingly he contented himself with first declaring the regular semi-annual dividend of three per cent. on the stock of the company. Then he asked for a statement from Lawrence, the patent attorney.

"I'm perfectly familiar with the patents Livingstone produced with such a flourish," said Lawrence. "I don't think our wireless automatic infringes any one of them. On the other hand, their motors, in my opinion, infringe several of our patents. The chances are better than even for a final decision in our favor all along the line. If we should go into a legal fight with them it would certainly last for six or eight years. We have ten millions capital to their one, and it might easily happen, before a final decision was reached, that the Wireless Company would be broke and would be glad to settle at our own terms."

"At any rate," interrupted Clark, before an objection could be made, "there is no need of our taking any positive



"THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT," SAID MORGAN WITH A PROUD GRIN



"WELL, WHAT'S UP NOW?" HE LAUGHED

action at this time. Let's wait and see what develops. What do you think about accepting Livingstone's invitation to visit Metropolis?"

One of the conservative members of the board said that it might be the part of wisdom to accept and see what sort of an institution they were called upon to fight, a suggestion with which President Clark immediately fell in.

"We will all go," he said, "and look over the ground together.

"In the mean time," said Clark, "our interests will be thoroughly protected. Three of the leading experts from the experimental rooms of the Wireless Company have just entered our employ, and we have made other arrangements that will keep us fully informed of any important developments."

"I don't know about that sort of thing, Clark," objected one of the older directors. "It doesn't sound to me like a fair way of meeting competition."

"That's because you are not familiar with the methods of the Wireless Company," answered the president. "Nowadays you have to fight the devil with fire. If there is no other business we will adjourn."

Clark, determined on a fight, immediately issued orders to have the whole force of the tool-room turned on to the making of tools for the manufacture of wireless automatic motors. That would take at least two months. In the mean time he ordered that twenty machines be built by hand, and issued instructions to his agents all over the country to take as many orders for wireless automatics as they could get.

"By the time the old boys get round to making a decision on this subject," he said to himself, "they'll find that the decision has already been made and it'll be too late to back out."

That evening he went to call on Mrs. Edmonds. He was afraid that Livingstone had already called on her, and he knew how easily she was influenced. He was greatly surprised to find, as the result of cautious inquiries, that no attempt had been made to approach her. She knew nothing of the tumult that the appearance of the gloomer had made in the ranks of the International, and Clark took advantage of the opportunity to put the case before her in its most favorable light. He promised her greatly increased dividends as the result of the wireless automatic business, and they laughed together at the effrontery of the little Western company in trying to scare the great International off the track. Clark went home that evening feeling well satisfied with himself. At the same time he was puzzled to understand why the shrewd Livingstone had neglected to "go after" Mrs. Edmonds.

He would have been less satisfied and more puzzled if he had been aware of certain telegrams that had passed between Livingstone and President Thomas Tabb at Metropolis.

Immediately after the meeting of the directors in the office of the Wireless agent at Pierson City Livingstone had sent a long cipher telegram to President Tabb. He had gathered from what had passed at the meeting and from reports made by Schmidt and other secret agents that the directors of the International Corporation were divided into two factions and that Mrs. Edmonds held the balance of power. He wired Tabb also that Clark and the majority of the directors were not to be frightened and that the Wireless was in for the fight of its life.

Tabb had wired back instructing him to make every effort to bring all the officers and directors of the International with him to Metropolis on the special car.

"Give Mrs. Edmonds a big dose of gloom," the message concluded. "She is the weak point."

Next morning, just as Livingstone was starting from his hotel to call on Mrs. Edmonds, a second telegram from Tabb was delivered.

"Don't go near Mrs. Edmonds under any circumstances," it said.

When Thomas Tabb went home the evening after receiving Livingstone's report from Pierson City he found his wife and two other women busy with a mass of papers in the dining-room.

"Well, what's up now?" he laughed.

"Oh, we're preparing the program for the meeting of the State Federation," answered Mrs. Tabb, and her husband passed on into the library with an indulgent and patronizing smile.

After dinner that evening she asked him if he would listen to a reading of the program and tell her what he thought of it. Now, Mr. Tabb was far from being interested in the proceedings of women's clubs, but, like an indulgent husband, he consented and sat down in an armchair, while his wife read off, first of all, the list of officers in charge of the various sections.

"Industrial Section," read Mrs. Tabb. "National Chairman, Mrs. Eliza A. Edmonds, of Pierson City."

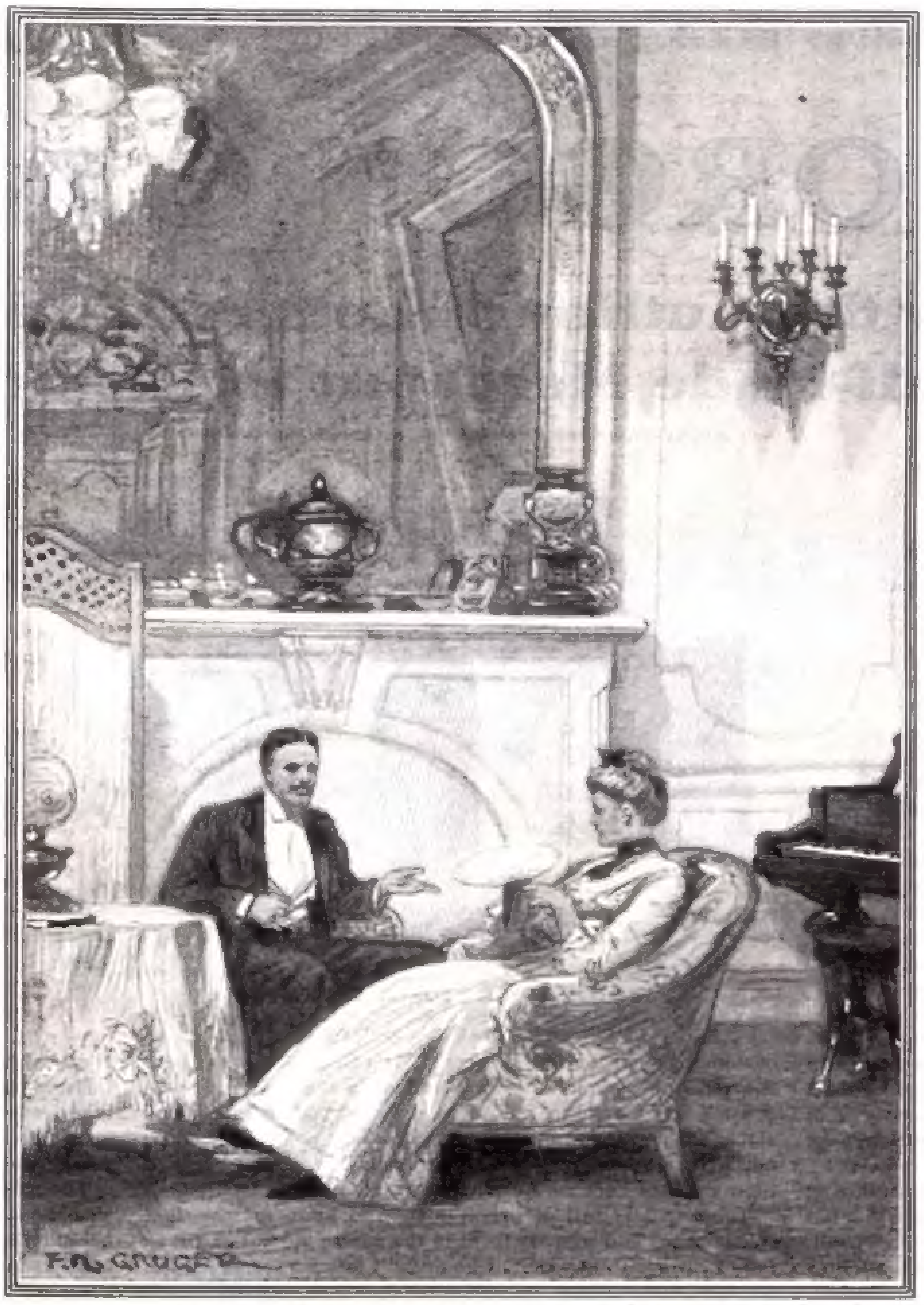
Thomas Tabb sat up straight in his chair.

"Is she going to be here?" he asked.

"Yes," answered his wife; "most of the national chairmen are expected to attend the meeting."

"Ah!" said Thomas Tabb, a curious look in his eyes.

"That sounds like a very interesting program," he said when his wife had finished. "By the way, why don't you ask some of the visitors from out of the State to visit you during the meeting? There's that Mrs. Edmonds, for instance."



HE PROMISED HER GREATLY INCREASED DIVIDENDS

"I'll sit right down and invite her this minute," said his wife, overjoyed that her husband had at last begun to take some interest in her club work.

Whereupon Thomas Tabb went into the hall, called up a messenger, and sent his second telegram to Livingstone.

On Monday, Livingstone arrived at Metropolis with his special car, bringing with him President Clark, the complete directorate of the International Corporation, and half a dozen of the principal men from its factory. But even before their arrival Tabb had received a copy of the instructions to International agents sent out by Clark, in which they were told to get as many orders as possible for wireless automatics. It came from one of the International agents in Chicago, who had been on the Wireless pay-roll for several weeks. In answer to this letter of instruction Tabb sent a hurried order to his office managers in four of the principal cities in the country.

"Have all agents and salesmen of the International Corporation shadowed by district messenger boys," he ordered, "beginning to-morrow morning. Instruct boys to keep complete lists of all addresses at which International agents call. Have these lists turned into your office twice every day, and then have your salesmen go over the same ground immediately, calling at every address on each list and blocking whatever has been accomplished by the International. Let me have daily reports of what your men do."

Hawkins, head of the order department in the Wireless factory, came into President Tabb's private office that same evening and looked around cautiously to see that they were alone. When he spoke it was in a whisper.

"Young Johnson, up in my department, is making complete copies of every order that comes in," said Hawkins. "I don't know yet what he is doing with them."

"I do," said Tabb. "Let him alone for a while. Don't let him suspect that you suspect him at all. But try and get proof of what he's doing."

Down from the knock-out department came Morgan, square-jawed and shifty-eyed. "I've got a sure way to ball up those International automatics," he said. "Can you come up to my room a minute?" Thomas Tabb climbed the flight of stairs leading to the second floor, where, behind a screen of frosted glass, were concealed the mysteries of the knock-out experts.

There on a table stood one of the International's automatic wireless motors. Morgan sprung a lever and showed that the machine was in perfect working order. Then he passed one hand caressingly over the top of the motor and asked Tabb to try and see how it worked.

Thomas Tabb did just what Morgan had done—pressed the lever which released the train of springs and cog-wheels—but nothing moved. Something like a smile played momentarily over his pale and smooth-shaven face.

"Pretty well balled up," he said. Morgan again rubbed his hand over the top of the motor.

"Now try it," he said.

A second time Tabb pressed down the lever. This time the whole mechanism sprang into action.

"That's pretty smooth," said Tabb. "Let's see how you work it?"

For answer Morgan displayed a lead bullet, twice the size of a large pea. It was fastened to the end of an almost invisible horsehair.

"That's all there is to it," said Morgan with a proud grin. "See this little opening on the top of the motor? All you've got to do is to drop this bullet down there—hold on to the free end of the horsehair, you see. You can do it before twenty men without any one seeing it done, and the devil himself couldn't make the machine work while the bullet's in place. And nobody would ever think of looking down there to find out what was balling the thing up. If he did look the chances are a hundred to one he'd never see that horsehair. Then, after you've convinced everybody that the motor's no good you can catch hold of the end of the horsehair and yank out your bullet without any one's being the wiser."

"Send one of 'em out to every office with instructions how to use them," said Tabb. "The International people are doing worse than that already. And get your boys out as quickly as possible. We don't want to let one of the International motors stick."

Thomas Tabb had three or four carriages down at the railroad station to meet Livingstone and his special car. In the carriage where sat President Tabb the two old directors of the International who were opposed to Clark presently found themselves seated. Livingstone had arranged that without giving Clark and the others a chance to object.

"These are the only men we have a chance with," he had whispered to his principal, and Tabb, already fully informed of the feeling in the International directory, smiled grimly back at him.

"I hope you'll pardon me for coming straight down to business," said Tabb as they started away from the station. "I had an idea that you people were going to wait about going into the wireless line until after this visit, but this letter doesn't look much like it." He handed to one of the old directors the copy of Clark's letter instructing the International's agents to push for wireless automatic orders. From the top of the letter the name and address of the agent who had received it was cut away, but at the bottom was the name of Clark, the president, signed with a rubber stamp, the initials of his secretary beneath it.

Both of the old directors read the letter, which came as a distinct shock. The idea that their rival should hear of such things before they did!

"But this is just a preliminary order," said one of the old men.

"It might look that way if it were not for the fact that your whole tool-room is working on tools for wireless automatics and that you shipped three more hand-made machines last Friday."

The two old gentlemen looked at Thomas Tabb as if he had been a wizard. They felt almost afraid to be riding in the same carriage with him. Was it possible that Clark was playing false with them in that way?

Meanwhile, Livingstone had skillfully steered away the carriages in which rode Clark and the remainder of the party. When Clark asked where were the other directors and Mr. Tabb, Livingstone answered easily that they had apparently driven out to the plant another way. By the time Livingstone and his people reached the factory Tabb and the two old directors had already started on a trip of inspection, and Livingstone saw that they were kept apart all morning.

Tabb started his visitors in the raw-stock rooms and took them step by step through all the departments in the big plant, calling attention to the splendid system that everywhere prevailed. He led them into a great room lined with models.

"There," he said, waving his hand around the walls, "are more than 600 models of wireless and other motors. We have here hundreds of models that have never been put on the market. And here ——" he threw open the doors of a large vault—"are more than 900 patents that completely cover all those models. For years we have bought up every wireless motor patent that has been granted, and we have some patents that cover other types. And now, gentlemen," went on Thomas Tabb, without a trace of a smile on his face, "we'll go out and look at the graveyard."

The two old directors looked at each other half between a shiver and a smile. This was certainly the most extraordinary thing they had ever heard of in all their long business careers.

Thomas Tabb led the way across a wide alley to a high stockade, inclosing a plot of a couple of acres. The centre was an open space. All about the circumference was built a series of large sheds, backing up against the stockade and open in front. At the top of each of the sheds or compartments hung a large white placard, lettered in black and red.

"This is all that remains of some forty companies that have tried to steal the wireless motor business," said Thomas Tabb, sweeping one hand from side to side of the graveyard. "Every one of them is out of business. Most of them failed and lost thousands for their stockholders. Altogether the remains in this graveyard represent a total loss of more than $9,000,000."

The two old men shivered now in deadly earnest.

"Let me read you some of these epitaphs," said Thomas Tabb, pointing to one of the placards. "The Capital Wireless Motor Company. Organized 188— Capital stock, $1,000,000. Failed 188— Estimated loss, $600,000."

"You see," went on Tabb, "they quit in time to save part of their investment. Here's a company, on the other hand"—pointing out another placard—"that sunk its capital of $200,000 in trying to steal our business, and then we got judgment for as much more against its stockholders."

All around the wide sweep of that ghastly mausoleum of business ruin, of shattered fortunes and blasted hopes, Thomas Tabb marched his two timid old visitors. Before each of the more than thirty graves he stopped and read off, for their benefit, the grim epitaph that told in half a dozen lines how thousands of dollars had been lost. Between the lines it was as easy to read how the men who had invested their time and money in these enterprises had been driven to bankruptcy and desperation, to embezzlement, and even to suicide.

Heaped up in each of the sheds was a tangled and rusted mass of machinery, and Thomas Tabb was clear to explain that these scrap heaps represented in each case the costly tools that had been built for the making of wireless motors,

(Continued on Page 28)

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

VIII. From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards, to his son Pierrepont, at Yamasee-on-the-Tallahassee. In replying to his father's hint that it is time to turn his thoughts from love to lard, the young man has quoted a French sentence, and the old man has been both pained and puzzled by it.

By the Author of Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

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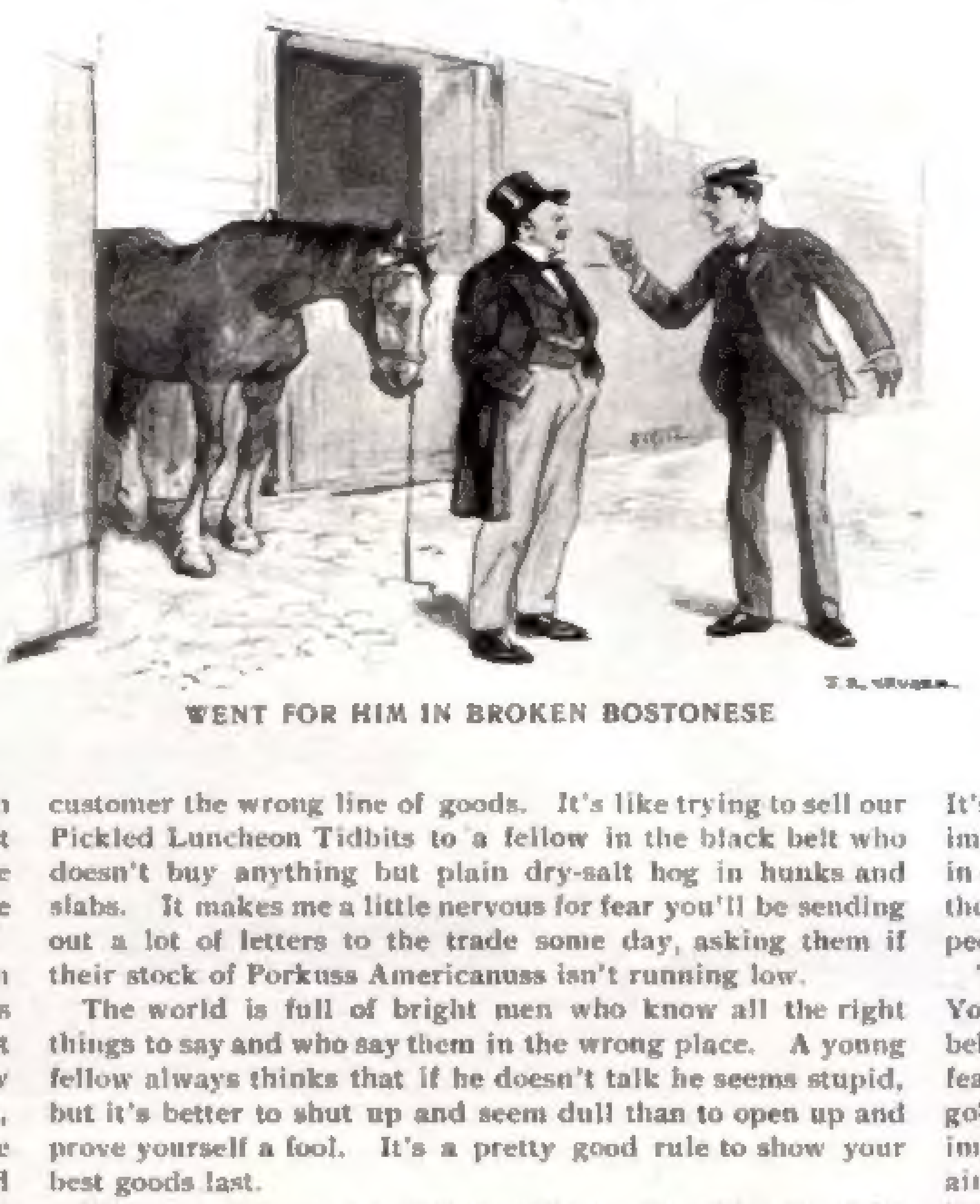

WENT FOR HIM IN BROKEN BOSTONESE

CHICAGO, January 24, 189—

Dear Pierrepont: I had to send your last letter to the fertilizer department to find out what it was all about. We've got a clerk there who's an Oxford graduate, and who speaks seven languages for fifteen dollars a week, or at the rate of something over two dollars a language. Of course, if you're such a big thinker that your ideas rise to the surface too fast for one language to hold 'em all, it's a mighty nice thing to know seven, but it's been my experience that seven spread out most men so thin that they haven't anything special to say in any of them. These fellows forget that while life's a journey, it isn't a palace-car trip for most of us, and that if they hit the trail packing a lot of weight for which they haven't any special use, they're not going to get very far. You learn men, and what men should do, and how they should do it, and then if you happen to have any foreigners working for you, you can hire a fellow at fifteen per to translate hustle to 'em into their own fool language. It's always been my opinion that everybody spoke American while the tower of Babel was building and that the Lord let the good people keep right on speaking it. So when you've got anything to say to me, I want you to say it in language that will grade regular on the Chicago Board of Trade.

Some men fail from knowing too little, but more fail from knowing too much, and still more from knowing it all. It's a mighty good thing to understand French if you can use it to some real purpose, but when all the good it does a fellow is to help him understand the foreign cuss words in a novel, or to read a story which is so tough that it would make the Queen's English or any other ladylike language blush, he'd better learn hog latin. He can be just the same breed of yellow dog in it, and it don't take so much time to pick it up.

Never ask a man what he knows, but what he can do. A fellow may know everything that's happened since the Lord started the ball to rolling, and not be able to do anything to help keep it from stopping. But when a man can do anything, he's bound to know something worth while. Books are all right, but dead men's brains are no good unless you mix a live one's with them.

It isn't what a man's got in the bank, but what he's got in his head that makes him a great merchant. Rob a miser's safe and he's broke; but you can't break a big merchant with a jimmy and a stick of dynamite. The first would have to start again just where he began — hoarding up pennies; the second would have his principal assets intact. But accumulating knowledge or piling up money, just to have a little more of either than the next fellow, is a fool game that no broad-gauged man has time enough to sit in. Too much learning, like too much money, makes most men narrow.

I simply mention these things in a general way. You know blame well that I don't understand any French, and so when you spring it on me you are simply showing a customer the wrong line of goods. It's like trying to sell our Pickled Luncheon Tidbits to a fellow in the black belt who doesn't buy anything but plain dry-salt hog in hunks and slabs. It makes me a little nervous for fear you'll be sending out a lot of letters to the trade some day, asking them if their stock of Porkuss Americanuss isn't running low.

The world is full of bright men who know all the right things to say and who say them in the wrong place. A young fellow always thinks that if he doesn't talk he seems stupid, but it's better to shut up and seem dull than to open up and prove yourself a fool. It's a pretty good rule to show your best goods last.

Whenever I meet one of those fellows who tells you all he knows, and a good deal that he doesn't know, as soon as he's introduced to you, I always think of Bill Harkness, who kept a temporary home for broken-down horses—though he didn't call it that—back in Missouri. Bill would pick up an old critter whose par value was the price of one horse hide, and after it had been pulled and shoved into his stable the boys would stand around waiting for crape to be hung on the door. But inside a week Bill would be driving down Main Street behind that horse, yelling Whoa! at the top of his voice while it tried to kick holes in the dashboard.

Bill had a theory that the Ten Commandments were suspended while a horse trade was going on, so he did most of his business with strangers. Caught a Northerner nosing round his barn one day, and inside of ten minutes the fellow was driving off behind what Bill described as "the peartest piece of ginger and cayenne in Pike County." Bill just made a free gift of it to the Yankee, he said, but to keep the transaction from being a piece of pure charity he accepted fifty dollars from him.

The stranger drove all over town bragging of his bargain until some one casually called his attention to the fact that the mare was stone-blind. Then he hiked back to Bill's and went for him in broken Bostonese, winding up with:

"What the skip-two-and-carry-one do you mean, you old hold-your-breath-and-take-ten-swallows, by stealing my good money. Didn't you know the horse was blind? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Yep," Bill bit off from his piece of store plug; "I reckon I knew the hoss was blind, but you see the feller I bought her of"—and he paused to settle his chaw—"asked me not to mention it. You wouldn't have me violate a confidence as affected the repertashun of a pore dumb critter, and her of the opposite sect?" And the gallant Bill turned scornfully away from the stranger.

There were a good many holes in Bill's methods, but he never leaked information through them; and when I come across a fellow who doesn't mention it when he's asked not to, I come pretty near letting him fix his own salary. It's only a mighty big man that doesn't care whether the people whom he meets believe that he's big; but the smaller a fellow is the bigger he wants to appear. He hasn't anything of his own in his head that's of any special importance, so just to prove that he's a trusted employee, and in the confidence of the boss, he gives away everything he knows about the business, and, as that isn't much, he lies a little to swell it up. It's a mighty curious thing how some men will lie a little to impress people who are laughing at them; will drink a little in order to sit around with people who want to get away from them; and will even steal a little to "go into society" with people who sneer at them.

The most important animal in the world is a turkey-cock. You let him get among the chickens on the manure pile behind the barn, with his wings held down stiff, his tail feathers stuck up starchy, his wishbone poked out perky, and gobbling for room to show his fancy steps, and he's a mighty impressive fowl. But a small boy with a rock and a good aim can make him run a mile. When you see a fellow swelling up and telling his firm's secrets, holler Cash! and you'll stampede him back to his hall bedroom.

I dwell a little on this matter of loose talking because it breaks up more firms and more homes than any other one thing I know. The father of lies lives in Hell, but he spends a good deal of his time in Chicago. You'll find him on the Board of Trade when the market's wobbling, saying that the Russians are just about to eat up Turkey, and that it'll take twenty million bushels of our wheat to make the bread for the sandwich; and down in the street, asking if you knew that the cashier of the Teenth National was leading a double life as a single man in the suburbs and a singular life for a married man in the city; and out on Prairie Avenue, whispering that it's too bad Mabel smokes Turkish cigarettes, for she's got such pretty curly hair, and how sad it is that Daisy and Dan are going to separate, "but they do say that he—sh! sh! hush; here she comes." Yet when you come to wash your pan of dirt, and the lies have all been carried off into the flume, and you've got down to the few particles of solid, eighteen-carat truth left, you'll find it's the Sultan who's smoking Turkish cigarettes; and that Mabel is trying cubebs for her catarrh; and that the cashier of the Teenth National belongs to a whist club in the suburbs and is the superintendent of a Sunday school in the city; and that Dan has put Daisy up to visiting her mother to ward off a threatened swoop down from the old lady, and that the Czar hasn't done a blame thing except to become the father of another girl baby.

It's pretty hard to know how to treat a lie when it's about yourself. You can't go out of your way to deny it, because that puts you on the defensive; and sending the truth after a lie that's got a running start is like trying to round up a stampeded herd of steers while the scare is on them. Lies are great travelers, and welcome visitors in a good many homes, and no questions asked. Truth travels slowly, has to prove its identity, and then a lot of people hesitate to turn out an agreeable stranger to make room for it.

About the only way I know to kill a lie is to live the truth. When your credit is attacked, don't bother to deny the rumors, but discount your bills. When you are attacked unjustly, avoid the appearance of evil, but avoid also the appearance of being too good—that is, better than usual. Surmise and suspicion feed on the unusual, and when a man goes about his business along the usual rut they soon fade away for lack of nourishment. First and last every fellow gets a lot of unjust treatment in this world, but when he's as old as I am and comes to balance his books with life and to credit himself with the mean things which weren't true that have been said about him, and to debit himself with the mean things which were true that people didn't get on to or overlooked, he'll find that he's had a tolerably square deal. This world has some pretty rotten spots on its skin, but it's sound at the core.

There are two ways of treating gossip about other people, and they're both good ways. One is not to listen to it, and the other is not to repeat it. Then there's young Buck Pudden's wife's way, and that's better than either when you're dealing with some of these old heifers who browse over the range all day, stuffing themselves with gossip about your friends, and then round up at your house to chew the cud and slobber fake sympathy over you.

Buck wasn't a bad fellow at heart, for he had the virtue of trying to be good, but occasionally he would walk in slippery places. Wasn't very sure-footed, so he fell down pretty often, and when he fell from grace it usually cracked the ice. Still, as he used to say when he shot at the bar mirrors during one of his periods of temporary elevation, he paid for what he broke—cash for the mirrors and sweat and blood for his cussedness.

Then one day Buck met the only woman in the world—a mighty nice girl from St. Jo—and she was hesitating over falling in love with him, till the gossips called to tell her that he was a dear, lovely fellow, and wasn't it too bad that he had such horrid habits. That settled it, of course, and she married him inside of thirty days, so that she could get right down to the business of reforming him.

I don't, as a usual thing, take much stock in this marrying men to reform them, because a man's always sure of a woman when he's married to her, while a woman's never really afraid of losing a man till she's got him. When you want to teach a dog new tricks it's all right to show him the biscuit first, but you'll usually get better results by giving it to him after the performance. But Buck's wife fooled the whole town and almost put the gossips out of business by keeping Buck straight for a year. She allowed that what he'd been craving all the time was a home and family and that his rare-ups came from not having 'em. Then, like most reformers, she overdid it, went and had twins. Buck thought he owned the town, of course, and that would have been all right if he hadn't included the saloons among his real estate. Had to take his drinks in pairs, too, and naturally, when he went home that night and had another look at the new arrivals he thought they were quadruplets.

Buck straightened right out the next day, went to his wife and told her all about it, and that was the last time he ever had to hang his head when he talked to her, for he never took another drink. You see, she didn't reproach him, or nag him—simply said she was mighty proud of the way he'd held on for a year, and that she knew she could trust him now for another ten. Man was made a little lower than the angels, the Good Book says, and I reckon that's right, but he was made a good while ago, and he hasn't kept very well; but there are a heap of women in this world who are still right in the seraphim class.

Naturally, the story of Buck's final celebration came to the gossips like a thousand-barrel gusher to a drilling outfit that's been finding dusters, and they went one at a time to see Mrs. Buck and to tell her all the dreadful details and how sorry they were for her. Mrs. Buck would just sit and listen till they'd run off the story, and hemstitched it, and embroidered it, and stuck fancy rosettes all over it. Then she'd smile one of those sweet baby smiles that women give just before the hair-pulling begins, and say:

"Law, Mrs. Shackleford"—the deacon's wife was the one who was condoling with her at the moment—"people will talk about the best of us. Seems as if no one was safe nowadays. Why, they lie about the deacon even. I know it ain't true and you know it ain't true, but only yesterday somebody was trying to tell me that it was right strange how a professor and a deacon got that color in his beak, and while it might be inflammatory veins or whatever he claimed it was, she reckoned that if he'd let some one else tend the alcohol barrel he wouldn't have to charge up so much of his stock to leakage and evaporation."

Of course, Mrs. Buck had made up the story about the deacon, because every one knew that he was too mean to drink anything that he could sell, but by the time Buck's wife had finished Mrs. Shackleford was so busy explaining and defending him that she hadn't any further interest in Buck's case. And each one that called was sent away with a special piece of home scandal which Mrs. Buck had invented to keep her mind from dwelling on her neighbor's troubles.

(*Concluded on Page 20*)

Dick Danvers Comes to Life

A Good Humor Story

By Jerome K. Jerome

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WILLIAM CLODD, mopping his brow, laid down the screwdriver, and, stepping back, regarded the result of his labors with evident satisfaction.

"It looks like a bookcase," said William Clodd. "You might sit in the room for half an hour and never know it wasn't a bookcase."

What William Clodd had accomplished was this: He had had prepared, after his own design, what appeared to be four shelves laden with works suggestive of thought and erudition. As a matter of fact, it was not a bookcase, but merely a flat board, the books merely the backs of volumes that had long since found their way into the paper mill. This artful deception William Clodd had screwed upon a cottage piano standing in the corner of the editorial office of Good Humor. Half a dozen real volumes piled upon the top of the piano completed the illusion. As William Clodd had proudly remarked, a casual visitor might easily have been deceived.

"If you had to sit in the room while she was practicing mixed scales you'd be quickly undeceived," said the editor of Good Humor, one Peter Hope. He spoke bitterly.

"You are not always in," explained Clodd. "There must be hours when she is here alone with nothing else to do. Besides, you will get used to it after a while."

"You, I notice, don't try to get used to it," snarled Peter Hope. "You always go out the moment she commences."

"A friend of mine," continued William Clodd, "worked in an office over a piano shop for seven years, and when the shop closed it nearly ruined his business—couldn't settle down to work for want of it."

"Why doesn't he come here?" asked Peter Hope. "The floor above is vacant."

"Can't," explained William Clodd. "He's dead."

"I can quite believe it," commented Peter Hope.

"It was a shop where people came and practiced, paying sixpence an hour, and he had got to like it—said it made a cheerful background to his thoughts. Wonderful what you can get accustomed to."

"What's the good of it?" demanded Peter Hope.

"What's the good of it!" retorted William Clodd indignantly. "Every girl ought to know how to play the piano. A nice thing if when her lover asks her to play something to him——"

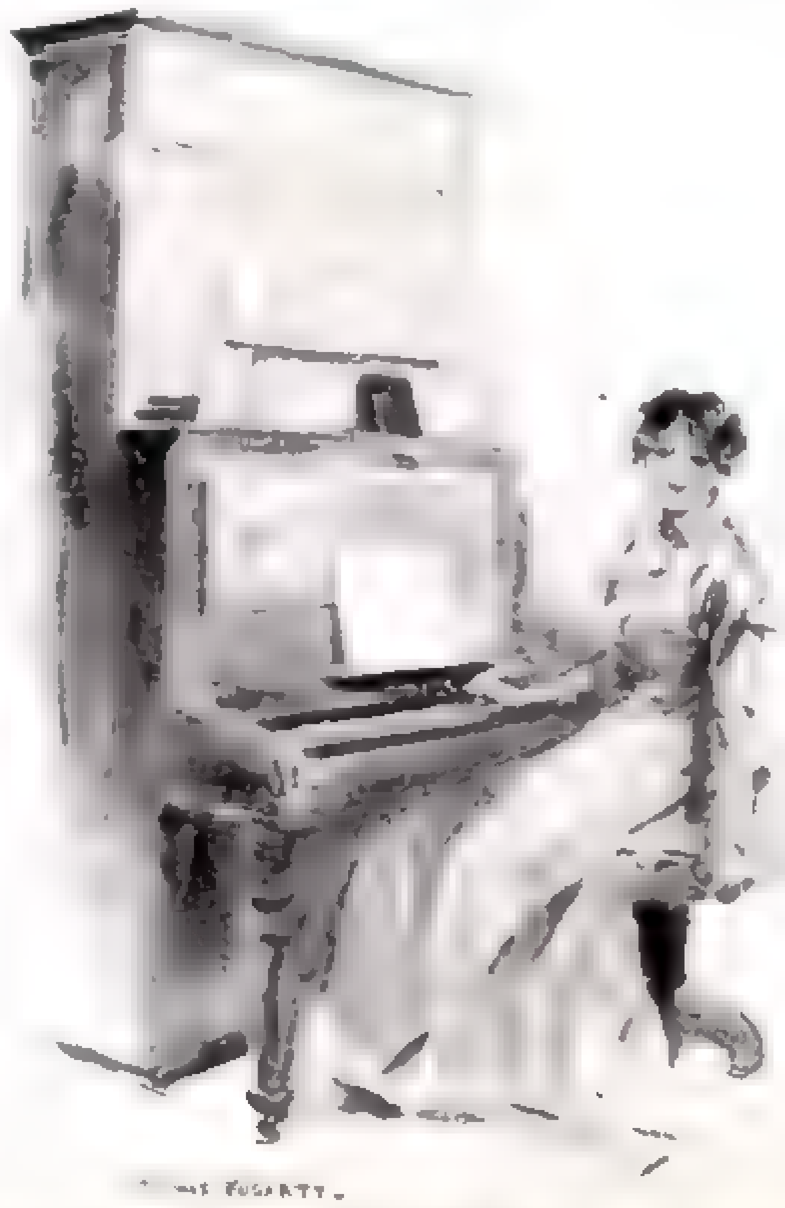
"I wonder you don't start a matrimonial agency," sneered Peter Hope. "Love and marriage—you think of nothing else."

"When you are bringing up a young girl——" argued Clodd.

"But you're not," interrupted Peter; "that's just what I'm trying to get out of your head. It is I who am bringing her up. And, between ourselves, I wish you wouldn't interfere."

"You are not fit to bring up a girl."

"I've brought her up for seven years without your help. She's my adopted daughter, not yours. I do wish people would learn to mind their own business."



"I DO INDUCE YOU ALL TO TAKE MORE FRESH AIR THAN OTHERWISE YOU WOULD"

"You've done very well——"

"Thank you," said Peter Hope sarcastically. "It's very kind of you. Perhaps when you've time you'll write me out a testimonial."

"——up till now," concluded the imperturbable Clodd. "A girl of eighteen wants to know something else besides mathematics and the classics. You don't understand them."

"I do understand them," asserted Peter Hope. "What do you know about them? You're not a father."

"You've done your best," admitted William Clodd in a tone of patronage that irritated Peter greatly. "But you're a dreamer; you don't know the world. The time is coming when the girl will have to think of a husband."

"There's no need for her to think of a husband, not for years," retorted Peter Hope. "And even when she does, is strumming on the piano going to help her?"

"I think—I think," said Doctor Smith, who had hitherto remained a silent listener, "our young frent Clodd is right. You haf never quite got over your idea dat she was going to be a boy. You haf taught her de t'ings a boy should know."

"You cut her hair," added Clodd.

"I don't," snapped Peter.

"You let her have it cut; it's the same thing. At eighteen she knows more about the ancient Greeks and Romans than she does about her own frocks."

"De young girl," argued the doctor, "what is she? De flower dat makes bright for us de garden of life; de gurgling brook dat murmurs by de dusty highway; de cheerful fire——"

"She can't be all of them," snapped Peter, who was a stickler for style. "Do keep to one simile at a time."

"Now, you listen to plain sense," said William Clodd. "You want—we all want—the girl to be a success all round."

"I want her——" Peter Hope was rummaging among the litter on the desk. It certainly was not there. Peter pulled out a drawer—two drawers. "I wish," said Peter Hope, "I wish sometimes she wasn't quite so clever."

The old doctor rummaged among dusty files of papers in a corner. Clodd found it on the mantelpiece concealed beneath the hollow foot of a big brass candlestick, and handed it to Peter.

Peter had one vice: the taking in increasing quantities of snuff, which was harmful for him, as he himself admitted. Tommy, sympathetic to most masculine frailties, was severe, however, upon this one.

"You spill it upon your shirt and on your coat," had argued Tommy. "I like to see you always neat. Besides, it isn't a nice habit. I do wish, Dad, you'd give it up."

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of stories by Mr. Jerome.

"I must," Peter had agreed. "I'll break myself of it. But not all at once; it would be a wrench. By degrees, Tommy, by degrees."

So a compromise had been compounded. Tommy was to hide the snuffbox. It was to be somewhere in the room and to be accessible, but that was all. Peter, when self-control had reached the breaking point, might try and find it. Occasionally, luck helping Peter, he would find it early in the day, when he would earn his own bitter self-reproaches by indulging in quite an orgy. But more often Tommy's artfulness was such that he would be compelled, by want of time, to abandon the search. Tommy always knew when he had failed by the air of indignant resignation with which he would greet her on her return. Then perhaps toward evening Peter, looking up, would see the box open before his nose, with above it a pair of reproving black eyes, their severity counterbalanced by a pair of full red lips trying not to smile. And Peter, knowing that only one pinch would be permitted, would dip deeply.

"I want her," said Peter Hope, feeling with his snuffbox in his hand more confidence in his own judgment, "to be a sensible, clever woman, capable of earning her own living, and of being independent—not a mere helpless doll crying for some man to come and take care of her."

"A woman's business," asserted Clodd, "is to be taken care of."

"Some women, perhaps," admitted Peter; "but Tommy, you know very well, is not going to be the ordinary type of woman. She has brains; she will make her way in the world."

"It doesn't depend upon brains," said Clodd. "She hasn't got the elbows."

"The elbows?"

"Not sharp enough. The last 'bus home on a wet night tells you whether a woman will make her own way in the world. Tommy's the sort to get left on the curb."

"She's the sort," retorted Peter, "to make a name for herself, and to be able to afford a cab. Don't you bully me!" Peter sniffed self-assertiveness from between his thumb and finger.

"Yes, I shall," Clodd told him, "on this particular point. The poor girl's got no mother."

Fortunately for the general harmony, the door opened at the moment to admit the subject of discussion.

"Got the Daisy Blossom advertisement out of old Blatchley," announced Tommy, waving triumphantly a piece of paper over her head.

"No!" exclaimed Peter. "How did you manage it?"

"Asked him for it," was Tommy's explanation.

"Very odd," mused Peter; "asked the old idiot for it myself only last week. He refused it point blank."

Clodd snorted reproof. "You know I don't like your doing that sort of thing. It isn't proper for a young girl——"

"It's all right," Tommy assured him; "he's bald!"

"That makes no difference," was Clodd's opinion.

"Yes, it does," was Tommy's. "I like them bald."

Tommy took Peter's head between her hands and kissed it, and in doing so noticed the telltale specks of snuff.

"Just a pinch, my dear," explained Peter; "the merest pinch."

Tommy took up the snuffbox from the desk. "I'll show you where I'm going to put it this time." She put it in her pocket. Peter's face fell.

"What do you think of it?" said Clodd. He led her to the corner. "Good idea, ain't it?"

"Why, where's the piano?" demanded Tommy.

Clodd turned in delighted triumph to the others.

"Humbug," growled Peter.

"It isn't humbug," cried Clodd indignantly. "She thought it was a bookcase—anybody would. You'll be able to sit there and practice by the hour," explained Clodd to Tommy. "When you hear anybody coming up the stairs you can leave off."

"How can she hear anything when she——" A bright idea occurred to Peter. "Don't you think, Clodd, as a practical man," suggested Peter insinuatingly, adopting the Socratic method, "that if we got her one of those dummy pianos—you know what I mean: it's just like an ordinary piano, only you don't hear it."

Clodd shook his head. "No good at all. Can't tell the effect she is producing."

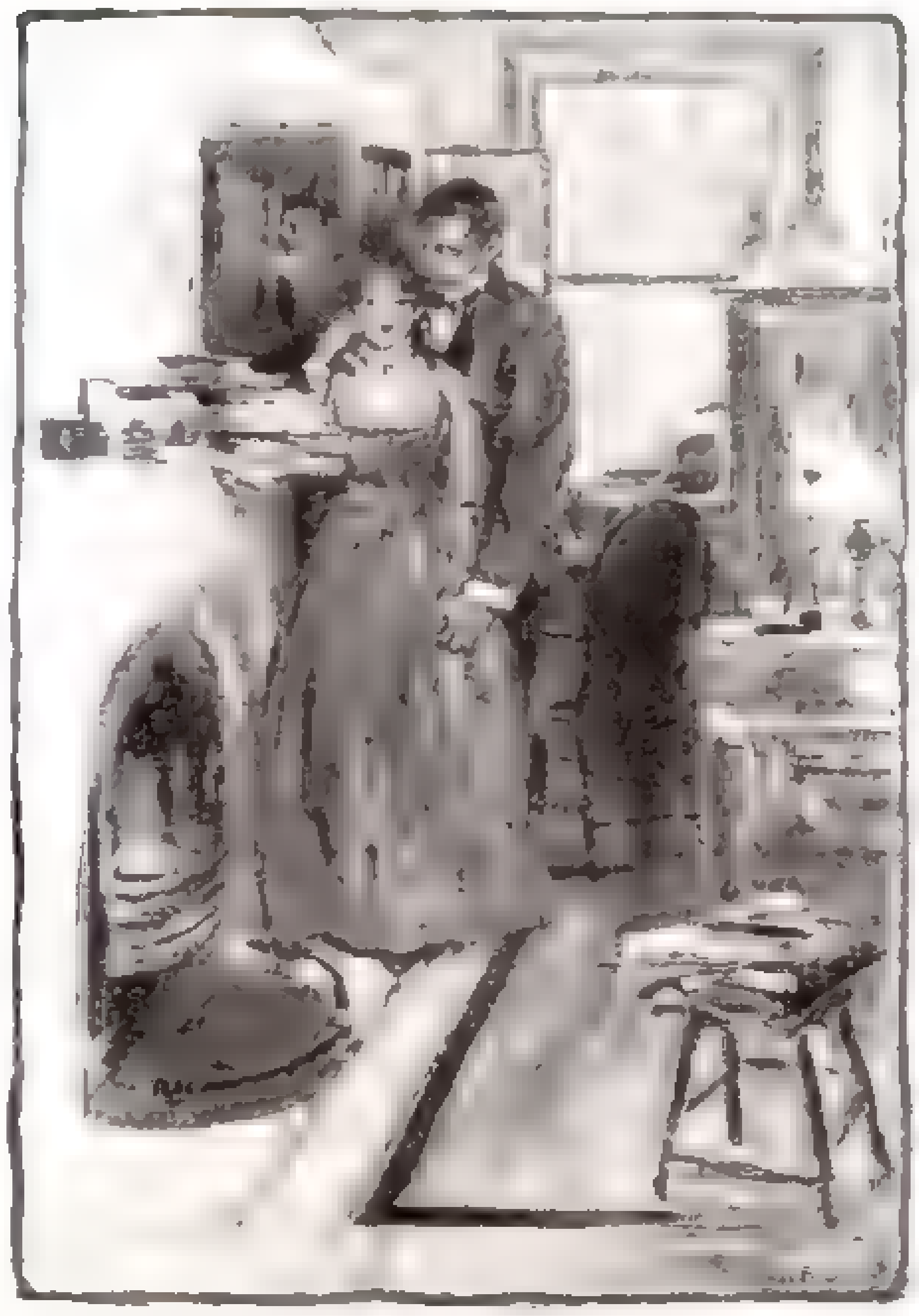
"Quite so. Then, on the other hand, Clodd, don't you think that hearing the effect one is producing may sometimes discourage the beginner?"

Clodd's opinion was that such discouragement was a thing to be battled with.

Tommy, who had seated herself, commenced a scale in contrary motion.

"Well, I'm going across to the printer's now," explained Clodd, taking up his hat. "Got an appointment with young Grindley at three. You stick to it. A spare half-hour now and then that you never miss does wonders. You've got it in you." With these encouraging remarks to Tommy, Clodd disappeared.

"Easy for him," muttered Peter bitterly. "Always does have an appointment outside the moment she begins."



"YOU WILL UNDERSTAND—YOU CAN FORGIVE"

Tommy appeared to be throwing her very soul into the performance. Passers-by in Crane Court paused, regarded the first-floor windows of the publishing and editorial offices of Good Humor with troubled looks, then hurried on.

"She has—remarkably firm touch," shouted the doctor into Peter's ear. "Will see you—evening: somet'ing—say to you."

The fat little doctor took his hat and departed. Tommy, ceasing suddenly, came over and seated herself on the arm of Peter's chair.

"Feeling grumpy?" asked Tommy.

"It isn't," explained Peter, "that I mind the noise. I'd put up with that if I could see the good of it."

"It's going to help me to get a husband, Dad. Seems to me an odd way of doing it, but Billy says so, and Billy knows all about everything."

"I can't understand you, a sensible girl, listening to such nonsense," said Peter. "It's that that troubles me."

"Dad, where are your wits?" demanded Tommy. "Isn't Billy acting like a brick. Why, he could go into Fleet Street to half a dozen other papers and make five hundred a year as advertising agent—you know he could. But he doesn't; he sticks to us. If my making myself ridiculous with that tin-pot they persuaded him was a piano is going to please him, isn't it common-sense and sound business, to say nothing of good nature and gratitude, for me to do it? Dad, I've got a surprise for him. Listen." And Tommy, springing from the arm of Peter's chair, returned to the piano.

"What was it?" questioned Tommy, having finished. "Could you recognize it?"

"I think," said Peter, "it sounded like—it wasn't Home, Sweet Home, was it?"

Tommy clapped her hands. "Yes, it was. You'll end by liking it yourself, Dad. We'll have musical At Homes."

"Tommy, have I brought you up properly, do you think?"

"No, Dad, you haven't. You have let me have my own way too much. You know the proverb: 'Good mothers make bad daughters.' Clodd's right; you've spoilt me, Dad. Do you remember, Dad, when I first came to you seven years ago, a ragged little brat out of the streets, that didn't know itself whether 'twas a boy or a girl? Do you know what I thought to myself the moment I set eyes on you? 'Here's a soft old Juggins: I'll be all right if I can get in here!' It makes you smart, knocking about in the gutters and being knocked about; you read faces quickly."

"Do you remember your cooking, Tommy? You 'had an aptitude for it,' according to your own idea."

Tommy laughed. "I wonder how you stood it."

"You were so obstinate. You came to me as 'cook and housekeeper,' and as cook and housekeeper and as nothing else would you remain. If I suggested any change up would go your chin into the air. I dared not even dine out too often, you were such a little tyrant. The only thing you were always ready to do, if I wasn't satisfied, was to march out of the house and leave me. Wherever did you get that savage independence of yours?"

"I don't know. I think it must have been from a woman—perhaps she was my mother, I don't know—who used to sit up in the bed and cough all night, it seemed to me. People would come to see us—ladies in fine clothes and gentlemen with oily hair. I think they wanted to help us. Many of them had kind voices. But always a hard look would come into her face, and she would tell them what even then I knew to be untrue—it was one of the first things I can recollect—that we had everything we wanted; that we needed no help from any one. They would go away shrugging their shoulders. I grew up with the feeling that seemed to have been burnt into my brain: that to take from anybody anything that you had not earned was shameful. I don't think I could do it even now, not even from you. I am useful to you, Dad? I do help you?"

There had crept a terror into Tommy's voice. Peter felt the little hands upon his arm trembling.

"Help me? Why, you work like a nigger—like a nigger is supposed to work, but doesn't. No one, whatever we paid him, would do half so much. I don't want to make your head more swollen than it is, young woman, but you have talent; I am not sure it is not genius." Peter felt the little hands tighten upon his arm.

"I do want this paper to be a success; that is why I strum upon the piano to please Clodd. Is it humbug?"

"I am afraid it is; but humbug is the sweet oil that helps this whirling world of ours to spin round smoothly. Too much of it cloys: we drop it very gently. But you are sure it is only humbug, Tommy?" It was Peter's voice into which fear had entered now. "It is not that you think he understands you better than I do—would do more for you?"

You want me to tell you all I think of you, and that isn't good for you, Dad—not too often. It would be you who would have a swelled head then."

"I am jealous, Tommy: jealous of every one that comes near you. Life is a tragedy for us old folks. We know there must come a day when you will leave the nest, leave us voiceless, ridiculous, flitting among bare branches. You will understand later, when you have children of your own, this foolish talk about a husband. It is worse for a man than it is for the woman. The mother lives again in her child: the man is robbed of all."

"Dad, do you know how old I am?—that you are talking terrible nonsense?"

"He will come, little girl."

"Yes," answered Tommy. "I suppose he will, but not for a long while—oh, not for a very long while. Don't. It frightens me."

"You? Why should it frighten you?"

"The pain. It makes me feel a coward. I want it to come; I want to taste life, to drain the whole cup, to understand, to feel. But that is the boy in me—I am more than half a boy: I always have been. But the woman in me—it shrinks from the ordeal."

"You talk, Tommy, as if love were something terrible."

"There are all things in it; I feel it, Dad. It is life in a single draft. It frightens me."

The child was standing with her face hidden behind her hands. Old Peter, always very bad at lying, stood silent, not knowing what consolation to concoct. The shadow passed, and Tommy's laughing eyes looked out again.

"Haven't you anything to do, Dad—outside, I mean?"

"You want to get rid of me?"

"Well, I've nothing else to occupy me till the proofs come in. I'm going to practice hard."

"I think I'll turn over my article on the Embankment," said Peter.

"There's one thing all of you ought to be grateful to me for," laughed Tommy as she seated herself at the piano. "I do induce you all to take more fresh air than otherwise you would."

Tommy, left alone, set herself to her task with the energy and thoroughness that were characteristic of her. Struggling with complicated scales, Tommy bent her eyes closer and closer over the pages of Czerny's Exercises. Glancing up to turn a page, Tommy, to her surprise, met the eyes of a stranger. They were brown eyes, their expression sympathetic. Below them, looking golden with the sunlight falling on it, was a mustache and beard cut short in Vandyke fashion, not altogether hiding a pleasant mouth, about the corners of which lurked a smile.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger. "I knocked three times. Perhaps you did not hear me."

"No, I didn't," confessed Tommy, closing the book of Czerny's Exercises, and rising with chin at an angle that to any one acquainted with the chart of Tommy's temperament might have suggested the advisability of seeking shelter.

"This is the editorial office of Good Humor, is it not?" inquired the stranger.

"It is."

"Is the editor in?"

"The editor is out."

"The sub-editor?" suggested the stranger.

"I am the sub-editor."

The stranger raised his eyebrows. Tommy, on the contrary, lowered hers.

"Would you mind glancing through that?" The stranger drew from his pocket a folded manuscript. "It will not take you a moment. I ought, of course, to have sent it through the post; but I am so tired of sending things through the post."

The stranger's manner was compounded of dignified impudence combined with pathetic humility. His eyes both challenged and pleaded. Tommy held out her hand for the paper and retired with it behind the protection of the big editorial desk that, flanked on one side by a screen and on the other by a formidable revolving bookcase, stretched fortress-like across the narrow room. The stranger remained standing

"Yes. It's pretty," criticised the sub-editor. "Worth printing, perhaps; not worth paying for."

"Not merely a—a nominal sum, sufficient to distinguish it from the work of the amateur?"

Tommy pursed her lips. "Poetry is quite a drug in the market. We can get as much of it as we want for nothing."

"Say half a crown," suggested the stranger.

Tommy shot a swift glance across the desk, and for the first time saw the whole of him. He was clad in a threadbare long brown ulster—long, that is, it would have been upon an ordinary man, but the stranger happening to be remarkably tall, it appeared on him ridiculously short, reaching only to his knees. Round his neck and tucked into his waistcoat, thus completely hiding the shirt and collar he may have been wearing or may not, was carefully arranged a blue silk muffler. His hands, which were bare, looked blue and cold, yet the black frock coat and waistcoat and French gray trousers bore the unmistakable cut of a first-class tailor, and fitted him to perfection. His hat, which he had rested on the desk, shone resplendent, and the handle of his silk umbrella was an eagle's head in gold, with two small rubies for the eyes

"You can leave it if you like," consented Tommy. "I'll speak to the editor about it when he returns."

"You won't forget it?" urged the stranger.

"No," answered Tommy. "I shall not forget it." Her black eyes were fixed upon the stranger without her being aware of it. She had dropped unconsciously into her "stocktaking" attitude.

"Thank you very much," said the stranger. "I will call again to-morrow."

The stranger, moving backward to the door, went out. Tommy sat with her face between her hands. Czerny's Exercises lay neglected

"Anybody called?" asked Peter Hope

"No," answered Tommy. "Oh, just a man Left this—not bad."

"The old story," mused Peter, as he unfolded the manuscript. "We all of us begin with poetry. Then we take to prose romances; poetry doesn't pay. Finally, we write articles. How to be Happy Though Married, What Shall We Do with Our Daughters? It is life summarized. What is it all about?"

"Oh, the usual sort of thing," explained Tommy. "He wants half a crown for it"

"Poor devil! Let him have it"

"That's not business," growled Tommy

"Nobody will ever know," said Peter "We'll enter it as 'telegrams.'"

The stranger called early the next day, pocketed his half crown, and left another manuscript: an essay. Also he left behind him his gold handled umbrella, taking away with him, instead, an old alpaca thing Clodd kept in reserve for exceptionally dirty weather Peter pronounced the essay usable

"He has a style," said Peter; "he writes with distinction Make an appointment for me with him."

Clodd, on missing his umbrella, was indignant. "What's the good of this thing to me?" commented Clodd. "Sort of thing for a dude in a pantomime! The fellow must be a blithering ass!"

Tommy gave to the stranger messages from both when next he called. He appeared more grieved than surprised concerning the umbrella

"You don't think Mr. Clodd would like to keep this umbrella in exchange for his own!" he suggested.

"Hardly his style," explained Tommy

"It's very peculiar," said the stranger with a smile. "I have been trying to get rid of this umbrella for the last three weeks. Once upon a time, when I preferred to keep my own umbrella, people used to take it by mistake, leaving all kinds of shabby things behind them in exchange Now, when I'd really like to get quit of it, nobody will have it"

"Why do you want to get rid of it?" asked Tommy. "It looks a very good umbrella."

You don't know how it hampers me," said the stranger. "I have to live up to it. It requires a certain amount of resolution to enter a cheap restaurant accompanied by that umbrella. When I do the waiters draw my attention to the most expensive dishes and recommend me special brands of their so-called champagne. They seem quite surprised if I only want a chop and a glass of beer. I haven't always got the courage to disappoint them. It is really becoming quite a curse to me. If I use it to stop a 'bus three or four hansoms dash up and quarrel over me. I can't do anything I want to do. I want to live simply and inexpensively; it will not let me."

Tommy laughed. "Can't you lose it?"

The stranger laughed also. "Lose it! You have no idea how honest people are. I hadn't myself. The whole world has gone up in my estimation within the last few weeks People run after me for quite long distances and force it into my hand—people on rainy days who haven't got umbrellas of their own. It is the same with this hat." The stranger sighed as he took it up. "I am always trying to get off with something reasonably shabby in exchange for it. I am always found out and stopped."

"Why don't you pawn them?" suggested the practicable Tommy.

The stranger regarded her with admiration. "Do you know, I never thought of that," said the stranger "Of course, what a good idea. Thank you so much."

The stranger departed, evidently much relieved.

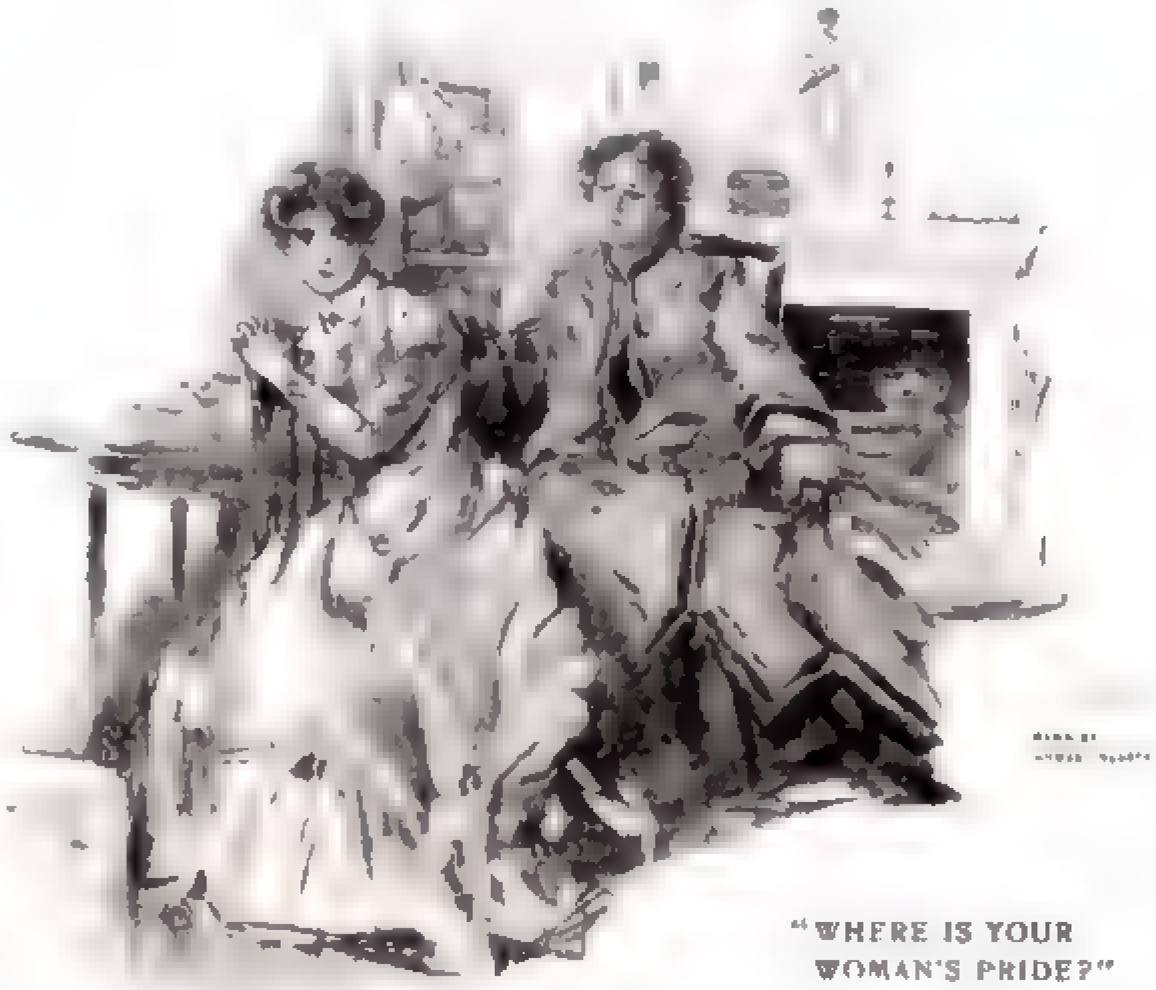
"Silly fellow!" mused Tommy. "They won't give him a quarter of the value, and he will say 'Thank you so much,' and be quite contented." It worried Tommy a good deal that day, the thought of that stranger's helplessness.

The stranger's name was Richard Danvers. He lived the other side of Holborn, in Featherstone Buildings, but much of his time came to be spent in the offices of Good Humor.

Peter liked him. "Full of promise," was Peter's opinion. "His criticism of that article of mine on The Education of Woman showed both sense and feeling. A scholar and a thinker."

Flipp, the office boy (spelled Philip), liked him: and Flipp's attitude in general was censorial. "He's all right," pronounced Flipp; "nothing stuck up about him. He's got plenty of sense—lying hidden away."

Miss Ramsbotham liked him. "The men—the men we think about at all," explained Miss Ramsbotham, "may be divided into two classes: the men we ought to like, but don't; and the men there is no particular reason for our liking, but that we do. Personally, I could get very fond of your friend Dick. There is nothing whatever attractive about him except himself."



"WHERE IS YOUR WOMAN'S PRIDE?"

Even Tommy liked him in her way, though at times she was severe with him.

"If you mean a big street," grumbled Tommy, who was going over proofs, "why not say a big street! Why must you always call it a 'main artery'?"

"I am sorry," apologized Danvers. "It is not my own idea. You told me to study the higher-class journals."

"I didn't tell you to select and follow all their faults. Here it is again. Your crowd is always a 'hydra-headed monster'; your tea, 'the cup that cheers but not inebriates.'"

"I am afraid I'm a deal of trouble to you," feared the staff.

"I am afraid you are," agreed the sub-editor.

"Don't give me up," pleaded the staff. "I misunderstood you, that is all. I will write English for the future."

"Shall be glad if you will," growled the sub-editor.

Dick Danvers rose. "I am so anxious not to get what you call 'the sack' from here."

The sub-editor, mollified, thought the staff need be under no apprehension, provided it showed itself teachable.

"I have been rather a worthless fellow, Miss Hope," confessed Dick Danvers. "I was beginning to despair of myself till I came across you and your father. The atmosphere here—I don't mean the material atmosphere of Crane's Court—is so invigorating: its simplicity, its sincerity. I used to have ideals. I tried to stifle them. There is a set that sneers at all that sort of thing. Now I see that they are good. You will help me?"

Every woman is a mother. Tommy felt for the moment that she wanted to take this big boy on her knee and talk to him for his good. He was only an overgrown lad. But so exceedingly overgrown! Tommy had to content herself with holding out her hand. Dick Danvers grasped it tightly.

Clodd was the only one who did not approve of him. "How did you get hold of him?" asked Clodd one afternoon, when he and Peter were alone in the office.

"He came. He came in the usual way," explained Peter.

"What do you know about him?"

"Nothing. What is there to know? One doesn't ask for a character with a journalist."

"No, I suppose that wouldn't work. Found out anything about him since?"

"Nothing against him. Why so suspicious of everybody?"

"Because you are just a woolly lamb and want a dog to look after you. Who is he? On a first night he gives away his stall and sneaks into the pit. When you send him to a picture gallery he dodges the private view and goes on the first shilling day. If an invitation comes to a public dinner he asks me to go and eat it for him and tell him what it's all about. That doesn't suggest the frank and honest journalist, does it?"

"It is unusual; it certainly is unusual," Peter was bound to admit

"I distrust the man," said Clodd. "He's not our class. What is he doing here?"

"I will ask him, Clodd; I will ask him straight out."

"And believe whatever he tells you."

"No, I sha'n't."

"Then what's the good of asking him?"

"Well, what am I to do?" demanded the bewildered Peter.

"Get rid of him," suggested Clodd

"Get rid of him!"

"Get him away! Don't have him in and out of the office all day long—looking at her with those collie-dog eyes of his, arguing art and poetry with her in that cushat dove voice of his. Get him clean away—if it isn't too late already."

"Nonsense," said Peter, who had turned white, however. "She's not that sort of girl."

"Not that sort of girl!" Clodd had no patience with Peter Hope, and told him so. "Why are there never ink stains on her fingers now? There used to be. Why does she always keep a lemon in her drawer? When did she last have her hair cut? I'll tell you if you care to know—five months ago: the week before he came. She used to have it cut once a fortnight—said it tickled her neck. Why does she jump on people when they call her Tommy and tell them that her name is Jane. It never used to be Jane. Maybe when you're a bit older you'll begin to notice things for yourself."

Clodd jammed his hat upon his head and flung himself down the stairs. Peter, slipping out a minute later, bought himself an ounce of snuff.

"Fiddle-de-dee," said Peter as he helped himself to his thirteenth pinch. "Don't believe it. I'll sound her. I sha'n't say a word. I'll just sound her."

Tommy sat at her desk, correcting proofs of a fanciful story: The Man Without a Past.

"I shall miss him," said Peter; "I know I shall"

"Miss whom?" demanded Tommy.

"Danvers," sighed Peter. "It always happens so. You get friendly with a man; then he goes away—abroad, back to America, Lord knows where. You never see him again."

Tommy looked up. There was trouble in her face.

"How do you spell harassed?" questioned Tommy: "two r's or one?"

"One r," Peter informed her; "two s's."

"I thought so." The trouble passed from Tommy's face.

"You don't ask when he's going, you don't ask where he's going," complained Peter. "You don't seem to be interested in the least."

"I was going to ask so soon as I had finished correcting this sheet," explained Tommy. "What reason does he give?"

Peter had crossed over, and was standing where he could see her face illumined by the lamplight.

"It doesn't upset you, the thought of his going away—of your never seeing him again?"

"Why should it?" Tommy answered his searching gaze with a slightly puzzled look. "Of course I'm sorry. He was becoming useful. But we couldn't expect him to stop with us always, could we?"

Peter, rubbing his hands, broke into a chuckle. "I told him it was all fiddlesticks—Clodd. He would have it you were growing to care for the fellow."

(Continued on Page 30)

HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

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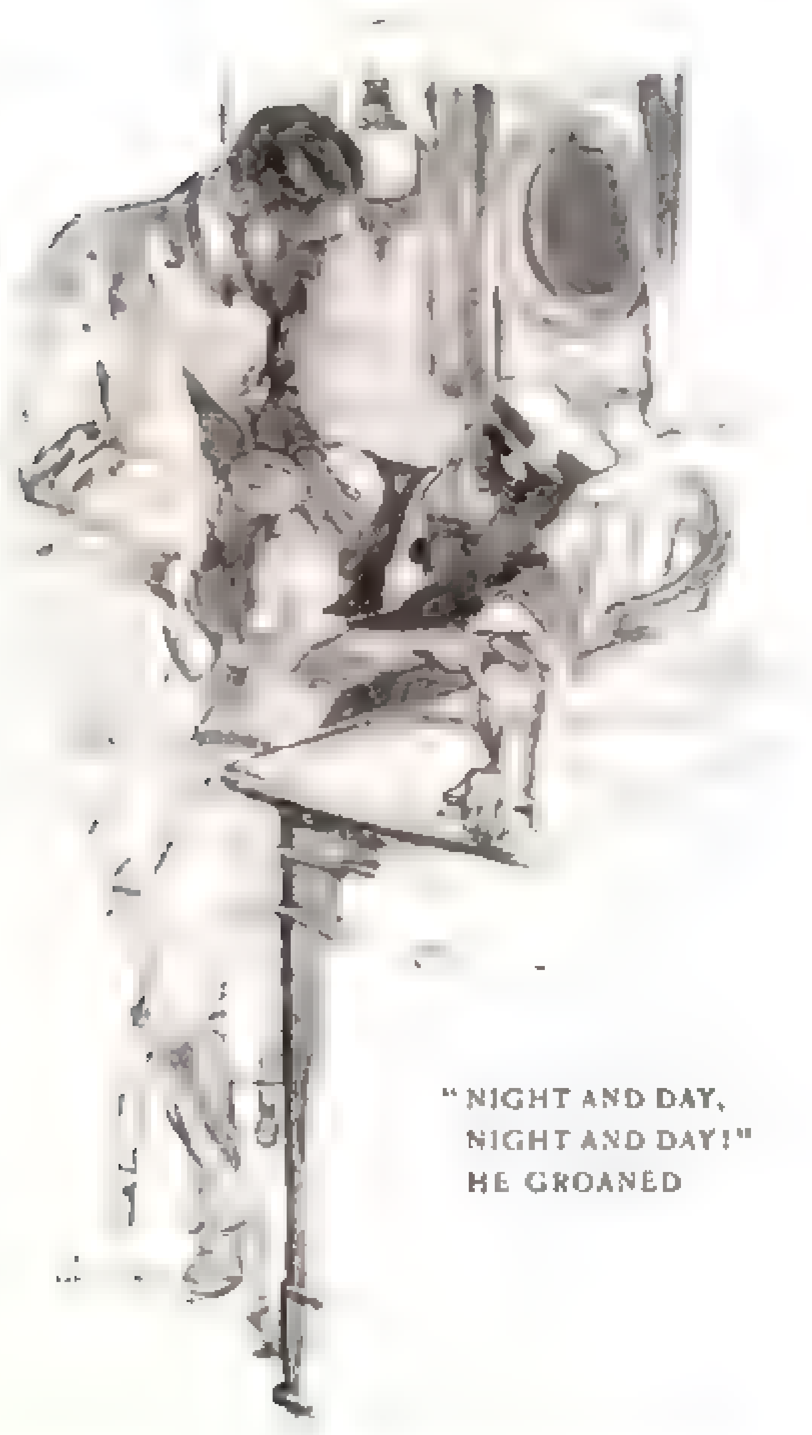


"NIGHT AND DAY, NIGHT AND DAY!" HE GROANED

CHAPTER VI—THE CONFERENCE IN THE CABIN

WE OPENED the captain's door without knocking, but he was awake at once, and turned on the electric light.

"What is this, gentlemen? Is it a raree-show?" he inquired in his particular voice.

"It is some information Doctor Phillimore has to impart, sir," said Legrand.

Day's eyes narrowed. "Oh, I see; Doctor Phillimore is taking part in some more theatricals," he said grimly. "And his costume seems suited to them"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I hotly. "If you would only listen instead of passing judgment we might get on."

"I'm learning a lot this voyage," said Day with a sneer. "Pray proceed."

Again I told my story. Day got up in his pajamas, an insignificant figure of a man without his important uniform. He might have been a member of Parliament or a minor poet But he had, with all his defects, the courage of his position and responsibilities.

"This is a matter I feel unequal to alone. It has gone on too long," he said sharply. "It is time I knew where I stand" He left the cabin abruptly, and returned in a few minutes.

'I have taken the liberty of inviting Mr. Morland's attendance,' he said, "and have sent for Sir John Barraclough and Mr. Holgate. I will know once for all where I stand."

'I beg you not Mr. Holgate, Captain," said I.

"And why not Mr. Holgate, sir?" he asked peremptorily. "Here is a report of conspiracy and mutiny you bring me, and I will have my officers in attendance to weigh it."

"You will remember my former charge, Captain Day?" I said.

"Well, sir?" he answered.

"If my report to-night is correct, as I have a witness to prove, does it not shed some light on my former charge against Mr. Holgate? And is it, therefore, desirable that he should be here?"

Day considered, and then he looked me up and down. "If I were a doctor, Doctor Phillimore," he observed with sarcasm, "I should advise you to change your clothes."

"Oh, there is a more important matter than clothes," I replied angrily, "or should I be here? Is it for fun, do you suppose?"

He turned from me without saying anything, but my words had their effect, for when the door opened and Holgate's face appeared Day said civilly enough, "I'm sorry to have disturbed you unnecessarily, Mr. Holgate, but I find I shall not need you at present."

The third officer's big face moved slowly on his bull neck, and his eyes met mine.

"Very well, sir," said he calmly, and there was nothing legible in his gaze. It was blank and insignificant, destitute even of curiosity or of sleep.

Barraclough arrived immediately afterward, and on his heels—Mr. Morland, dressed as when he walked the hurricane deck daily, his somewhat dull face owning and manifesting a certain dignity

"I have asked you here, Mr. Morland," said Day at once, "because of certain rumors and mysteries and alleged discoveries which are in circulation. It is an untimely hour, but that is not my fault. Doctor Phillimore has brought me a story which, if he is correct, is of vital importance to us. I should be glad, therefore, if you would answer a question. Are you Prince Frederic of Hochburg?"

Mr. Morland's eyes lighted up. "I have employed you, sir," he began, "to work this ship——"

"Pardon me; it is necessary," said Day with extreme politeness. "I hear a tale of conspiracy to rob my employer, who sails with me, and whom I know as Mr. Morland, but who is stated to be Prince Frederic of Hochburg. I am justified, therefore, in asking if Mr. Morland is Prince Frederic, and if he has the money on board which the tale alleges. According to that answer must I shape my conduct."

Mr. Morland drew himself up. "It is reasonable," he said, as if reflecting. "Yes, I am Frederic of Hochburg."

Day's fingers trembled. "And the money?" he asked in a hard voice

"There is some money on board," said the Prince, looking round on our faces, and now I was surprised that I had not identified long since that guttural German accent. "But I should wish to know what this scene means, sir?" he said in a haughty voice

Day waved his hand at me.

"I have learned to-night," said I, "by an accident, that there is a plot among the crew to seize the ship and its contents before reaching Buenos Ayres."

For the third time I then told my story, to which my sodden garments were a genuine witness. The Prince listened to me with a frown.

"I do not understand," said he. "I was led to believe that I was chartering a good vessel with a good captain and crew for my cruise. I do not understand this."

"Nor I," said Day, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I am not responsible for the crew. It was arranged by your agents—Mr. Morland."

"Ah!" said the Prince shortly, and then, "But you tell me they have turned out to be pirates. This is ridiculous."

"I must refer you to Doctor Phillimore, sir," said Day curtly. "As for me, if I had known what I know now you would have sailed under another captain—I am too old for mysteries"

Ignoring this, if he listened to it, the Prince turned on me. "Where is your evidence of this?" he asked, and his eye fell on Ellison, who was plainly uncomfortable. "Ah! did what the doctor says happen?"

"Yes, sir"

"Then we must send for this man, Adams," concluded his Royal Highness. "Let him be brought."

I had in my hand during all this time the bar of iron which McCrae had brought. I gave it to Barraclough.

"If you are going," said I, "take this. It may be needed."

He looked at me with a lift of his eyebrows.

"All serene," said he with a smile. "This seems a pretty show altogether. Come, quartermaster."

Legrand went back to his bridge with a revolver in his pocket, and I was left with Mr. Morland and the captain The former scrutinized me closely and deliberately, without regard to my feelings, while Day feigned to be busy at his table.

"I stay here, sir," said I to the Prince with emphasis, "because I seem in a manner to be a prisoner on trial. I have called my evidence, and it will be forthcoming presently. But I must say," I added bitterly, "that I resent the way in which my testimony has been received, and at Buenos Ayres, if we ever reach that port, I shall beg to be relieved of my duties and have my contract canceled."

"If Mr.—Mr. Morland does not object, certainly I shall not, Doctor Phillimore," said Day dryly.

"Oh, come, Captain," said I impatiently, "we are in a peril together and you stand on ceremonies."

"That has yet to be proved," he said

Even as he spoke a noise announced the return of the party, and Sir John Barraclough entered.

"Your man's missing," said he.

Day uttered an exclamation, and the Prince's frown deepened.

"There's no one in the cabin," said Barraclough.

At that instant a knock fell on the door "Is the doctor here?" said a voice which I recognized at once Barraclough opened the door, and Holgate stood on the threshold.

"It has been reported to me as I came on duty," he said, "that Adams is missing, Doctor. It seems a bad case. He was delirious, and two of the men say they heard a plunge. The porthole is open."

"It is a lie!" I cried

Holgate's face twitched. "It's the report made to me," he said; "I came at once," and the fang showed clear under his upper lip.

"It is foul play!" I said. "He was not likely to throw himself overboard. It all belongs to the plot."

"Was this man delirious?" asked Day of me.

I hesitated. "For a time he was, slightly," I answered.

"He was delirious when he told you these things?"

"That I deny"

He turned to Ellison. "What do you say, quartermaster?"

"I don't know, sir," said the man in confusion. "He didn't seem quite—quite all right."

"Ah!" said Day, looking at Mr. Morland.

"Good Heavens, sir, would you take a common sailor's word before a doctor's?" I asked indignantly.

"No, Doctor Phillimore; I am only weighing the evidence," said he coolly. "This man was, according to you, delirious for a time. He made some communication as to a plot. Then he disappears. It is either conspiracy or delirium. Either accounts for the facts. Which are we to believe?"

"You forget the attempt on me," I said hotly

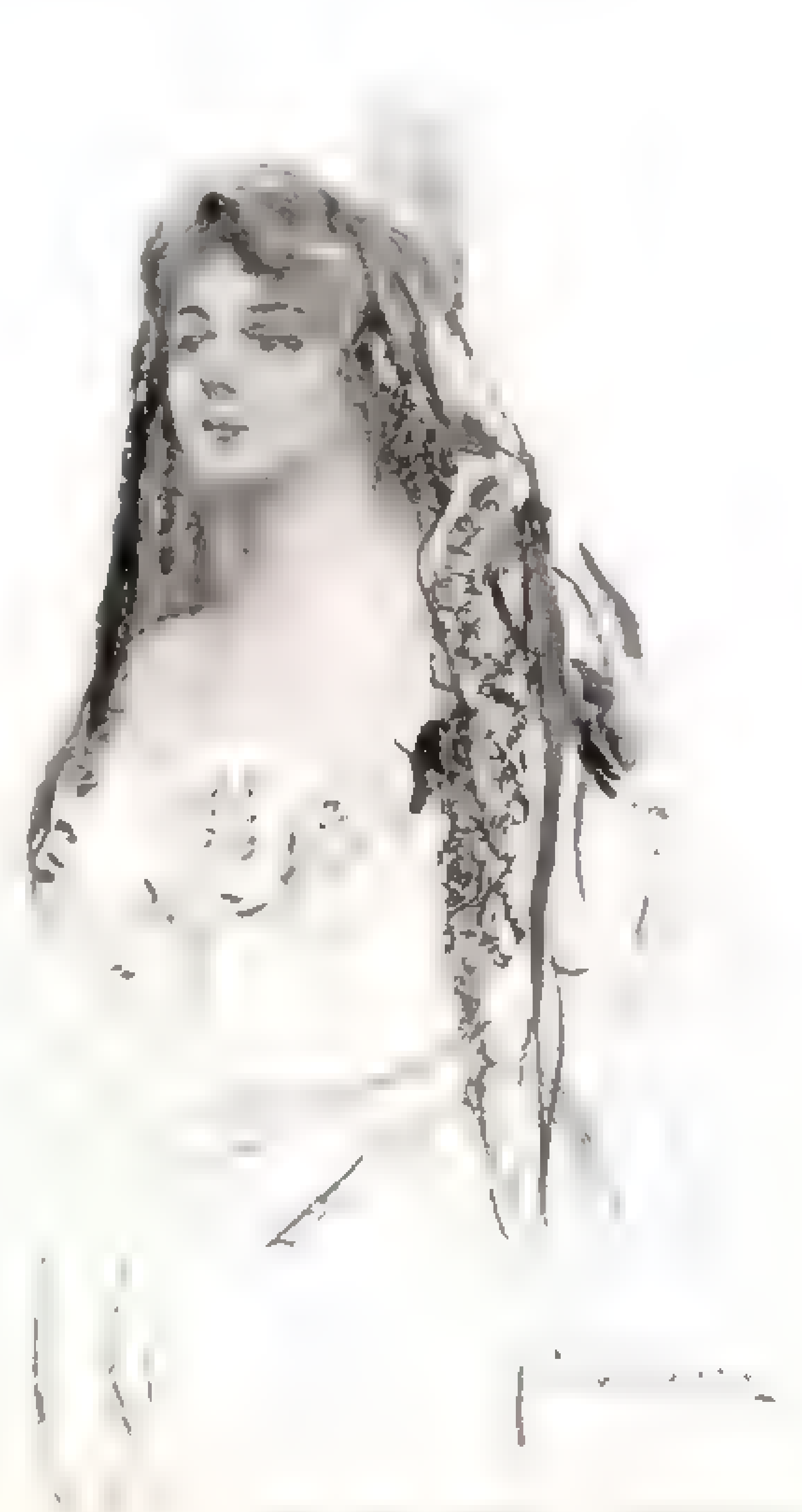
"Not at all," he said; "I have not forgotten that—accident. But it hardly gets us further. It fits in with other suppositions—the plot or," he paused, "the delirium," he added significantly.

"Gentlemen, I wish you good night, or good morning," I said, turning on my heel. "And I will beg of you, Mr. Morland, to grant me the privilege of a substitute when we reach Buenos Ayres."

Mr. Morland did not answer He made an impatient gesture, and then:

"Are you satisfied, Captain Day?" he asked.

"Quite," was the laconic answer.



SHE WAS DEAD WHITE OF COMPLEXION UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT

"Then may I request you will see that discipline is kept among your men," said the Prince severely, and stalked out of the cabin

Barraclough broke into laughter. "Upon my soul——" he began, but was interrupted by an angry exclamation.

"Be good enough, sir, to keep your counsel till it is asked, sir," said Day, trembling with fury. "I have too many princes and baronets here for my taste." He stamped round the room in agitation. "My men!" he cried. "Good Lord, what have I had to do with them? I wish I'd never seen the figurehead of the yacht. I would sooner run an excursion steamer than submit to this"

Barraclough eyed him without any emotion, even with hard hospitality. The exit of the Prince had stayed my departure, and abruptly Day came to a pause by me.

"That will do, gentlemen," he said quietly. Holgate, who was at the door, opened it, and his round face swung gently on his shoulders till his gaze rested on me again. Something flickered in it, something like a leer on that malicious blackness, and then he was gone. Day stood stock still by me, looking after him As I turned to follow he addressed me.

"Doctor Phillimore, if you can spare a moment before you change," he said civilly, "I shall be glad of a few minutes."

I answered promptly, wondering, and the door closed behind Barraclough.

"Doctor, I haven't slept a wink for nights," burst out the captain suddenly, "I must have something."

He had a haggard, drawn look, and his eyes seemed sunken in his head. At once I was the professional man, and not an officer of the ship

"Sit down, sir," said I, "and tell me. What is it."

He sat down shakily. "I don't like my officers, Doctor, and I don't like my employer," he said peevishly. I held his pulse, which was jumping.

"What else," I said

"You are not a married man?" he inquired, looking at me restlessly. "No, never mind," he paused, and proceeded in his ridiculously precise voice: "I had the misfortune to lose my wife and my son in a fortnight—about a month ago. It has rather upset me."

It might have been comic in that matter-of-fact tone, but, somehow, it struck me as tragic. That this vain, self-contained and reticent man should confess to the frailty of humanity to a man he disliked was the measure of his suffering.

"I can mend the sleep, Captain," said I. "You must do the rest."

"Good Lord!" he shook his head and stood up.

"No," said I, "sit down. I'll see to you. Let me ring."

In a few minutes I had my case of instruments, and carefully extracted what I wanted, while Day looked on feverishly.

"I'm going to do what has already been done this night," I said gravely, "but in a better cause"

I raised the syringe and bade him put back the sleeve of his pajama. A rush of pain went through my arm which had been bruised and battered in the sea, and suddenly the cabin went from me. For the first and only time in my life I fainted.

When I came to Day was bending over me, glass in hand, a look of solicitude on his face.

"It seems we have changed places," said I feebly, "and that you are my physician."

He set the glass down "Doctor, I did you less than justice just now," he said quickly. "But I have had my troubles."

I picked myself up slowly. "I will now resume," I said, smiling.

"If you are able," he said doubtfully, and then "Heavens, I should like just one hour of sleep."

"You shall sleep till eight bells, I promise you," I answered, and once more I took the syringe

He sighed as if in anticipation. "Doctor," he said, as he lay back, "not a word of this. We must talk about the other thing. I don't like my officers. I'll tackle this question to-morrow. There's something in it."

I bade him "good-night," and left with the conviction that in the difficulties before us Captain Day would count for little. To face such emergencies as I felt must now be faced we had no need of a neurotic subject.

Nevertheless, I was mistaken in one particular. Day sent for me next morning, and I found him in quite a brisk, cheerful state. He did not allude to what had occurred between us, but came straight to the subject of the plot.

"Nothing has happened, Doctor," he said.

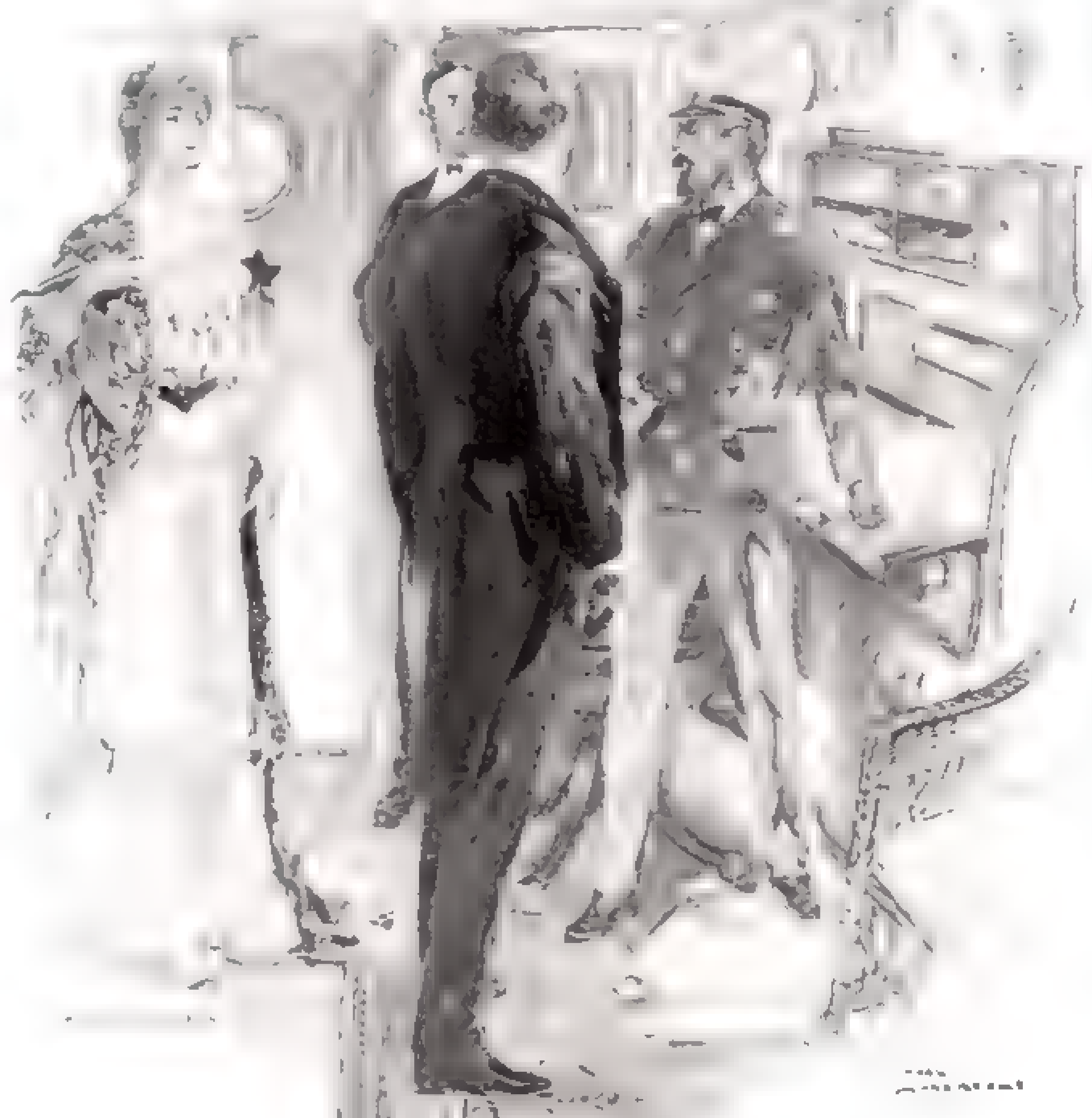
I knew nothing could happen, for the disappearance of Adams meant that the conspirators were not ready with their plans. Otherwise, they would not have been so determined to rob me of my evidence. This I explained.

"You see the difficulty," he said at last. "There is no corroboration of your story, and I can take no action. I will have an inquiry into Adams' disappearance, of course, but I fear nothing will come of it." He rubbed his hands nervously. "I wish to Heaven there would."

This was astounding from the man, but as I looked into his eyes I could see how deeply his nervous system had been shocked, and once more I despaired of such a captain. I carried my misgivings to Legrand, with whom the events of the night had seemed to bring me in closer relationship.

"The old man's all right," he said. "A better seaman doesn't exist. There's nothing he doesn't know."

"Except human nature," said I.



HE DID NOT PAY ME ANY ATTENTION ON MY ENTRANCE, BUT FIXED HIS GAZE ON PRINCESS ALIX

"Well, that may be. But who knows much about that?" said the second officer, setting his sextant. "You say we're slumbering over a volcano. I dare say we are. It's more or less what we're paid to do, and take all risks. Things are quiet enough now, anyway"

Was this another skeptic where I had sought to find an ally?

"I am used by this to ridicule," I began dryly.

"Who the deuce is ridiculing you?" he asked. "You have only given us something to think of—and something pretty tall, too."

I shrugged my shoulders. "I suppose it is my word against Holgate's," I said wearily.

"Holgate's!" he said, lowering his sextant swiftly. "Holgate's! I wouldn't trust Holgate if he were on a dozen oaths—not if he were swung at a yardarm and were making Christian confession," he said passionately.

"Nor would I," I said softly, after a pause. We exchanged glances. He resumed his sextant.

"The only thing to be done," he said, "is to keep a watch. We shall know shortly. Excuse me, Doctor; I must take the bearings."

Routine must go on aboard ship, but this cool attitude, reasonable as it was, was not to my taste in my condition. Things moved as smoothly as before; the watch came and went, and the bells tolled regularly; but with the knowledge that I had that something devilish was brewing, I fretted and worried and grew out of temper. The powers that were responsible for the safety of the ship and her good conduct were indifferent to the danger, or else incredulous. I alone knew how incompetent was the captain to secure his vessel, and the attitude of "Mr. Morland" filled me with contempt. It was all very well for a royal prince in his palace, surrounded by his guards, servitors and dependents, to assume an autocratic attitude and take things for granted. But it was another case when he had deliberately abandoned that security and launched himself upon a romantic, not to say quixotic, career, in which nothing was certain. Yet upon the promenade deck the Prince and his sister took their constitutionals as if nothing had happened or would happen, and, as before, Mlle. Trébizond joined them, and her laugh floated down to us, musical and clear. Would nothing make them understand the peril in which they stood?

In all this vexation of spirit I still found time to be amused by Lane. The affair of Adams was, necessarily, public property, and the inquiry promised by Day was in process. Adams was gone, gone overboard, as I knew, and I could have put my hand on his murderer, if I could not also identify the man who had made an attempt to be mine. Lane, on the rumor of the night's proceedings reaching him, sought me and complained. It was ludicrous, but it was characteristic of the man as I had come to know him.

"Where do I come in?" he asked plaintively. "You might have given me a call, Doctor."

"I wish I had been sleeping as sound as you," I said.

"Oh, hang it, man, it's dull enough on this beastly boat. If there's any row on I'm in it"

"Do you think you guess how big a row may be on?" I asked him.

"Oh, well, it's infernally dull," he grumbled, which, when you come to think of it, was a surprising point of view.

The Adams inquiry ended in what must necessarily be called an open verdict. The evidence of the boatswain and Pentecost, one of the hands, assured that Both testified to the fact that they were awakened in the still hours by a splash, and one thought it was accompanied by a cry, but was not sure. At any rate, the boatswain was sufficiently aroused to make search and to discover that Adams was missing, and subsequently that the porthole was open. He had then, as he declared, reported the matter at once to the officer of the watch, who was Holgate. Holgate came to the captain's cabin, as has been related. There was no discrepancy to be noted in the stories of the two men, nor was there any inherent improbability in their tale. So, as I have said, though no verdict was given, the verdict might be considered as open, and we had got no further. The captain, however, took one precaution, for the key of the ammunition chest was put in Barraclough's charge. What others did I know not, but I slept with a loaded revolver under my pillow.

We were now within a week of Buenos Ayres, and had come into summer weather. When we passed the twentieth parallel the heat was overpowering. We took to ducks, and the ladies, as we could observe, to the lightest of cotton dresses. For all, however, that we saw of them they might have been dwelling in another sphere.

One evening, however, I had retired to my cabin and was stretched on my bunk, reading, when I was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Come in," I called idly, and the door promptly opened, and to my amazement Miss Morland stood before me. She wore a plain evening dress of chiffon, very pretty to the eye. She had naturally, as I had observed on my previous encounters, a sparkle of color in her face; but now she had lost it, and was dead white of complexion under the electric light.

"Doctor Phillimore," she said in English, which was more perfect of accent than her brother's, but speaking somewhat formally, "I understand that you believe you have discovered some plot."

By this time I was on my feet. "Madam, no one else believes it," said I.

"I do," she said sharply; and then, "I want you to come and see my brother—Mr. Morland."

"I will do as you will," I answered, "but, at the same time, I must point out that Mr. Morland has cognizance of my story. I stated what I had to say in his presence some days since"

"Ah," said she, "you do not understand. It is impossible for one in my brother's position to entertain these suspicions. It is not for him to take precautions—or should not be," she added bitterly.

(Continued on Page 32)

THE SATURDAY
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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Seek, or others will find.

¶When a man loses his temper he generally finds that of his opponent.

¶Prudence sometimes consists not so much in looking ahead as in walking that way.

¶Blood is thicker than water, but there is a powerful lot of water between the United States and Great Britain.

¶Before marriage figures of speech and real flowers will do; after marriage real figures and flowers of speech are the thing.

¶There is a wide difference between the man who seeks a position for himself and the man who makes a position for himself.

Are Banquets Worth While?

IN THESE days of great opportunities, big enterprises and exacting demands, time is man's most valuable asset. There are many rules for the successful life, but most of them fail if the results do not include the doing of something profitable before fifty that after fifty will relieve the man of the need of working as hard as ever and of the danger of an inadequate income. Time in the toiling period is, therefore, precious not only for its immediate compensations, but also for its future provisions.

Banquets—let us use the word as a term for the various kinds of public, official and business meals—are increasing. We are falling more deeply into the English habit of contriving a five or six hour dinner in order that somebody may make a forty-minute speech. We do all we can to kill off our distinguished citizens by keeping them up late at night nibbling at a menu that would wreck them if it all got into their stomachs. We do not spare our presidents or our governors, or even our professional philanthropists. The idea of giving them something they do not really want and making them suffer for it is the fashion—and man's fashions in their way are just as foolish as the woman's fashions that he never ceases to ridicule.

Fortunately, a speaker such as Doctor Depew can hop in like Irving's sparrow, chirp his note of cheerfulness and then hop out again, reaching bed at a proper hour. The President, as a privileged guest, may appear for his little speech and get away. Other sensible after-dinner orators have learned the practical lessons—and, like performers in vaudeville, come on the stage only for their "turns."

But what about the two hundred or the six hundred young men and middle-aged men who sit at the table from sunset until after midnight? Consider the average man and the average banquet. Seven is the hour. All the afternoon the engagement haunts him. He leaves his office ahead of time—a lot of work shoved off until the morrow. He hurries home and, instead of the usual rest, rushes through his toilet, nine times out of ten loses his peace of mind over buttons and ties and laces, and frets and fumes until he gets to the festive hall. There is a delay of waiting, standing around and inconsequential talk. Then comes the long dinner, during which he becomes as tired of his table neighbors as they do of him. There is never any fun going home from a banquet nor is there any superlative joy in having to get up with two hours cut from one's regular sleep. And that left-over mail is on the desk and the long day has its new problems.

Take it from any point of view: is the average banquet worth the time?

Seventy Years Young

MR. DEPEW celebrated his seventieth birthday by a most impressive public marshaling of the names of men of might who did their mighty work in science, art, war, politics, business, after they had reached and passed his age. He certainly proved that a good brain is at its best—in all except, perhaps, the purely creative energies—when it is at its ripest maturity. Certainly the world has suffered incalculable losses through the fact that just when men of ability are at their best in judgment and in experience they die.

And the utter folly of this appears when we remember that a good, healthy body is built to last at least a hundred and fifty years, and that any body not over fifty years old can be made good enough to last thirty or forty years unless it has received some mortal injury. What a pity that men who live in their minds are so often so careless and even reckless about their bodies. Probably this will always remain true. The best chance an intellectual man has for long life is in marrying a woman who is proud of him and has sound sense, about health and character, enough to make her grown-up baby toe the mark.

It is hardly necessary to add that such a woman will not sit up in bed, complaining of a frightful headache and eating caramels as fast as she can choke them down and pathetically wondering what on earth is the matter with her "nerves."

Political Suicide

A YOUNG man of whom little was known, and that little favorable, got a conspicuous office not long ago through a political organization. He did well at first, so well that the contrast between him and his associates and backers made him even more conspicuous than his well-doing deserved; and throughout the nation there was talk of him for high office. His future was secured, and had he held to his first course it would have been brilliant.

But soon the test came, a contract signing away the people's rights but giving contracts worth millions to friends of the promising young man's organization. He hesitated, decided in favor of those at whose hands he had received promotion. He had committed political suicide in full view of the whole country. He does not know it yet. Probably he never will realize the full consequences of his act. For those consequences will be in large measure simply that he will not get the places and the honors he might otherwise have got. How many, many young men there are, in small places and in larger, who must face precisely this young man's dilemma. And each and every one of them may rest assured that, if he relies upon prudent calculation for his decision, he will decide wrong, just as this young man did.

The Requisite of Style

THERE is a general complaint that present writing lacks style. Our colleges and universities are turning out thousands of graduates who are crammed with knowledge without being able to express it worthily.

So some ambitious ones begin to cultivate style and fall by the wayside. Matthew Arnold had style, and yet in the last year of his life he said to his friend Russell: "People think I can teach them style. What stuff it all is. Have something to say and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style."

Doubtless that explains the reason why we have so little style. Knowledge itself does not produce something to say. Only earnestness and conviction can do that. To get more style, therefore, our educated men need more earnestness and more conviction.

The War Against War

FOR the first time since the World's Fair at Chicago the International Peace Congress will meet in the United States. Naturally it goes to the centre of things American—Boston. And there is good reason why it should do so, because, according to Mr. Edwin D. Mead, chairman of the Executive Committee, Boston has the honor of having founded the first influential peace society in the world. "It was in Channing's study," he writes, "on the day after Christmas, in 1815, that the Massachusetts Peace Society was born, and among the many things for which Americans and the world hold Channing in high honor he has no greater glory than that earned by his lifelong service in the cause of peace." Thirty years later Charles Sumner delivered his famous Fourth of July oration in Boston, on the True Grandeur of Nations, and he devoted a large part of his life to the "declaration of war against war." There are many conspicuous Massachusetts names in peace history, and altogether the society should feel at home in its capital

Of course there will be the usual flippant comments about the work of a peace movement at the very time the world is witnessing the war in the East. The Czar, who took so much interest in the Hague Tribunal, will get his share of conspicuous mention. It will be pointed out that in addition to the conflict in the East there are half a dozen little wars going on, all with their tales of bloodshed, cruelty and selfish conquest

But we can face the facts and at the same time see that good is coming from the war against war. Already the Hague Tribunal has justified its existence by the famous cases it has handled. War has not been suppressed, but its attendant circumstances have been mitigated, the zones of its ambitions have been restricted, and the sentiment of mankind has been aroused so deeply that each great war makes another great war more improbable

There is good sense as well as good business in recognizing, promoting and eulogizing the peace movement. It may take another century to win its final victory, but the end will be worth the time, the patience and the effort

Which College Shall He Go To?

SOON there will be a great assembly of parents and alumni at all the colleges throughout the United States. And the older and, in experience at least, wiser generations will have the chance to study at first hand the practical workings of these institutions for the training of young men and young women in democratic ideals. For, obviously, if an American college does not train its youth in American ideals, it has no value whatsoever either for its youth or for the country.

As they poke and peer about, these older and wiser generations might have it in mind to learn whether the principle part of the education, the real education, is in a life of "refined and elegant" leisure, diversified with the sports of a gentleman, or is it in a life of steady, self-reliant, toiling American manhood and womanhood

These little matters do not appear in college catalogues; but they do appear in the life of the college itself. And they should determine whether the boy that is coming on shall go where father or older brother went, or shall go to a college that has not been rotted and ruined.

The Lesson of the Present War

TAKE warning from Russia's plight, say the militarists, and employ these piping times to prepare for war. That is a not very ingenious misreading of the lesson of the disgraceful spectacle now in progress in the Orient. If Russia had not forced Japan to give up Manchuria when she had conquered it from the Chinese, if Russia had not then proceeded not merely to take possession of Manchuria in violation of solemn pledges, but actually to convert its harbors into huge forts and naval stations, menacing Japan's very existence, there would have been no war.

There is the only lesson of Russia's plight—don't provoke a friendly nation until it is forced in self-defense to make war And we can be very sure that unless we do provoke some other great nation we shall get no chance to prance and gnash our teeth in the strenuous life. We are too powerful; we are too isolated. Defenses? Yes, the best, the completest. But nothing that any politicians, in fear of being turned out of office, can use for creating the situation to which they can apply the beloved proverb, "Don't swap horses while crossing the stream."

Competition for Students

ONE of the singular and significant movements of these months lies in the struggle which colleges and professional schools are making for students. Each academy and high school from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, is canvassed for candidates for the freshman class of hundreds of our colleges. The colleges, too, especially in the senior and junior classes, are canvassed by the professional schools of law and medicine for candidates for their first-year classes.

The movement is at once good and bad. It is good, for many students would not go to college at all if they were not urged to go to a particular college. They need the impulse of some strong exterior force. The movement is bad, because the college is presented to many students after the manner of the commercial traveler drumming up trade

In this competition for college students the various fraternities and athletic associations of the college coöperate with the official authorities. They, too, like to get the best fellows and the best football players for their organizations.

Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

By Henry A. Shute

Author of The Real Diary of a Real Boy

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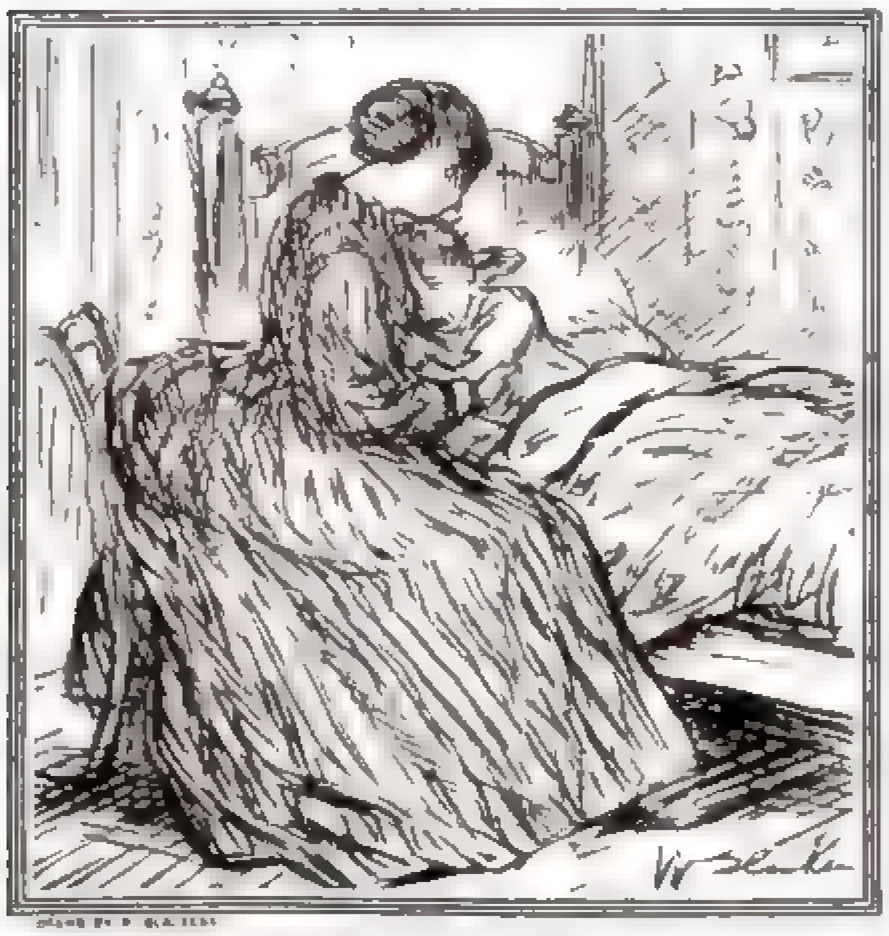
MAR. 1, 186— brite and fair. father is going to the school exibision.

MAR. 2, 186— Brite and fair. tonite father lerned me a speach to say when old Francis gives me the prise. i dont want to say it but he says i have got to. this is my speach. Mister Francis i thank you very kindly for this beautiful present, whitch i value for the honor whitch has been confered on me, and i trust that i shall so conduck myself that you may never regret it.

MAR. 3, 186— Brite and fair. tomorow is xibision day. today we rehersed. Pricilla sung pulling hard agenst the streem and played the organ. Potter read a composition and Nipper xplaned the sum about the hundred geese the one i never cood do Good morow farmer with your hundred geese sir i have not a hundred but if i had as many more and half as many more and 2 ½ geese i shood have a hundred, how many geese had he. well Nipper can do that sum and so he has got to show of. i havent got to do ennything xcept to say my speach when old Francis gives me my prise, whitch is prety good for me.



BEFORE I KNEW IT I WAS BALLING RITE OUT

MAR. 4, 186— Brite and fair. I am not fealing very well tonite. father dident go to boston this morning but staid to home. this morning in school we rehersed for xibision Pricilla sung and plaid and Nipper rote down the geese sum on the blackboard and rote his name under it jest as good as he cood. i wanted to wright Nipper under it but old Francis wood paint time out of me if he found out who rote it. you aught to hear Pricil play and sing. he sings do your best for one another making life a plesent dream, help a poor and weried brother puling hard agenst the streem, and the old organ goes boom ya, boom ya, boom ya ya ya, that is a prety song for a feller to sing whitch never will give the fellers the core of his apple but always eats it himself. well this afternoon i put on my best close and my plad neckti and a new paper coller and went to school erly. prety soon the people begun to come in. they was old Perry Molton and old Nat Shute and Gewett Swazie the committy, and old Bil Morrill with his hair curled under behind and Chick Chickerings father and mother and docter Goram, Nippers father and mother and Pricillas father and mother, and lots of people, and i thought father wasent coming but bimeby he come in with his new britches that he made Erl and Cutts give him and his boots blacked and aunt Sarah and Keene and Cele. Aunt Sarah had got her best earings and her dolman with beeds and Keene and Cele had on their bronz boots and there plad dresses and they got a seet on the platform. Keene and Cele felt prety big becaus they was in the seminary and Aunt Sarah felt prety big becaus she had on her earings and her dolman, and father felt prety big becaus i was going to get a prise. well first old Francis said a prayer and everyone bowed there heads and father bowed his two but i saw him peek out under his hand. well then we all sung and Mary Emery plaid the organ.

then our class resited and Nipper xplained his sum about the geese and then Potter spoke a peace and then Pricilla plaid and sung his peace. then there was a dialog and then we sung sum more. . then old Francis opened his desk and took out a little wrighting desk and said it had been prety hard to tell whitch was the best scolar becaus they was 3 boys who were so near together. so he would give the wrighting desk to Arthur Gorman and the glass inkstand to Johnny Brown and the stamp colecters book to Charly Hobbs. so when he give them Potter and Nipper and Pricilla stood up and bowd and said thank you. if they had been so smart they aught to have a speach ready. ennyway i had my speach all ready then old Francis said they was one boy who had grate talents and was a very brite boy but owing to his fondness for play had not done as well as he shood. but he had showed such talent that he aught to be menshioned espesially as he had been studying much better laitly. when old Francis said that aunt Sarah and Keene and Cele set up strate and father tride to look as if he dident know who he meant and i said my speach over soft, to be sure i had it rite. then old Francis said i have selected as a present for this boy a book, and the name of this boy Is, and then he stoped a moment and i cood almost hear my heart thumping, and then he said Johnny Chickering. Gosh I had forgotten all about Chick Chickering living on Coart Street. when he said that aunt Sarah and Keene and Cele sat rite back in there chairs and father turned auful red and looked at me as if he wanted to nock my head rite of and then he droped his hat on the floor and it fell of the platform and roled way out under Medo Thirstons seet and then he blew his nose with a auful toot. then old Francis give Chick the book and then he read the names of the 10 next best scolars and my name wassent there eether, and then father looked mad enuf to bust, and Aunt Sarah and Keene and Cele looked prety sick. then we all sung happy school Ah from the never shall our hearts long time be turning, and then school was dismissed. docter Goram and Nippers father and mother and Pricillas father and mother and Chicks father and mother and lots of the people staid to shake hands with old Francis, but father marched rite out and Aunt Sarah and the girls two. well when i got home you aught to have heard father. he said i was the laziest and most wirthless boy there ever was; and i was a disgrace to him and he sent me to bed lively. I dident want the old book ennyway.

MAR. 5, 186— Church today. i dont care.

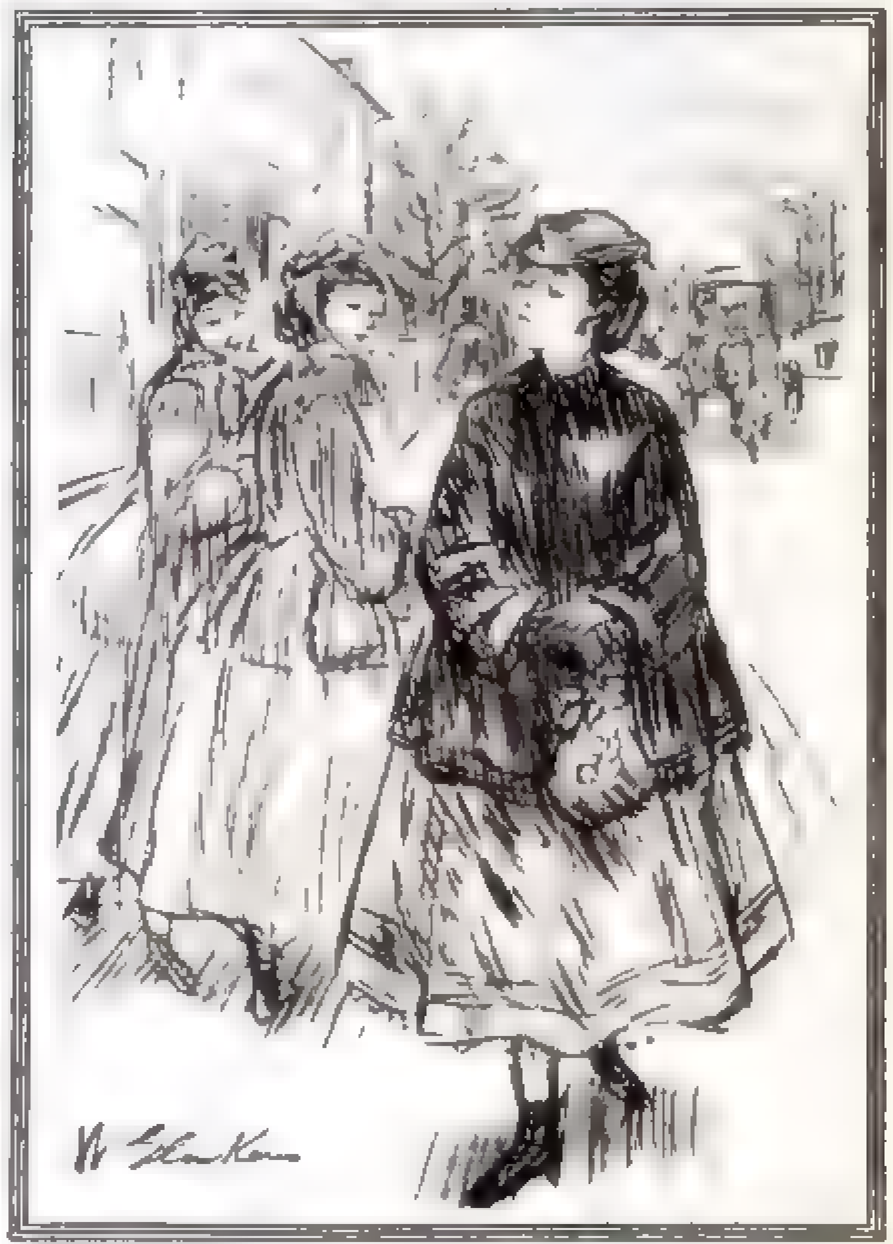
MAR. 6, 186— Brite and fair. Chick feals prety big about his old book. Ed Tule has got a new game rooster we are going to throw him over in John Adams yard the first time John lets his bolton gray out. i rode on the hack today all the morning. it is more fun then geting good marks in school. ennyway it is vacation and i am going to raise time. i dont care for a old prise ennyway.

MAR. 7, 186— Brite and fair. i broak a window today on purpose. I dont care.

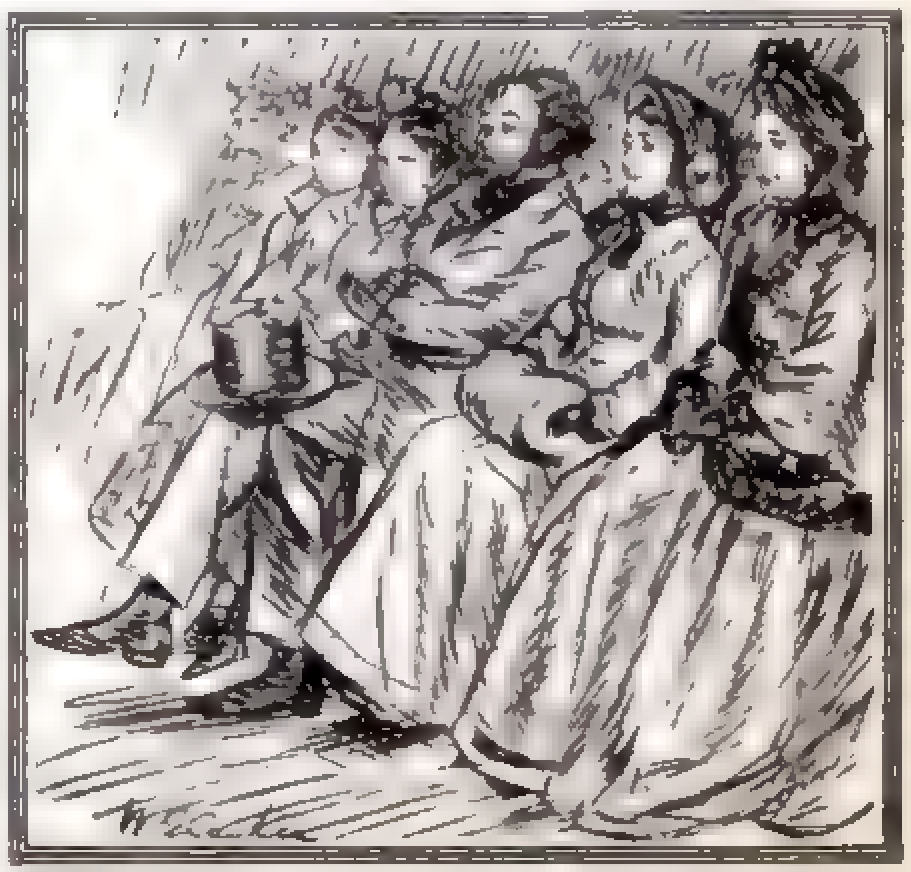
MAR. 8, 186— Brite and fair. got sent to bed tonite for swaring. all i said was gol darn it. father needent feel so big. I have herd him say wirse things than that. i dont care.

MAR. 9, 186— clowdy but no rane. i dont care if i dident get no prise. Chick needent feel so big. I woodent take his old book ennyway.

MAR. 10, 186— brite and fair. i got fiting with Beany today in his yard. he chased me over to my yard and I turned round suddin and stuck out my arm and my fist hit Beany right in the eye. you had aught to herd him howl then mother called me in and sent me to bed. it is prety tuf when a feller cant hit another feller in the eye whitch is chasing him. well ennyway i stamped upstairs to bed and when father came home I knew I shood get a licking. so when father came home i lissened and herd them eating super, and i heard father say where is that boy and mother said i sent him to bed for striking Elly Watson. Elly is Beany you know. and father said whitch licked. and mother said Elly was crying very loud and holding on to his eye, and so i sent Harry to bed and father said if he dident do ennything wirse than licking that Watson boy i wont complane and if he will get up spunk enuf to lick that boy of Brad Puringtons, he ment Pewt, I will give him a treet. then mother said i dont know what is the matter with Harry this vacation. he is cros and impident, and then Keene said i slaped her face yesterday and Cele told Keene it was her falt and she hadent aught to have plaged me, and Keene said she dident and Cele said she did and father said you girls shet up when your mother is talking. then someone shet the door and I dident hear enny more. after super Cele came up in my room with a tray with my super and I set up in bed and et my super and Keene looked into the room and made up a face. after super i heard father talking again and he said i needed a good licking and mother said something was the matter with me and she never knew me to keep cross for a hole week, and



LUCY WATSON WAS MAD TWO AND WOODENT SPEAK TO KEENE AND CELE



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father said he wood take it out of me in 2 minits and mother said no she wood talk to me. So bimeby mother come up and i made beleeve i was asleep and mother set down by the bed and said are you asleep Harry, and i said yes before i thought, and then she sorter laffed and began to talk to me and told me how sory it made her feel to see me so cross and doing bad things and she wanted me to be better and not wurry her for she dident feel very well and gosh before i knew it i was balling rite out. well i balled good and she rubed my head and got me a drink of water and i said i wood do beter. then she kissed me and went down and after a while i went to sleep. gosh i maid up my mind if father licked me that i woodent ball and i wood do something auful the next day, i wont say what it was but it was something auful. i have been a prety mean feller.

MAR. 11, 186— when i got up this morning i felt buly, and i got a pail of water and brogt in wood enuf to fill the woodbox way over the top. it is warm and the snow is all gone xcept in the corners where the drifts were. i saw a robin today and i wished on it but i cant tell what i wished becaus if i did it woodent come true. it is something i have been wanting auful for a long time, but i havent had money enuf to buy it.

MAR. 12, 186— rany. i went to church. the minister said it was esy to be good if you tride. i gess ministers dont know much ennyway.

MAR. 13, 186— me and Beany is going to keep store in my shed. today we made the counter of 2 barils and a board and we made a lot of flyboxes and jacobs laders and tonite we made a lot of sweet firn cigars, and hayseed and mulen leaf and cornsilk. this afternoon we went out picking up bones in a baskit. most every yard had a lot of bones in it xcept where the fellers had been. we got most a buchel. we get half a cent a pound for them down to old Gechels store they make nife handels of them and perl buttons.

MAR. 14, 186— Beany got mad today and says he wont keep store with me. we got our flyboxes all pined up and our boxes of cigars all ready and mother said she wood give me some molases for sweatened water. so we was all ready when Beany got mad about the sine. he wanted it to be Watson and Shute becaus he is older then me, but it was my shed and my sweatened water and my board and my barils and so i said my name shood come ferst and he got mad and took half of the things and went home. i dident let him have a bit of the sweatened water. Lucy Watson was mad two and woodent speek to Keene and Cele.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* * *

WHAT, HO, SHE BLOWS!

By Wallace Irwin

Yes, I am the bloke what shoveled the coke
On the whaler Lolly-ma-Loo;
And the gallant soul what scuttled the coal
Is the same that's talking to you.

We stud in the bite that starry night,
A-tacking agin the gale,
When the Captain shouts, "She spins! she spouts!
Yo-ho and avast, the whale!"

(Of course, you know that the yell, "Yo-ho!"
Should mean, "Slack stidder and cast!"
And you understand the simple command
When the Captain hollers, "Avast!")

So we on with our coats and we manned the boats
For the p'int where the whale she blew,
And we carried aboard a bundle of cord,
A pearl-handled knife and a screw.

"O, Captain Nye," I says, says I,
"Now, what are you going to do,
In such a gale to murder a whale
With a pearl-handled knife and a screw?"

But the Captain's gaze was over the haze,
And never a word spake he,
And never a speech or never a screech
And never a word to me.

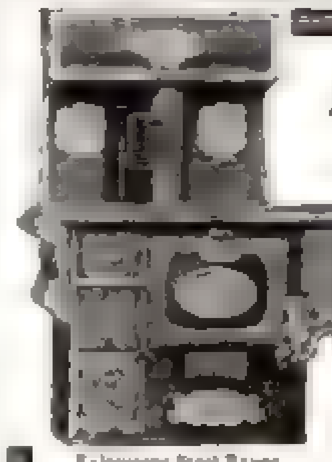
Eighteen thousand TONS of "FORCE" eaten during the last twelve months!

I'm afraid to put in cold figures how much wealth I honestly think has been created by the human energy drawn from that vast amount of my sunny food.

Sunny Jim

A food is good for you to the extent of the real nourishment there is in it, *less* the amount of energy it takes on your part to assimilate it

That sounds very learned, but it simply means that "FORCE" has in it more good and is easier to digest than any other kind of food — and this includes meat as well as "breakfast foods."



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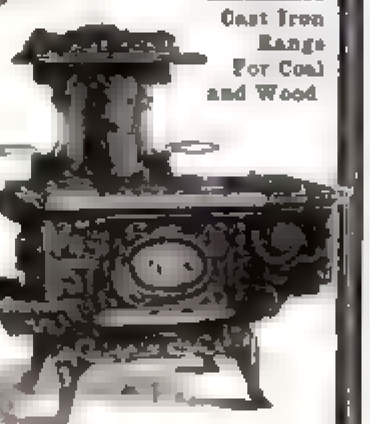

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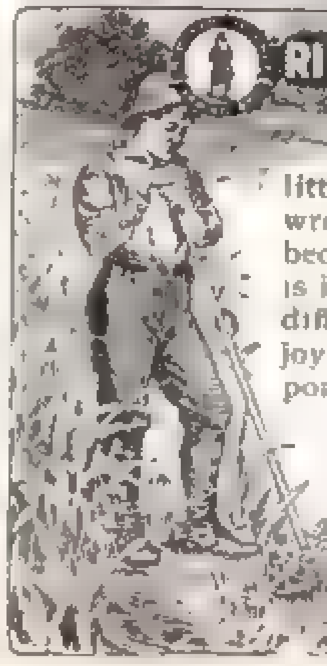

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Till he says, and he said as he p'inted ahead,
Right straight at the monster's fin,
"His motions denote that his heart's in his throat,
So jab him under the chin!"

He held the screw — I'm a-tellin' you true —
And he handed the knife to me,
So gripping the sheath in me wisdom teeth
I plunged right into the sea.

Yes, out I clamb, and over I swum,
Straight under the monster's chin
Where I opens the knife, and, regardless of life,
I jabs him under the chin.

Then the whale piped high a leviathan cry
And guggled in huge despair;
Then he splattered our sail and stud on his tail
And turned nine flips in the air.

"My eye, my eye!" says Captain Nye,
"I didn't expect that there
That a full-sized whale would stand on his tail
And turn nine flips in the air."

And he says, says he, "It appears to me
That the animal must be vexed
We'd better be going — there isn't no knowing
What he will be doing next."

So we turned our tack and we hurried back
To the jolly old Lolly-ma-Loo,
Me holding the cord which we had aboard
And the Captain holding the screw.

And he says to me, "It's a good idee,
When a whale is inclined to storm,
That you stay yer thrust and quiet him fust
With a bottle of chloroform."

* * *

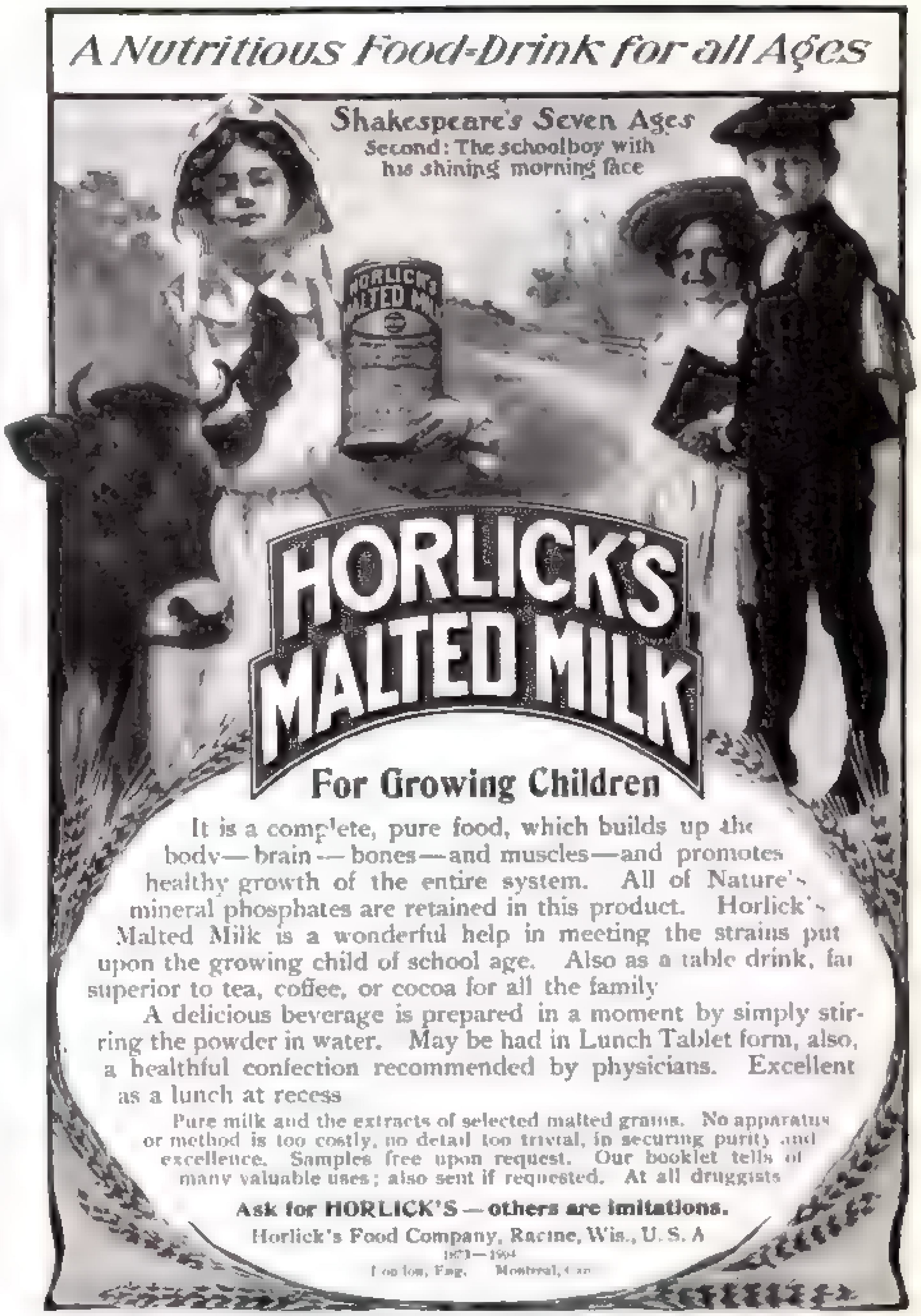
HOW HENRY BLAKE KNOWS

By J. W. Foley

Don't you dast kill a toad, Henry Blake says, for true
As you're born it'll rain right away if you do,
For Henry Blake says onc't some boys that he knowed
Were goin' a-fishin' an' one killed a toad;
Then it all clouded up an' th' sky got so black
An' it thundered and lightninged before they got back
Till they was awful scairt! He says he dunno why
But he thinks toads has somethin' t' do with th' sky
An' Henry Blake showed
Us th' place in th' road
Where th' boy went an' kilt him, an' that's how he knowed!

Henry Blake says if you just split a bean
An' put half of it on a wart when it's green
An' throw half of it between midnight an' dawn
In a cistern somewhere, why, your wart'll be gone
Just as soon as it rots. Henry Blake says it's true,
'Cuz a friend of his showed him a bean that he knew
Took off a big wart: an' th' half was all black,
An' Henry Blake says that it never came back.
An' Henry's friend showed
Him the cistern he throwed
The other half into, an' that's how he knowed.

Henry Blake says that a snake's tail don't die,
When the snake has been kilt, till it's sundown, or nigh,
He says if you watch 'em long after they're dead
You'll see th' tail wiggle, which shows what he said
Mus' be true: an' he says th' don't nobody know
What keeps 'em alive; but he knows it is so
'Cuz a friend of his watched one onc't all afternoon,
An' th' tail stopped a-wigglin' just ever as soon
As th' settin' sun throwed
Th' place in th' road
Into shadder, an' Henry says that's how he knowed.



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Second: The schoolboy with his shining morning face

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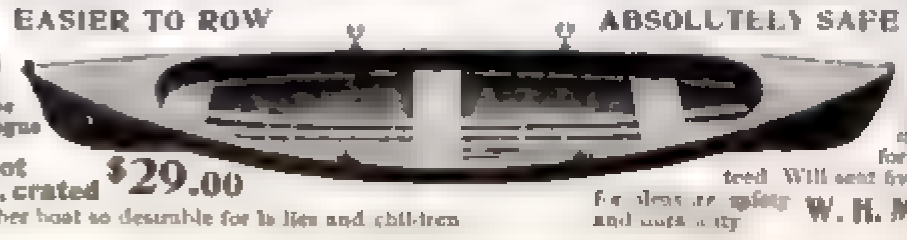

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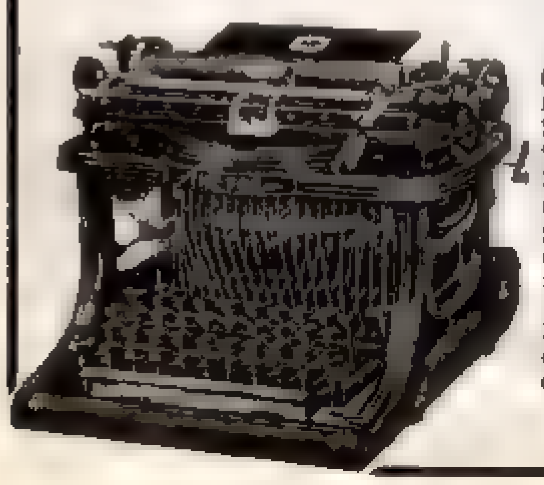

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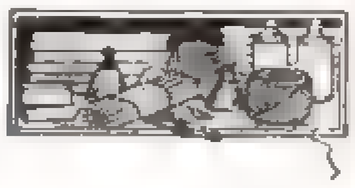
Credit, Collection and Conciliation Letters



By
Forrest Crissey

THE two departments, Sales and Credits, should be very intimately connected and should each have full information as to the relationship between each and the customer. The efforts of the one to make sales and the watchfulness of the other to effect collections should be so conducted that there will be no conflict, no action at cross-purposes.

No matter how earnestly the salesman and Sales Department may labor to promote and build up business, these efforts may be badly handicapped, or, indeed, completely nullified, by a lack of diplomacy on the part of the credit man. The difference in the attitude of the two departments is marked: the efforts of the Sales Department may be classed as aggressive, whereas the position of the Credit Department is defensive. It sometimes happens that the salesman is too anxious to swell his sales totals, and in this anxiety he fails to exercise a judicious degree of caution regarding the character and standing of the individuals or firms from which he solicits business. There should be a feeling of helpful cooperation on the part of the salesman toward the Credit Department. He is in constant and direct touch with the customer and therefore has the opportunity of observing many details and conditions which would never, in the ordinary course of events, come to the knowledge of the Credit Department

On the other hand, the man of a narrow-minded, suspicious and distrustful nature has no place in the Credit Department. Though he may and should possess the trait of keen insight and analysis, and a native intuition that will enable him quickly to penetrate superficial conditions and disguises and grasp the real situation, he should, nevertheless, be of broad understanding and kindly disposition. This does not infer that he may be careless or irresolute in action; but all of the saving characteristics mentioned are often embodied in one individual; and when they are so found we have the man who is invaluable to his employer and to the business.

The successful credit man must be a master of letter-writing. The peculiar nature of his duties confines him closely to the office, and his chief medium of keeping in close touch with the financial condition of the customers are the letters received and written by his department. In no other branch of business work is there so much need of discrimination and diplomacy in letter-writing. Letters relative to credit and to collections touch the customer of the house in his most sensitive spot, and the fact should always be carefully considered. Every day the credit man is confronted with new conditions that call for immediate action. His policy and decisions must be expressed clearly, definitely and forcefully in his letters. They must also be so couched that no fair-minded man may take offense at them.

Not long ago the head of a large wholesale establishment made inquiry of the writer for a credit man. He stated that he had a man filling the position who was energetic, trustworthy and "long headed" in every way, save that he did not know how properly to write a letter. The merchant said

"He knows so little of the art of correspondence that when he writes a letter granting a favor to a customer it is done with a lack of tact and grace that offends the recipient, and often causes him to transfer his trade to a competitor as soon as he can conveniently arrange it. And this credit man, who has alienated thousands of dollars in good accounts, thinks himself a past-master in the art of letter-writing."

Though the promotion work of a business does not ordinarily originate with the Credit Department, to this department is given a great opportunity for the encouragement and conservation of business. As illustrating this feature and the possibility of combining the work of collection with the encouragement of further business, a few samples of letters are given. These are a series of letters actually used with decided success by a manufacturer at a time when he needed every dollar that he could collect. At the same time he needed all the orders he possibly could get, and needed, also, still further to strengthen the bonds of cordial business relationship between himself and his customers.

TREDAIR RUBBER CO

TREDAIR HEEL
READING SURFACE

"Tred—air" Heel Cushion

Locomotives, freight cars, street cars, cabs, and even ice wagons have springs. Certainly you ought to give your own frame work as much consideration. Heel-cushions serve exactly the same purpose—they absorb the jar and save wear and tear.

You'll find yourself adopting a livelier walk if you wear Heel-cushions inside your shoe.

The whole under-surface of your heel presses evenly into the velvety softness of Heel-cushions, instead of upon one small, hard spot. That's where the comfort comes in.

Tired heels mean tired body. Heel-cushions take the weight off the heels.

Tred-air Heel Cushions really do increase the height.

Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of 30 cents per pair.

Special heights for men and women.

Special styles for women.

"Tred—air" Cushion Heel

Tred-air rubber heels are as far superior to old-fashioned solid rubber heels as pneumatic tires are to hard rubber.

Your backbone is of more value than many cabs. Yet you hump along with solid leather heels on stony city pavements as if you could get a new spine at the blacksmith shop.

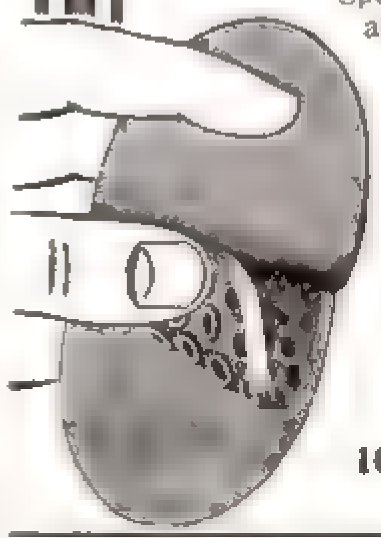
Thirty-five cents invested in a pair of Tred-air Rubber Heels will give you more out-door pleasure than you have had since you quit going barefoot.

They can't slip—wet or dry, ice or mud, the patent treading-surface clings. (And it outwears the shoes, for it's tougher than raw hide.)

Lighter than other rubber heels, and more springy, because of purer rubber and the patent air-cell construction.

NO DIRT—No unsightly holes to pick up and track mud and dirt.

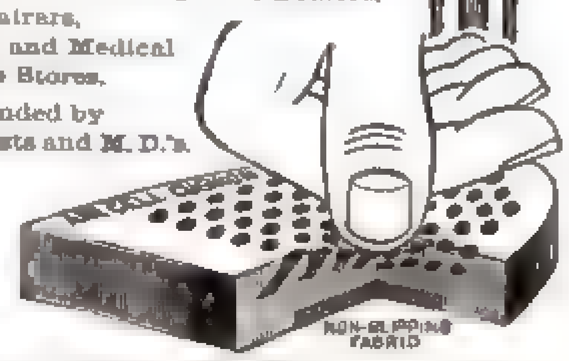
Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of 35 cents per pair.



TREDAIR RUBBER COMPANY

For sale by all leading Shoe Dealers, Shoe Repairers, Druggists and Medical Appliance Stores.
Recommended by Chiropodists and M. D.'s.

Headquarters and Mail Order Department
105 Summer St. Dept. K
BOSTON, MASS.



Samson Stockings and Socks
last three times as long

We are the only makers in the world who have the secret of dyeing hosiery black without weakening the goods. Samson Hosiery is made stronger than other hosiery, to start with, and none of the strength is lost. You can't buy such hosiery anywhere else, at any price.

Samson dye does not stain or harm the feet.

15 cents to 50 cents — Women's Men's — Boys' Girls' Babies'

From plain hose to the finest lace novelties.
All sent postpaid.

"As strong as Samson"

From Maker to Wearer.

You save two profits.

Your Money Back if you don't find that every word we say in our book is true. Send for "Samson" book. Beautifully illustrated, with full description and instructions.

MILFORD HOSIERY COMPANY, Dept. E, P. O. Box 1534, Philadelphia

HAMILTON Take Down RIFLE Model No. 19 $2.00

"If he's got a **HAMILTON** I'm a goner"

Ever Go Frog Hunting?

It's the greatest sport in the world, particularly with a **HAMILTON RIFLE. It is light, strong and true.** Shoots long or short 22 caliber cartridges, and has automatic shell ejector. **For every description of small game and target practice it is an ideal weapon. PRICE $2.00.** Our No. 15 **Model** with a four inch shorter barrel is practically the same weapon reduced to boy's size. **PRICE $1.50.** Ask your dealer to show you Hamilton Rifles. If he cannot, write us for illustrated folder—**FREE.**

HAMILTON RIFLE COMPANY, Box 18, Plymouth, Mich.

The World's Headquarters for
ELECTRIC NOVELTIES AND SUPPLIES
IF IT'S ELECTRIC WE HAVE IT—WE UNDERSELL ALL

Electric Hand Lantern

Fan Motor and Battery	$7 95
Battery Table Lamp	3 00
Battery Hanging Lamp	10 00
Telephone complete,	2 50, 5 95
Electric Door Bells	1 00
Electric Carriage Lamps	5 00
Electric Hand Lanterns	3.00
Hylo Turn down Lamps	50
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Battery Motors	1 00 to 12 00
Bicycle Electric Lights	3 00
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Pocket Flash Lights	1 50
Necktie Lights	75c to 3 00
$8.00 Batteries	3 95

Catalogue Free. Agents Wanted
OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio

PERPETUAL PENCILS

ALWAYS SHARP — NO SHARPENING

ALWAYS SHARP
[illegible]
At dealers or mail POSTPAID
25c
Guaranteed a year

Write for FREE PENCIL booklet Edition 13, or AGENTS' Proposition A4.
American Lead Pencil Co.
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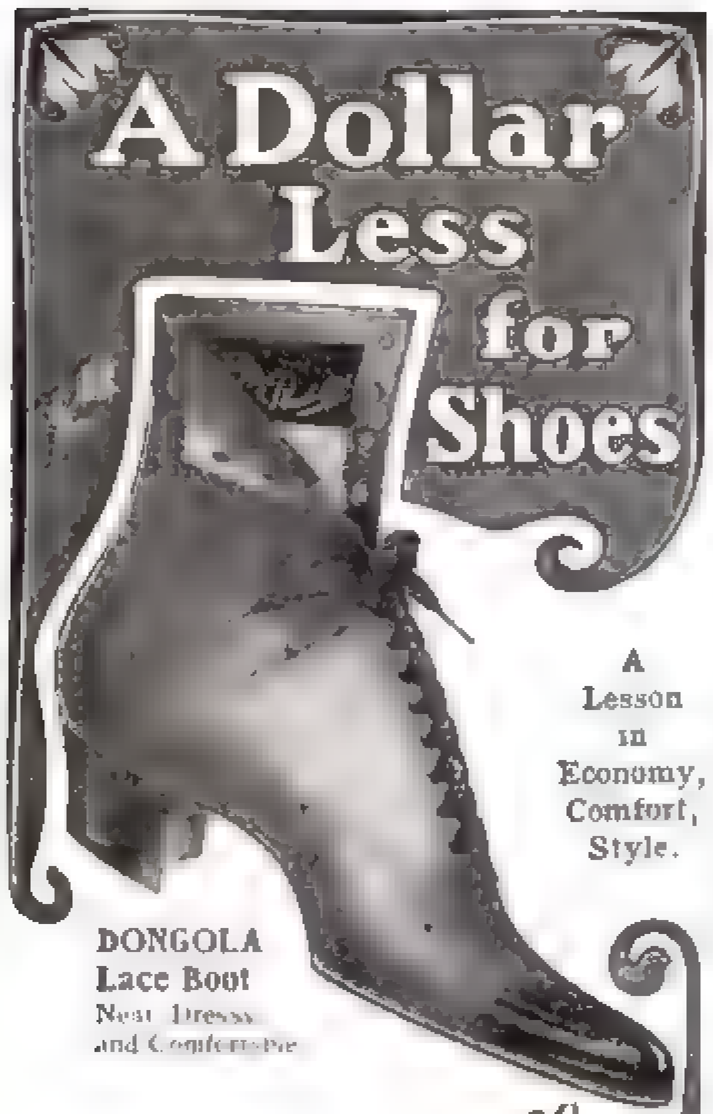

A Dollar Less for Shoes
A Lesson in Economy, Comfort, Style.
DONGOLA Lace Boot
Neat Dressy and Comfortable

Radcliffe $2.50

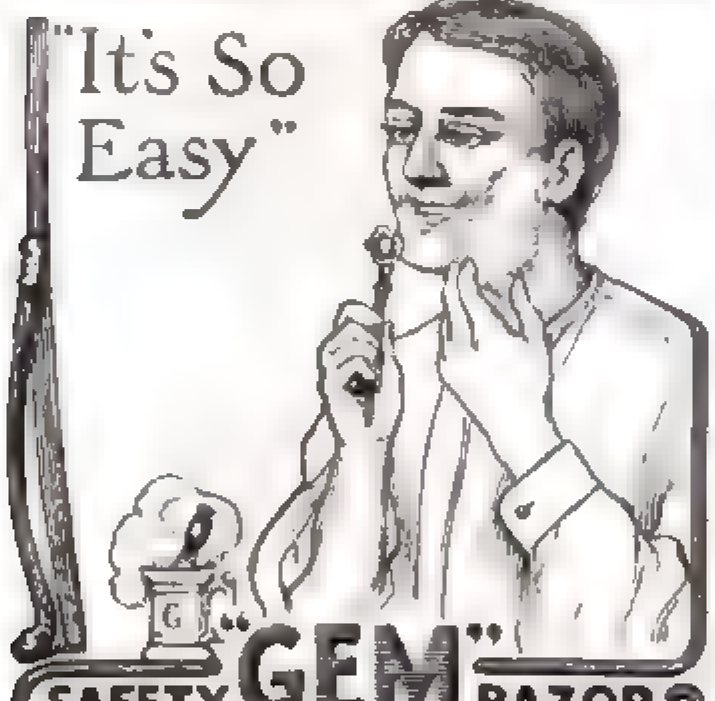
SHOES FOR WOMEN

represent true economy in shoe buying.

The stylish appearance, the perfect comfortable fit, the unexcelled wearing quality will clearly convince you that Radcliffe Shoes are in every way the equal and in many instances superior to shoes that cost a dollar more. That extra dollar may as well be yours. There is not as much profit to the retailer, but the dealer who is honest with you and with himself prefers to sell Radcliffe shoes for the satisfaction they give. Ask for them or write to us for *free* style book.

We are awarding to Radcliffe wearers, prizes that range from $500 to $5.00. Ask your dealer or write to us for particulars.

The Radcliffe Shoe Company
Dept. 20, Boston, Mass.



SAFETY "GEM" RAZOR

The "Gem" is the [illegible] — the razor which every shaver recommends after one trial — that's why it's in use all over the world. Safe, clean, simple, economical, mechanically perfect. *Our FREE booklet will interest you. Send for it to-day.*

Razor Complete - - - - $2.00
Morocco Case with two blades - $3.50
Stropping Machine and Strop - $2.00

Insist on the "Gem" — at your dealer's or direct on receipt of price.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY, Dept. G,
34 Reade Street, New York

A EUROPEAN TOUR OF 87 DAYS

Limited to 20 congenial lovers of the camera, led by a scientific photographer, scholarly and cultured, and covering a delightful route especially rich in photo. value, will be given

FREE FOR THE BEST SERIES OF PHOTOS

submitted at the summer's end. Affiliated with "University Travel." *Write for details.*

THE PHOTO ERA, 170 Summer Street, Boston

It is well to say here that the collection letters given are not intended as arbitrary forms. Very likely they are not above criticism, but they possess the saving grace of having accomplished their mission.

Also it will be noted that, although the collection letters which follow are in the nature of direct "duns," the writer "keeps his gloves on," and the invariable friendly appeal for more orders is well calculated to forestall any ill feeling that might have been aroused by a plain, blunt "dun."

After an account has become past due to an unwarranted degree, and the usual letters do not bring results, then summary action is, of course, required. This phase presents so many lines of action that no set form of letters can be suggested. Right here the ability of the credit man must make itself apparent in order to avert loss. There is a time in the affairs of the Credit Department when the gloves must be laid aside and the mailed hand be laid on with weight and decision.

The varied phrasing of the following letters may illustrate the manner in which the tactful credit man may adapt his letters to meet differing conditions.

For an Account of Less Than $100

Dear Sir: We are inclosing a statement of account and wish to request as a special favor that you send us a remittance previous to the twelfth instant if possible. Do not think that, because the amount is small, it is not important. We have unusually heavy obligations maturing the fifteenth of this month, and though the amount due from you is not large it will be a decided help to us at this time. We find it necessary to round up every available dollar. Kindly advise us if we may depend upon you for this amount.

In looking over your account for the past few months it occurs to the writer that we are not getting our fair share of your business. If this is possibly due to any failure or negligence on our part we hope that you will undertake to show us the error of our ways, because we certainly want all of your business that we can get.

Awaiting your reply with interest, we are, Sincerely yours,

For an Account of $100 to $200

Dear Sir: We are inclosing a statement of account, and, although the amount is not large, we shall greatly appreciate a remittance, as it will aid us materially in meeting our own heavy obligations. May we ask that you will kindly give this your prompt attention?

Owing to the usual dullness at this season of the year we find collections somewhat low. However, it has been necessary for us to keep the usual number of employees, and the pay rolls at our factories must be promptly met.

We trust that you appreciate the situation, and that you will arrange a remittance with entire convenience.

By the way, are we getting just as many of your orders as formerly? Do not wait for our Mr. .... to call. If you need anything between his visits do not hesitate to send the order right in to us; we assure you it will be appreciated and will have our prompt and best attention.

Thanking you in advance for your courtesy, we are, Sincerely yours,

For an Account of $200 to $500 or Over

Dear Sir: We are inclosing a statement of account, and wish to ask if it will be possible for you to remit all, or a major portion, of this previous to the fifteenth instant. We have unusually large obligations to meet this month, and shall doubly appreciate any effort, in the line of remittance, on the part of our customers.

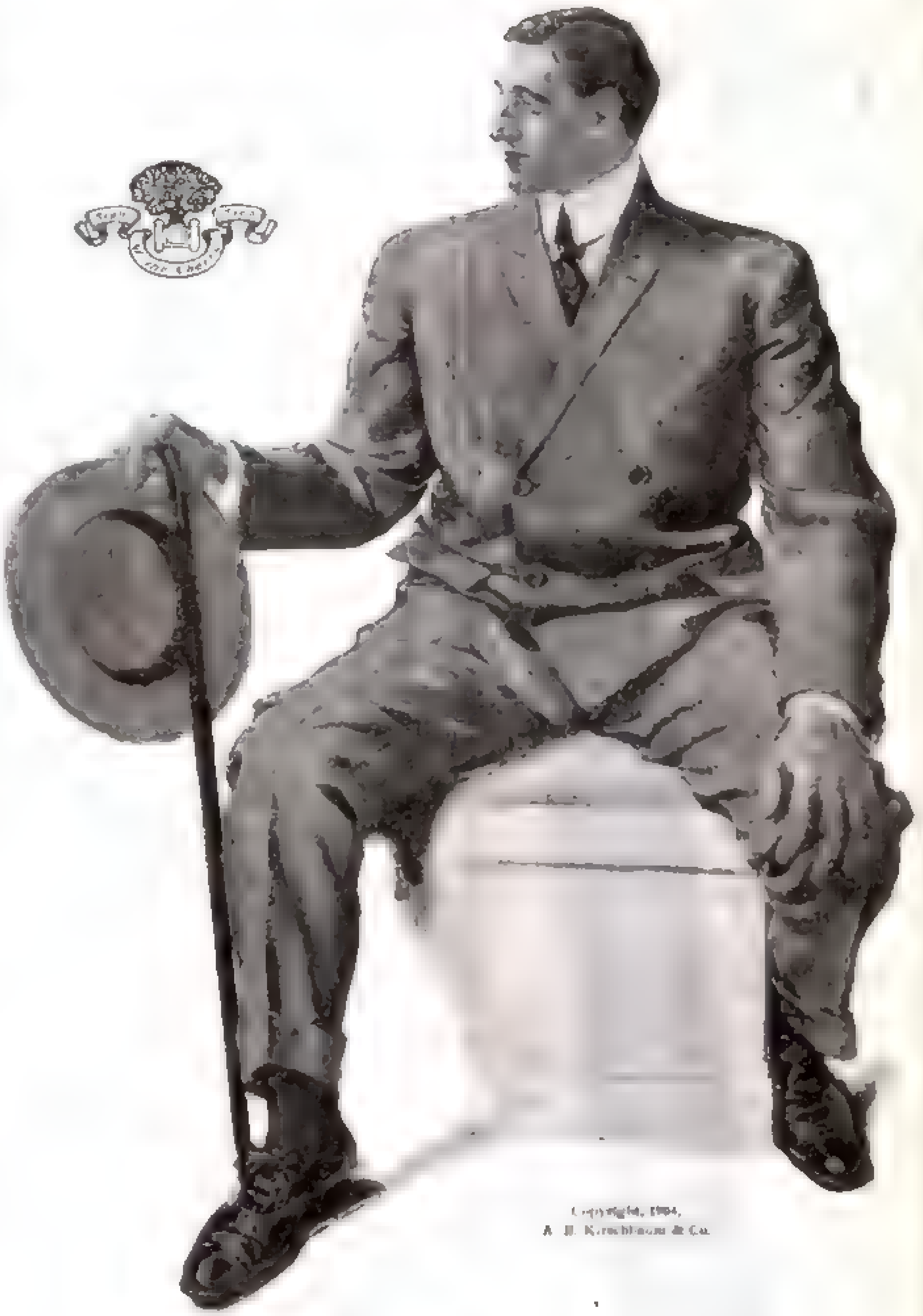
We have anticipated a fairly active demand for supplies between now and January 1, and have run our various factories at about the usual output. This accumulation of stock has tied up an extra amount of capital, but we think we shall be justified in doing this by being able to fill orders with greater promptness and completeness. We believe this will be very much appreciated by our customers.

Trusting that you can arrange the remittance without inconvenience, and that you will also send us some good orders during the month, we are,

Sincerely yours,

For Accounts More Than 60 Days Due

Dear Sir: Inclosed please find statement of your account. You will notice that a portion of this covers purchases made over sixty days ago. We are greatly in need of immediate funds wherewith to meet our obligations, and we trust that we are not asking too much by requesting a check to cover the past due account, and as much of the balance as possible.


Copyright, 1904,
A. B. Kirschbaum & Co.

Ballybo Homespun

IRISH Homespun is in great demand for Spring and Summer suits. Common sense and fashion join hands for once in a way.

You may have the old-fashioned loose-knotted Homespun, made by the Irish Cottagers, or our own Homespun Weave — a lighter, firmer fabric — more dressy in effect. These goods are made in wood browns and heather mixtures, handsome as a picture, honest as an Irish welcome, and as hard to wear out.

Regular full lined suits, or our special, thin, cool, Summer clothes (coat and trousers) to wear with Negligee shirt and belt. Coat lined only through the shoulders with light Mohair or crisp Pongee silk to slip on easily and prevent clinging when you're warm. The best fitting and most carefully tailored Summer clothes in America.

Look for our Registered Ballybo Trade-Mark and insist upon seeing the Kirschbaum label inside breast pocket of coat.

Ask your dealer for Kirschbaum Clothes (Warranted). Best stores everywhere, $10 to $25.

Our Style Book D sent to Post readers on request.

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM & CO.
Philadelphia and New York

PARKER
LUCKY
CURVE
FOUNTAIN PEN
GEO S. PARKER

WE HAVE SAID IT BEFORE,
WE SAY IT AGAIN, THE

PARKER

Fountain Pen

IS SOLD AND WARRANTED BY US AND BY

9000

OF THE BEST DEALERS

For a vacation companion to the Mountains, Seashore, World's Fair, or a trip to Europe, take a Parker Pen

Call at our exhibit, Varied Industries Building, World's Fair, and see the Parker Pen in process of manufacture

Every Parker Pen has a Lucky Curve which insures a clean and perfect pen. Free Accident Policy insuring against breakage of any rubber part for one year. You haven't the best unless you have the pen with the Lucky Curve. We will be glad to mail, with our compliments, our 20-page catalogue, "The Reason Why," and the name of a dealer of whom you can buy.

The Parker Pen Co.
90 Mill Street
Janesville, Wisconsin

Please advice me by return mail just how much we can depend upon, and don't forget that we are as hungry as ever for more orders

Thanking you in advance for your courtesy, and awaiting your reply with interest, we are, Sincerely yours,

Small Accounts Past Due

Dear Sir: We are inclosing statement of account to ...... 1. You will notice that ...... of this covers purchase prior to .... It is absolutely necessary for us to secure every dollar possible in order to meet our own heavy obligations and we trust that you will arrange to remit us at least .... before the tenth instant

Please do not feel that because the amount is small it is not important Every dollar now helps us a little more than a dollar's worth, and we shall be greatly pleased to have your prompt attention

If you can send us a substantial order along with the remittance you can feel assured it will be much appreciated

Thanking you in advance for your courtesy, and awaiting your reply with interest, we are, Sincerely yours,

Delinquent Account

Dear Sir: We are inclosing a statement of your account. You will notice that this is .... months old. We have sent you several statements, but have not received a reply We feel that we have extended to you all the time on this account that you can consistently ask, and wish that you make immediate settlement of this balance. We have heavy obligations of our own to meet and must avail ourselves of every dollar outstanding

We are obliged to pay our own bills promptly on thirty days' time and our pay-rolls every week, and cannot agree to extend more than thirty days to our customers in any instance without special arrangements

We shall expect a check by return mail, and failing to receive it shall make a sight draft for the amount

Our Mr .... advises us that although he visits you regularly, as usual he has been unable lately to secure your orders. We do not believe that you have ever had cause to complain of either our goods or prices, and should be glad to have you with us again. Can't you send a good order with your check? Sincerely yours,

A Follow-up Letter for any of the First Five Letters Above Given

Dear Sir: We wrote you on and inclosed a statement of account We were much in hopes that you would send us a check by return mail. If there are any items that do not agree with your books kindly let us know at once so that the differences may be promptly adjusted

We trust that you can accommodate us as requested in our previous letter, and that we shall hear from you by the We again assure you that a remittance at this particular time will be greatly appreciated

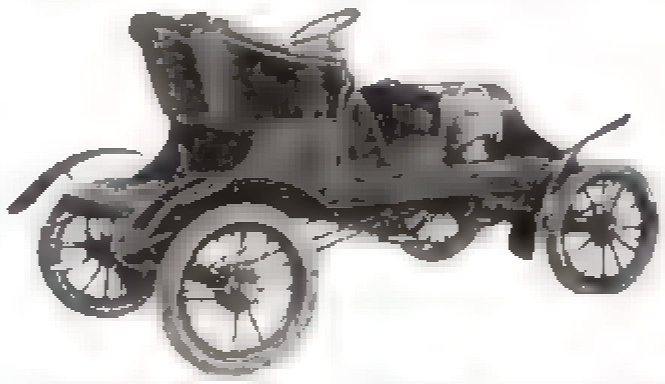
And don't forget that we want your orders, too. Prices on ...... are likely to make a sharp advance in a few days Better order now. Sincerely yours,

Those credit men who object to using their own need of funds as an argument for urging their customers to remit—and many large houses will entertain this objection—may introduce, in the place of that clause, an appeal to the customer's sense of pride and fairness and the advantage he will secure in keeping his financial relations in the best condition and above criticism

Next to the Credit Department, that which demands the most skill in letter-writing is the Bureau of Complaints and Adjustments. And it should be said, with emphasis, that the vexatious task of dealing with complaints should not be in the hands of those connected with the getting or the filling of orders. This should be delegated to experts who are entirely divorced from these departments, which are often inclined to shirk responsibility for the matters with which the complaints are concerned

It is as difficult to convince a complaining customer that he is in the wrong as to convince a woman that she appears as attractive in a four-dollar bargain-sale hat as in a forty-dollar imported "creation."

The management of the Complaints Department must have an intuitive sense of what is right and fair and the ability to state that position in a clever, tactful and convincing manner. At no time and under no provocation should he allow abruptness, impatience or incivility to creep into his correspondence. First of all he must be absolutely certain of his facts; and often he will require as much diplomacy and judgment



We Began Right

The main features of the Franklin engine — four-cylinder and air-cooling — will be the standard for all time.

Some good cars are beginning to use four-cylinders; others will next year, in spite of the cost of changing.

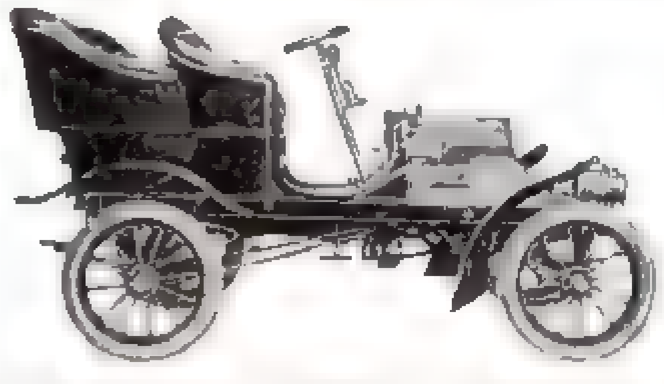
Air-cooling is the next step, and it must be taken, although it will cost the makers thousands of dollars to learn how (as we have learned) and thousands more to make new patterns, new models and new tools.

We took this step at the start. We began right

Send for catalogue that tells what's right and why.

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., 304 Geddes Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



"Y and E"

A "Y and E" COPIER WILL ACTUALLY PAY FOR ITSELF

Holds Medal
Award of
Famous
Franklin
Institute

within a few months. In materials alone it saves at least $1.25 on the cost of every 1,000 copies made either by old style letter-press or carbon copy.

It's a straight money-saving proposition — one that no progressive business house can afford to ignore.

And then, in addition, there's the REDUCTION in time and labor and the PRODUCTION of splendidly clean, clear copies, showing EVERY alteration in the original paper.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE OF WORK
AND COPIER CATALOGUE No. 311

Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.
Main Factories and Executive Offices
Rochester, N. Y.

New York Pittsburg Washington Chicago San Francisco
Boston St. Louis Philadelphia Cleveland Minneapolis
The Office Specialty Mfg. Co. Ltd., Toronto Montreal

Highwaymen

vanish
when you have
an **H. & R. REVOLVER**

Effective. Accurate. Safe.

Sold direct where dealers will not supply

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
Makers of H. & R. Single Guns.
Catalog for Postal. Dept. P. Worcester, Mass.

PALMER PENMANSHIP

Taught by Mail. Six months' course with individual, weekly criticisms, **now $5.** Catalogue Free
PALMER SCHOOL (Est. 1881), P.O. Bag 13, CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

Swedish Hunting Knife

Indispensable in camp — always useful in a boat. Keen enough to skin a deer — strong enough to split light wood — big enough to dig a rain-trench. A camping kit in itself. 3½ inch genuine Swedish forged steel blade. Made for sportsmen who want a finely tempered knife for all-round work. Folds when not in use, but can not close down on your hand. Sent postpaid for 75 cents. We have catalogues of camp outfits or yachting supplies. Tell us which you want

J. C. HOPKINS & CO., 123 Chambers St., New York

NECK-TIES Send 25c and names of two friends, and we will send, postpaid, 6 of our latest spring ties in different shades. SEND TO-DAY
MEN'S CORRECT FURNISHING CO., Toledo O.

PRICES REDUCED ON
Suits and Skirts
Made to Your Order.

Nothing Ready-Made.
We Guarantee to Fit You.
An Exceptional Opportunity for Those Who Wish to Dress Well and Economically.

Suits, Skirts and Jackets **made to order**, of the newest fabrics, at **one-fourth** less than Catalogue prices.

$10.00 Suits now $ 7.50
20.00 " " 15.00
30.00 " " 22.50
40.00 " " 30.00

$ 5.00 Skirts now $ 3.75
8.00 " " 6.00
12.00 " " 9.00
20.00 " " 15.00

Prices also Reduced on Jackets, Travelling Suits, Rain Coats, etc.

If you wish a fashionable Suit or Skirt at a reduced price you must act quickly, as this sale will last **for a few weeks only.** We offer these reduced prices in order to close out our stock of Summer materials.

We Prepay Express Charges to Any Part of the United States

Our stock contains all the new light weight materials particularly adapted for Summer wear, such as Mohairs, Brilliantines, Sicilennes, Etamines, Voiles, Tweeds, mannish mixtures, etc., as well as firmer materials for travelling costumes and walking suits.

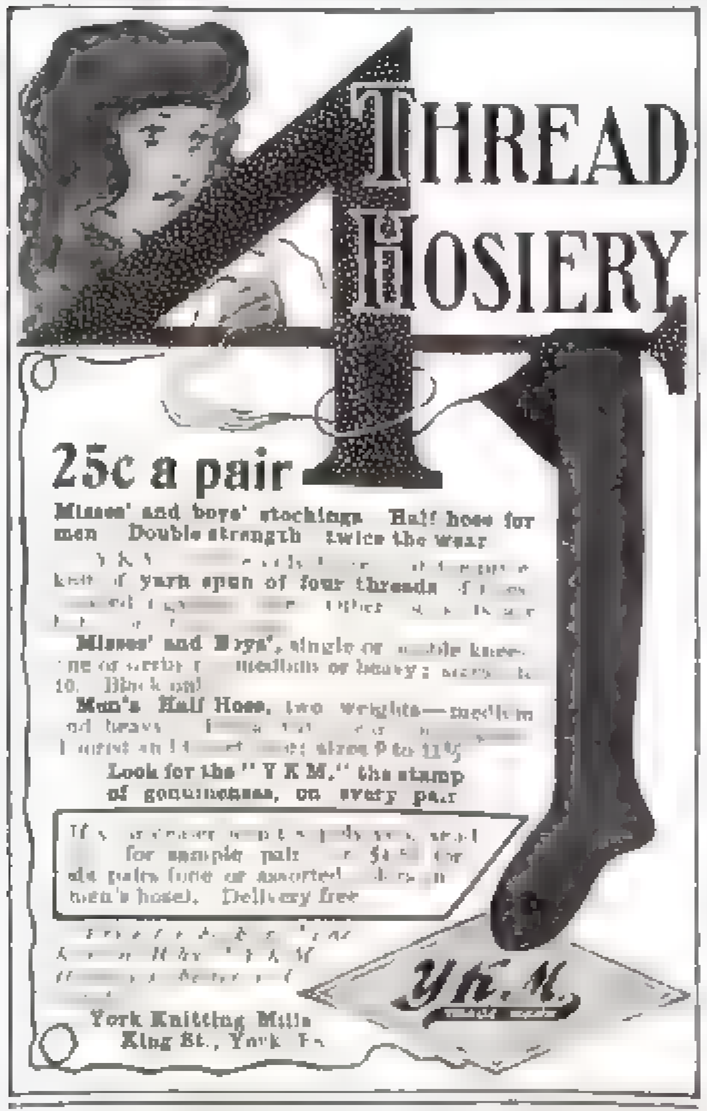
We send clear and explicit directions for taking measurements.

Your Money Refunded If You Are Not Entirely Satisfied.

One lady who recently patronized us writes as follows:
"My suit could not have been more satisfactory in every respect had it been made under my personal supervision. The fit is perfect and the material and workmanship exactly as represented. I can assure you of my future orders."

Write today for **samples of materials** and **Catalogue No. 51** sent **FREE** by return mail to any part of the United States. If possible mention the colors you desire, as this will enable us to send you samples of exactly what you wish.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO.,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York City.
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches.



4 THREAD HOSIERY

25c a pair

Misses' and boys' stockings. Half hose for men. Double strength – twice the wear.

Y K M [illegible] knit of yarn spun of four threads [illegible]

Misses' and Boys', single or double knee, fine or heavy; medium or heavy; sizes [illegible] 10. Black only.

Men's Half Hose, two weights—medium and heavy. [illegible] sizes 9 to 11½.

Look for the "Y K M," the stamp of genuineness, on every pair.

If your dealer won't supply you, send for sample pair [illegible] $1.50 for six pairs (one or assorted sizes in men's hose). Delivery free.

York Knitting Mills
King St., York, Pa.

Alberta Alarm Watch

Is the biggest $10 value to be had in a watch. A reliable movement, handsomely cased in gun metal, with a sharp and effective alarm to wake the sleepy, and to remind the forgetful of appointments. Man's regular size.

Guaranteed for one year. Sent prepaid anywhere for $10

Highly valued by professional nurses.

Half Size

Write for "Keeping Up on Time," illustrating and describing the Alberta and other unique things.

J. B. BECHTEL & CO., Dept. C, 725 Sansom St. Philadelphia

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH, a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company.** 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

in arriving at the "inside" facts as in stating them to the complaining customer.

Complaints do not improve with age, and the Complaints Department should make it a cardinal rule to give a prompt explanation and make a speedy adjustment. Promptness in these respects is more than two-thirds of the battle. A bundle of complaints that may be easily disposed of at the time they arise bring forth a rich and cumulative harvest of difficulties if deferred.

Delays in the Department of Adjustments and Complaints are the most expensive kind of delays—and perhaps the ones in which the busy commercial house is most inclined to indulge.

Again, the small or trifling complaints should be as promptly and as scrupulously attended to as the larger ones. An acknowledgment of every complaint should be made the day it is received. If immediate explanation is not possible the acknowledgment should state that a full report will follow within a definite time. To make an acceptable acknowledgment of a mistake is comparatively an easy task, as it is quite certain to meet with no objection from the person to whom it is addressed. But diplomatically to deny the existence of an error is a far more difficult and exacting matter. As an example of how *not* to discharge the latter task take the following letter:

> *Gentlemen:* We have your favor of . and note that you call attention to the price charged for "Yarmouth" in our invoice No. 1274, dated October 9. In reply, we beg to say that two dollars and twenty-five cents is our regular price, and we cannot make a reduction except in larger quantities.
>
> Trusting that this will be satisfactory, we are

Certainly a more graceful and acceptable reply would be the following:

> *Gentlemen:* We have your esteemed favor of . and note your exceptions to the price charged for "Yarmouth" in our invoice No. 1274, dated October 9. If you will kindly refer to our letter of ...... you will see that we quoted you two dollars for immediate shipment. We were in hopes that you would take advantage then of the price, but your order was not received until twenty days since. In the mean time the market advanced so we could not fill at that price. Two dollars and twenty-five cents is the best we can do to day—the indications are that there will be a further advance within the next thirty days. We have a fairly good stock on hand, and would strongly advise you to place your order at once for as many more cases as you can dispose of, say within the next ninety days.
>
> Trusting that the above is entirely satisfactory and that we may have your order for at least fifty more cases at two dollars and twenty-five cents, we are,
>
> Sincerely yours.

A skillfully conducted Department of Complaints and Adjustments may make itself an invaluable adjunct of any business house, and, by the same token, such a department managed without promptness, adroitness and good judgment will work great harm to the interests of the establishment.

June Weddings

MARRIAGE is woman's sphere and man's hemisphere.

The honeymoon sometimes reaches its last quarter.

To the altar may be only fifty feet; from it may be fifty years.

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Love lights life's pathway, but for practical purposes the gas-stove has advantages.

Relatives sit in the front pews at the ceremony, on the front porch in summer and in judgment on the bride and groom throughout the year.

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DO you wear clothes with that label in them? If not, you've got a lot to learn about clothes; it will pay you to learn some of it.

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That label means more than quality; it means correct style; it means perfect fit—yes, ready-made, and perfect fit; we said you could learn something about clothes.

It means one thing more: If you buy and are not satisfied you can have your money back.

These are the reasons why that label, which is a small thing to look for, is such a big thing to find.

Most dealers in our clothes are glad to make that fact known. If your clothier doesn't have them, and won't get them for you, let us know. We'll see that you are supplied.

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Good Clothes Makers
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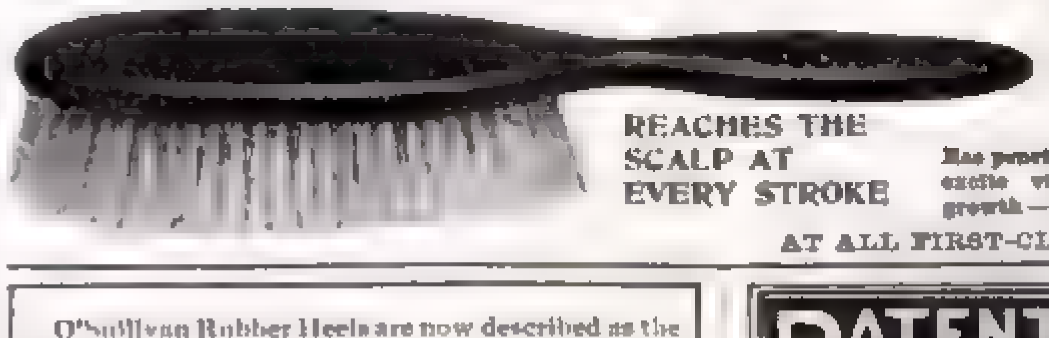

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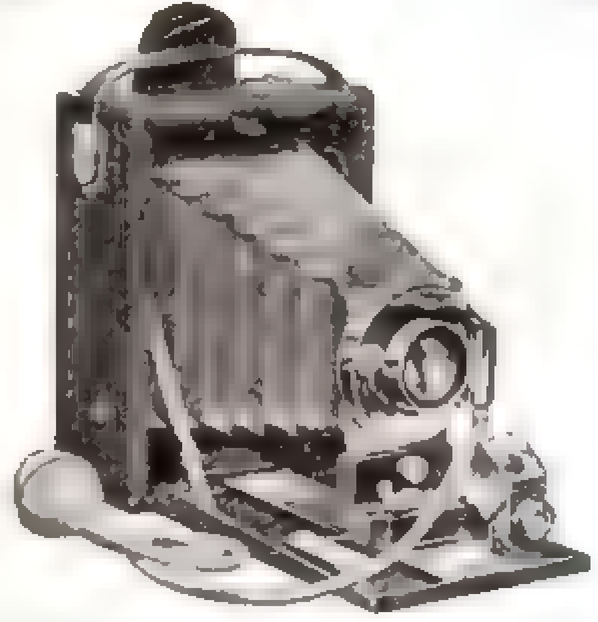

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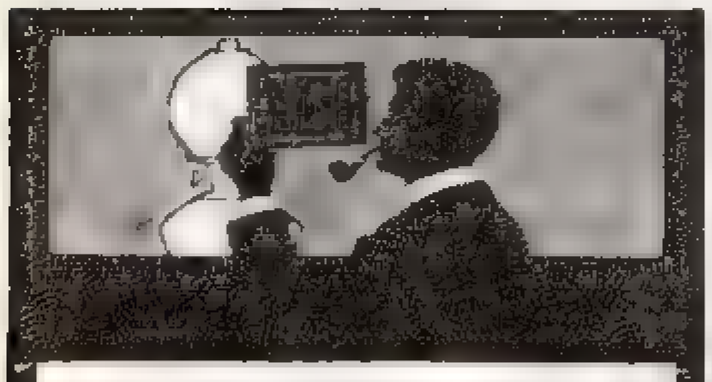

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The Reading Table

The Mother of Presidents

WHEN President Roosevelt went down to Charlottesville last June to attend the commencement exercises he was much amused at a remark made by Judge R. T. W. Duke, the master of ceremonies, and toastmaster at the banquet. Judge Duke is a brilliant lawyer and raconteur, and is a member of the family which has long been distinguished in the annals of Virginia and Kentucky. Secretary Loeb had previously written the judge very fully regarding the arrangements to be made for the entertainment of the President, giving directions as to the length of the stirrup leathers he would use for the ride to Monticello the home of Jefferson; who would be expected to ride with the President, and how far in the rear the rest of the party must ride. Judge Duke took every opportunity to tease Mr. Loeb about the minuteness of the instructions he had given, and, just before the ride to Monticello was begun, discussing the orders about the length of the stirrup straps, said, "You forget, Loeb, that we are used to Presidents down here. George Washington used to live over on the Potomac, Mr. Jefferson's home was yonder on the hill, James Monroe lived in that house down the street, and James Madison lived at Montpelier in Orange County, almost in sight."

Mr. Roosevelt was in the act of mounting as Judge Duke thus delivered himself, and after he got on his horse he continued to laugh at the blunt Virginian, who had just shown himself the most polished of orators and gentlemen as he presided in the banquet hall

There recently died in Charlottesville, at the great age of ninety-three years and four months, a Mr. Maury, who had distinct recollections of Mr. Jefferson, who died in 1826, when Mr. Maury was a boy fifteen years of age.

Mr. Maury used often to relate a story he had frequently heard his father tell, which illustrates the simplicity of manners in the early part of the last century.

While James Monroe was President of the United States he went down to Charlottesville, and there he met James Madison who had ridden into town from Montpelier, twenty miles away, and was the guest of Mr Jefferson. The two ex-Presidents and President Monroe went up to inspect the buildings Mr. Jefferson was then having erected for the University of Virginia. The three gentlemen were walking arm-in-arm along the street on their way back from what was to be the university, when they chanced to meet Mr. Reuben Maury, the father of the old gentleman who died last month. Mr Maury was at that time the president of the Opossum Club, a social organization composed of the gentlemen of Charlottesville and the surrounding country, and which included Mr. Jefferson in its membership. Mr. Maury was acquainted with all three of the distinguished gentlemen, and after they had talked together for a moment Mr. Jefferson remarked

"Well, Maury, here are two ex-Presidents of the United States and the President; I think if we had about one more president we might all take a toddy."

"Do you forget, Mr. Jefferson," said Mr Maury, "that I am president of the Opossum Club?"

"Why, to be sure," responded Mr Jefferson, joining in the laugh with the others. "We have a quorum."

And the two Presidents and the two ex-Presidents went down the street to the neighboring tavern

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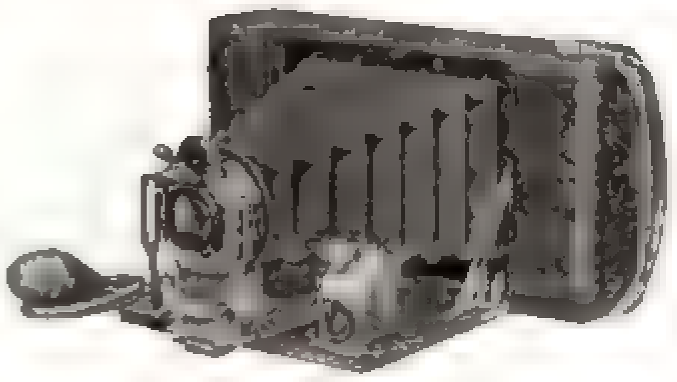

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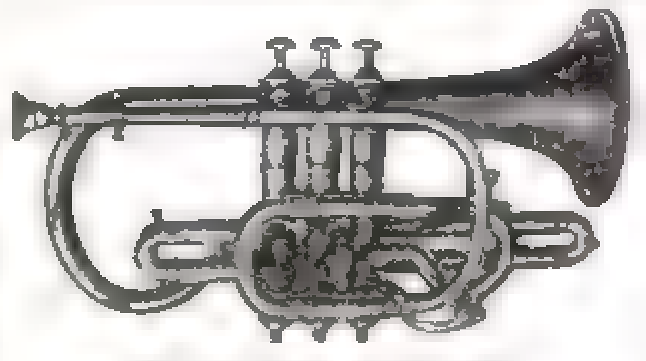

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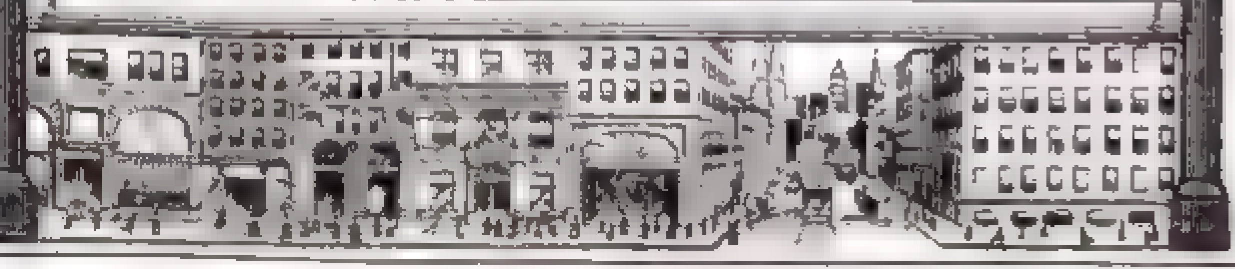

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Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

DEGENERACY IN VEGETABLES — The ancient Peruvian progenitors of the potato would not know their effete descendants.

OUR common vegetables are exhibiting a peculiar form of degeneracy which, while interesting to the botanical student, also possesses, oddly enough, an important value, rendering them in some instances more useful to man. Through long cultivation, which implies artificial conditions of growth and environment, they are losing their power to produce seed. In other words, they are no longer able to reproduce their species normally, and for the accomplishment of that end must depend upon the farmer. For example, some varieties of tomatoes are so nearly seedless that the grower is obliged to depend on cuttings.

The egg-plant of a generation ago was very seedy when fully mature, to the serious disadvantage of the vegetable from the viewpoint of the consumer. Cultivation has done away with the seeds almost entirely. But the most notable illustration is afforded by the every-day potato, which has almost entirely ceased to produce seeds. Originally the potato was a hardy little plant that grew wild on the highlands of Peru. It knew not yet the greedy striped beetle which was to prove its most deadly foe, and its compact tubers, about the size of a walnut, probably had more flavor than the comparatively huge ones produced by its descendants of to-day. Also, it bore many spherical capsules filled with seeds, which when ripe were scattered over the ground. The modern potato has similar capsules, but usually they are empty. Not long ago the Department of Agriculture bought a whole pound of potato seed from a man in Maine and paid thirty-five dollars for that quantity. They were wanted for experimental work. In former days many new varieties of potatoes were obtained by selection of plants grown from seed, but now it is hard to get the reproductive material to work with.

The point is that the perpetuation of a plant species by artificial selection, which is the art of the farmer and gardener, encourages vegetative growth at the expense of the reproductive function. Not the best seed-bearers, but those plants which produce the best, or largest, fruits are chosen to furnish material for propagation, by cuttings or otherwise. Under glass, as so many vegetables are now raised, fertilization of the blossoms by insects or other natural means is to a great extent prevented, and hence, for example, the seedless cucumber now common in our markets.

With many fruits the tendency is the same though, so far as they are concerned, an anxious effort is being made, in some cases, to rid them of their seeds. One of the most recent achievements is the seedless mango, which is free also of the turpentine-flavored "rag" that has rendered the common article so objectionable to many. But up to the present time experiments in this direction with the watermelon have proved futile. It is to be hoped that eventually they will achieve success.

WONDERS OF BIRD MIGRATION — Can any reader tell what becomes of the chimney-swift in the winter months?

WHO will solve the mystery of the chimney-swift? It is one of the most familiar and most numerous of our birds; but when it leaves the Gulf Coast on its annual migration it disappears apparently from the face of the earth, and no man knoweth whither it goeth.

Dr. W. W. Cooke, in the forthcoming Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, tells how the chimney-swifts, with their troops of fledglings, drift slowly southward, lodging by night in tall chimneys. They join with other bands until, by the time the Gulf Coast is reached, they have become an innumerable host. Then they disappear — drop absolutely out of sight. If they hibernated in mud, as was popularly believed of old, their obliteration could not be more complete. In the last week of March a joyful twittering far overhead announces their return, but where they spent the intervening five months is still their secret.

The amount of traveling done by some of our birds is astonishing. Doctor Cooke says that the common nighthawk spends the summer in Alaska and the winter in Patagonia. The bobolink, which is the reedbird of the

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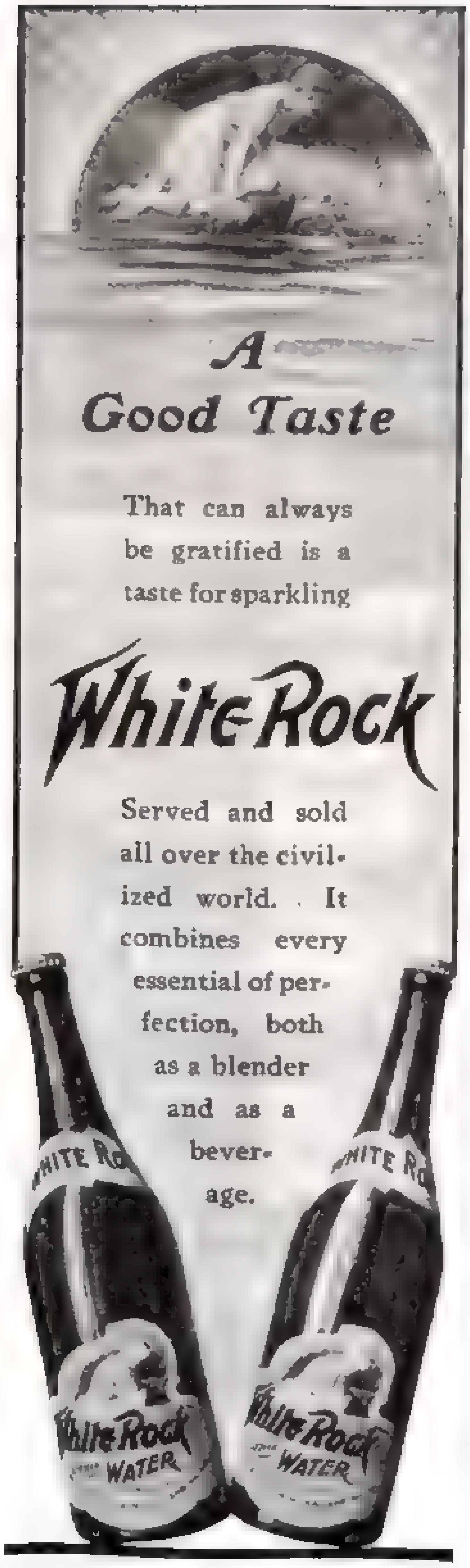
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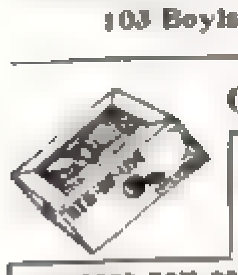
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Middle States and the ricebird of the South winters on the waving pampas of southern Brazil. It covers 700 miles, from Cuba to the South American coast, in a single flight, following a track not popular with other birds, which might be called the bobolink route

Some of our shore birds appear to make traveling their chief occupation The American golden plover arrives in the first week of June in the bleak, windswept "barren grounds" of Alaska, above the Arctic Circle and far beyond the tree line, and, while the lakes are still icebound, hurriedly fashions a shabby little nest in the moss. By August it is in Labrador, where it stuffs itself with such quantities of "crowberries" that its flesh is actually stained by the dark purple juice. From Nova Scotia it strikes out to sea, and takes a direct course for the West Indies, 1600 miles away, finally reaching southern Brazil and the prairies of Argentina. Sixteen thousand miles does it traverse in order to spend ten weeks on the Arctic Coast'

The choice of route and distance covered by a single flight are governed chiefly by food supply

WHAT THE COTTON-WORM IS DOING — He cost the Texas planters $15,000,000 last year and the end is not yet.

ALL the world wears cotton in one shape or another, and the prospect of a permanent rise in the cost of it is not agreeable And to think that such an expectation should be caused by a mere worm'

Yet such is the case. Steadily, at the rate of fifty miles a year, the cotton-boll weevil is advancing northward and eastward in Texas It cost the Texas planters $15,000,000 last year, and eventually it may be expected to do $250,000,000 worth of damage annually in the United States, unless measures are taken to minimize the mischief. The presence of the worm in a given area means ordinarily a reduction of the crop by fifty per cent. Before many years have gone by the weevil will have spread all over the cotton belt

Dr. W. D. Hunter, in the forthcoming Year Book of the Department of Agriculture (from proof-sheets of which this information is obtained), says that a single pair of these destructive insects will have 134,000,000 descendants in one season. They are spread by the wind and by overflow from field to field. In Cuba they were known long before they appeared in this country, their original food plants apparently being the "kidney cotton" of that island

The worm lives inside of the boll of cotton, where it cannot be reached by means of poison No successful method of attacking it has as yet been discovered. The best that can be done is to plow up the cotton plants in the autumn as soon as the pests have multiplied to such an extent as to render the picking of any more cotton doubtful, and to plant as early as possible in the spring, so as to get a crop before the bugs have time to multiply greatly

SCIENTIFIC MOUSE-KILLING — A new method better and safer than poison and surer than cats.

NO THOROUGHLY satisfactory way of killing mice has yet been found, unless the discovery is to be attributed, perhaps, to a certain German professor who has succeeded in destroying these little animals wholesale by infecting them with a disease germ

The germ in question was obtained originally from a species of ground squirrel Cultures of it were prepared in the usual way, in gelatin, and bits of dough saturated with the infectious stuff were placed in the runways of mice in barns and in haymows. As a result, large numbers of dead mice were found a few days later, and they continued to die rapidly for quite a while. In the case of four haymows, carefully examined ten days after the dough was scattered, the mortality was found to be from 79 to 95 per cent

Two kinds of mice were concerned—the field mouse and the common house mouse It is thought that there is no reason why the method should not be applied in dwellings, inasmuch as the disease thus artificially spread does not affect other animals, such as chickens or dogs, and does not attack human beings.

It is better than poison, because less dangerous, and, inasmuch as the afflicted mice usually abandon their holes to die, no disagreeable odor lingers on the premises as a reminder of the experiment

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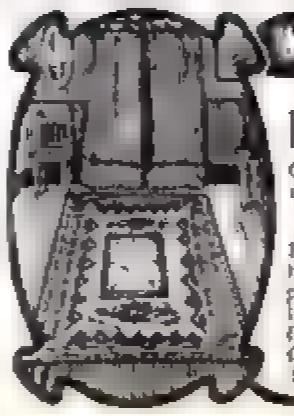
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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

THE SHAME OF THE CITIES — The plain facts about municipal corruption and the man responsible for them.

¶ Lincoln Steffens says that when he set out to describe the corrupt systems of certain typical cities he meant to show simply how the people were deceived and betrayed. What he really found out was "that corruption was not merely political; it was financial, commercial, social"; the scent led to much larger game. "I found him" (the big business man), he says, in The Shame of the Cities *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*, "buying boodlers in St. Louis, defending grafters in Minneapolis, originating corruption in Pittsburg, sharing with bosses in Philadelphia, deploring reform in Chicago and beating good government with corruption funds in New York."

Mr. Steffens' discovery is not altogether new; other men have realized that it takes two to make a bargain in bribery and that the responsibility for the vicious system is to be charged to the smug respectable briber. The importance of Mr. Steffens' book is to be found in the intelligent and thorough manner in which he has exposed the whole rotten system of maladministration, and the courage with which he has put the blame for it where it belongs.

Investigating the machine in a half-dozen of our larger cities he went for his facts direct to the men who control it. And he got the facts. They are interesting or shameful—it depends upon your point of view. Yet he says:

"I never exaggerated. Every one of those articles was an understatement . . . Those who knew what I knew expressed surprise that I reported so little. I did not want to preserve," he adds; "I wanted to destroy the facts." And to him these understated facts are of service only as they "sound for the civic pride of an apparently shameless citizenship."

Always it is that—to touch on the raw. He was complimenting the citizens of Minneapolis when he wrote the heading to his chapter, The Shame of Minneapolis. Between that title and The Shamelessness of St. Louis there is the moral distinction between the two thieves on the cross; and it may be inferred that the title, Philadelphia, Corrupt and Contented, was not chosen for purposes of mere alliteration.

Perhaps Mr. Steffens' conclusions reach farther than the average citizen's, yet we do not believe that his judgment is distorted by the passion of the reformer when he says he agrees with Mr. Folk that: "Bribery is no ordinary felony, but treason; the effect of it is literally to change the form of our government from one that is representative of the people to an oligarchy, representative of special interests."

Various reasons are urged to account for the spectacle of an avowedly reputable citizen using his millions corruptly to gain more millions. Is it the excitement of the game he is after or is he simply money mad—a moneymaniac? Whatever his reason he stands squarely in the way of political reform. Put the boodler behind the bars, if you will, you are simply trying to salve a wound. The source of the disease lies deeper.

It is not a pretty story that Mr. Steffens tells: but "pretty stories" are not the kind to "burn through our civic shamelessness and set fire to American pride."

SANTOS DUMONT AND HIS AIR SHIPS — A personal narrative of his successes and failures, and what he learned from them

¶ My Air Ships, by Alberte Santos Dumont *(The Century Company)*, is a direct, non-technical account of the author's experiments in aeronautics, beginning with his early interest in machinery, as first stimulated by the coffee mills on his father's plantation in

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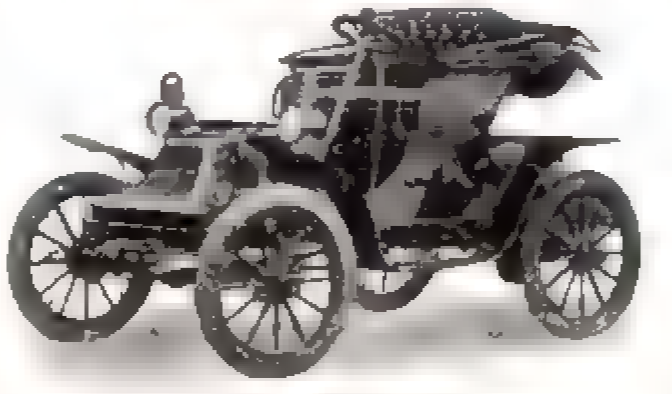

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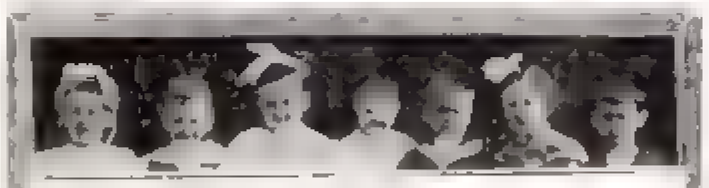

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Brazil and carried consecutively through the narrative of his early enthusiasm for the gasoline automobile, his first sight of a balloon, his first ascension, then the conception of combining the driving power of the one with the lifting power of the other, down to his latest experiments with No. 9, his little "run about."

Here is an account of his first resolution in what was to be his lifework — characteristically Latin in its clear-headed incisiveness. Young Santos Dumont had consulted a professional aeronaut. "'My honorarium,' had been the reply (for one ascension), 'will be 1200 francs' (240 dollars).

"I asked time for reflection. To a youth eighteen years of age 1200 francs was a large sum. How could I justify it to my parents? Then I reflected:

"'If I risk 1200 francs for an afternoon's pleasure I shall find it either good or bad. If it is bad the money will be lost; if it is good I shall want to repeat it and shall not have the means.'

"This decided me. Regretfully I gave up ballooning and took refuge in automobiling."

Later came greater means and freedom of initiative, and what follows is a modest record of persistence, ingenuity, resourcefulness and courage — of success built out of defeat. "It may be," says Santos Dumont, "that half a century from now man will assume mastery of the air by means of flying machines heavier than the medium in which they move. I look forward to the time with hope; and at the present moment I have gone further to meet it than any other, because my own air ships — which have been so reproached on this head — are slightly heavier than air."

LITERARY HEREDITY — Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison ("Lucas Malet") is a case in point.

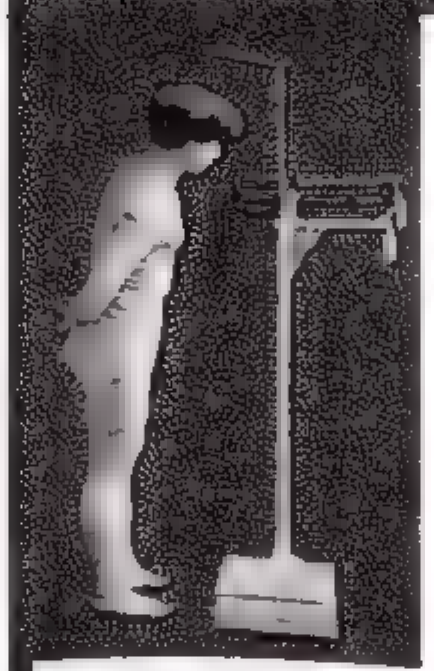
¶ To those who believe in the power of heredity, Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison ("Lucas Malet") stands as a convincing proof. Not only was her father, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, both a poet and a novelist, but his two brothers were writers of distinct ability: Dr. George Kingsley, and Henry Kingsley, the author of Ravenshoe. Mrs. Charles Kingsley, though not an author in the general acceptation of the term, was a woman of great literary taste, as is shown in her memoirs of her husband, a model biography.

Mrs. Harrison was born at Eversley while her father was rector of that parish, and was early familiar with a society composed of his friends, and including men like Thomas Hughes, Tennyson, Dean Stanley, Froude and Max Muller. The result of such associations is plainly to be seen in her books, for Mrs. Harrison writes of English society as do few authors — from the inside. She inherits her father's love of the country, and her descriptions of the life of an English landed proprietor are full of a charm which appeals strongly to her readers, especially those of a newer civilization. Mrs. Harrison has a distinct feeling for music, as may be inferred from one or two allusions in her books, but her artistic perceptions are very strong, and in The Wages of Sin her descriptions of the Connop Art School and of James Colthurst's work suggest a familiar acquaintance with the London art world.

Mary Kingsley's marriage with Mr. Harrison, the rector of Clovelly, took her to that lovely spot in North Devon where her father was born, and the influence of her residence there is seen in the descriptions of Devonshire scenery. Since Mr. Harrison's death, a few years ago, she has made her home in London, where she has a charming little house not far from the Brompton Oratory. She is very fond of traveling, has visited India, and once spent a few weeks quietly in a small village in New England, having come to this country for the sake of the voyage. One wishes that she might have made a longer stay and embodied some of her American experiences in a study of life in this country.

In appearance Mrs. Harrison is tall and handsome, with dark eyes and hair. She is a woman of poise and gracious manners, and as witty in conversation as in her books. Her position in London society is most desirable, as she has gathered about her a set of friends recruited from the ranks of literature and art, as well as from those of social eminence, a phrase which means more in the English capital than it does here.

Mrs. Harrison's first book, Mrs. Lorimer, appeared in 1882, and has been followed, at long intervals, by about seven other novels, each one bearing the mark of such careful writing that it is not surprising that their number has been so few.



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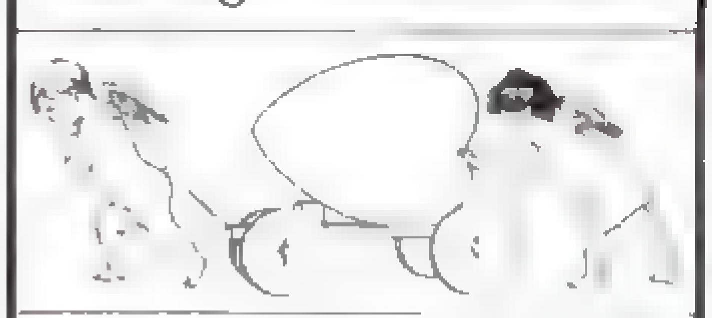

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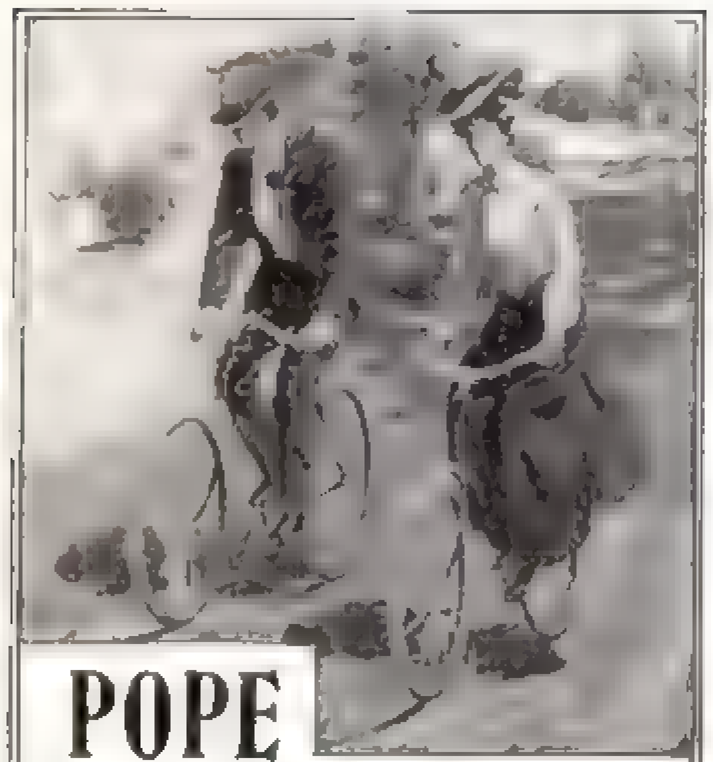

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[illegible]

The Buccaneers

(*Continued from Page 8*)

together with some hundreds of the motors themselves of that particular make. It was a sheer waste of the result of toil and money.

"We don't let them stay in use," said Thomas Tabb grimly.

Before that visit to the graveyard was over the two old directors had made up their minds for good and all. They thought of their sure and steady six per cent. dividends and were in no mood to waste time and money in fighting a very devil.

Livingstone knowing beforehand that the effort was useless, took his party through the factory in a perfunctory sort of way. The two parties met at noon, and Clark and his followers saw at a glance that so far as the two old men were concerned the trip had been productive only of harm. Clark and Thomas Tabb bade each other good by with the air of gladiators shaking hands before entering the ring, and the International party, declining Livingstone's offer of luncheon, went down town to wait at a hotel for the departure of their train in the evening.

At two o'clock that afternoon Thomas Tabb quietly sent for Hawkins, the head of the order department.

"Have you got the proof on young Johnson?"

"Yes," answered Hawkins, and produced a bundle of papers. Tabb sat down and looked them over carefully. Then he leaned over and whispered to Hawkins eagerly. Finally the young man nodded. Tabb pulled a big roll of bills from his pocket and handed them to Hawkins.

"Here's the letter," he said. "You can look it over." It read:

> *Thomas Hawkins, Esq.:* You may take this letter as notice of instant dismissal from our employ. My reasons have been expressed to you verbally. We want no traitors in our ranks.
>
> THOMAS TABB,
> President The Wireless Motor Company.

"Now, remember," said Tabb, as Hawkins got up to go, "everybody but me thinks this is all on the square. I'll send for you in ten minutes."

Ten minutes later a peremptory order came from the president's office requiring Hawkins and young Johnson to appear immediately before Thomas Tabb. There were present the president's secretary and the treasurer of the company.

Calmly and deliberately Tabb accused young Johnson of betraying the secrets of the Wireless Motor Company to its rival, the International Corporation. The clerk trembled with fear and shame. At the end Tabb produced the proofs of his guilt, and he broke into a pitiful confession. Then Tabb handed him a letter and held out a similar one to Hawkins.

"You go, too," he said to Hawkins. "If this boy is guilty you are guilty, too. Now, get out of here, both of you, and never let me see your faces again."

Hawkins protested, but was waved aside. He became bitter and resentful, and Tabb ordered him from his office. The curt letter of dismissal in his pocket, Hawkins went straight down to the hotel where the International party was staying and sent his card up to Clark.

"I've worked eight years for the Wireless Motor Company," said Hawkins. "I've worked in the inspection-rooms, I've worked on the stockbooks, and for three years I've been at the head of the order department. A few days ago I found that one of my clerks was copying our orders and I reported it to Mr. Tabb. To-day I got the proof on the clerk and took it down to Tabb. That is what I get in return." He handed over the letter. "I've never dreamed of betraying one of their secrets. I've worked and slaved for them. This is the pay I get."

Clark took the letter and looked it over. He couldn't help feeling sorry for the young fellow. He knew, too, that the charge against Hawkins was absolutely groundless. Besides, a man who knew the secrets of the Wireless Company's stockbooks and of their order department might well be valuable to him.

"It's a shame, Hawkins," he said. "If you'll come over to Pierson City with us I expect we can put you to work."

At ten o'clock that night Hawkins slipped off the sleeper at a way station and filed this telegram:

> *Thomas Tabb, Metropolis:* Every thing worked O. K. HAWKINS.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The [illegible] Exposition Palaces at St. Louis are covered with Rex Flintkote Roofing [illegible] 400,000 square [illegible] being laid, and was only [illegible] the most severe tests ever given a roofing. The abuse a roofing receives from such an [illegible] employed in the construction [illegible] huge proportions, and the general wear and tear that [illegible] subjected to in one year is equal to that given an [illegible] building in ten.

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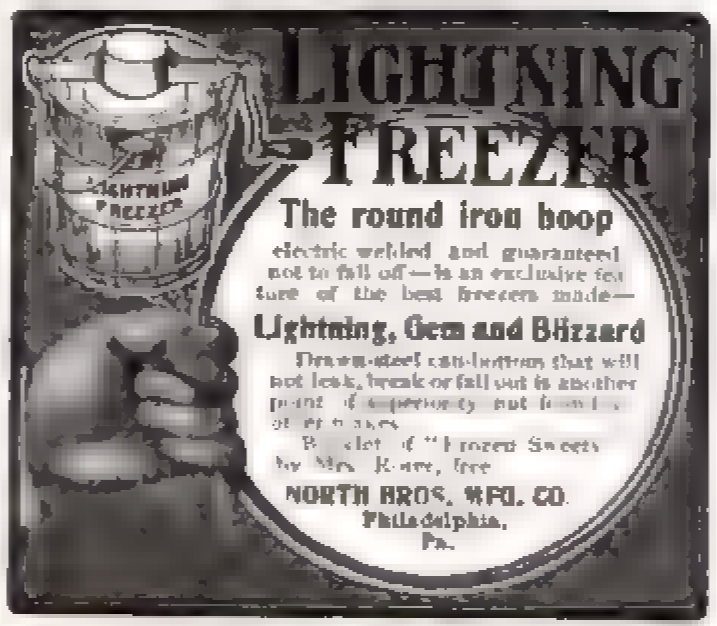

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KUNSTADTER BROS.
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Old Gorgon Graham

(Concluded from Page 9)

She followed up her system, too, and in the end it got so that women would waste good gossip before they'd go to her with it. For if the pastor's wife would tell her "as a true friend" that the report that she had gone to the theatre in St. Louis was causing a scandal she'd thank her for being so sweetly thoughtful, and ask if nothing was sacred enough to be spared by the tongue of slander, though she, for one, didn't believe that there was anything in the malicious talk that the Doc. was cribbing those powerful Sunday evening discourses from a volume of Beecher's sermons. And when they'd press her for the name of her informant she'd say, "No, it was a lie; she knew it was a lie; and no one who sat under the dear pastor would believe it, and they mustn't dignify it by noticing it." As a matter of fact, no one who sat under Doc Pottle would have believed it, for his sermons weren't good enough to have been cribbed, and if Beecher could have heard one of them he would have excommunicated him.

Buck's wife knew how to show goods. When Buck himself had used up all the cuss words in Missouri on his conduct she had sense enough to know that his stock of trouble was full, and that if she wanted to get a hold on him she mustn't show him stripes, but something in cheerful checks. Yet when the trouble-hunters looked her up she had a full line of samples of their favorite commodity to show them.

I simply mention these things in a general way. Seeing would naturally be believing if cross-eyed people were the only ones who saw crooked; and hearing will be believing when deaf people are the only ones who don't hear straight. It's a pretty safe rule, when you hear a heavy yarn about any one, to allow a fair amount for tare, and then to verify your weights. Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM

P. S. I think you'd better look in at a few of the branch houses on your way home and see if you can't make expenses.

* * *

Cold Storage for the Farmer

TO FIND out how the farmer might save money by going into the cold-storage business on his own account, the Illinois Experiment Station recently built a refrigerating house big enough to hold 2500 barrels of apples. It was of simple construction, and made as cheap as possible, its cost being $3430. On the fifth day of October seventy tons of ice were put into the icebox, and the temperature fell gradually to thirty-three degrees, at which point it was maintained through the winter. All of the apples kept beautifully, and the cost of storage for seven months was only nineteen cents a barrel, or thirty-one cents less than the farmer usually pays for refrigerating his apple crop.

The fruit was examined from time to time, and hardly a bad apple was found. There was no withering, and no appearance of "scald"—that dreaded enemy of the apple grower. All of the apples remained in perfect condition. Taking into view the saving to the producer, it was reckoned that such a building would pay for itself in five years.

Accordingly, it is recommended that farmers build their own cold storage houses, combining for the purpose when desirable. Not only will they save money directly, but the selling period will be greatly prolonged. The fruit can go from the tree immediately into storage, and be cooled to the degree requisite to arrest the ripening process. Furthermore, it can be stored in temporary packages, the final grading and packing being deferred until the hurry of the picking season is over.

The Station tried the experiment of insulating a cellar for cold-storage purposes, cooling it with ice in the early part of the season, and depending later upon the natural temperature. This was not a success. It was found that the earth was too good a conductor of heat and cold, that the amount of ice required was excessive, and that fluctuations of temperature in the later season were too great.

The conclusion drawn is that commercial growers, for communities in which considerable quantities of fruit are grown, cannot do better than to erect cold-storage houses cooled with ice.

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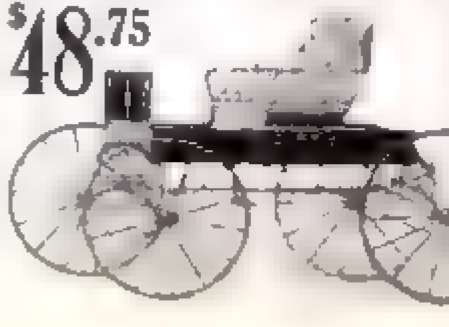

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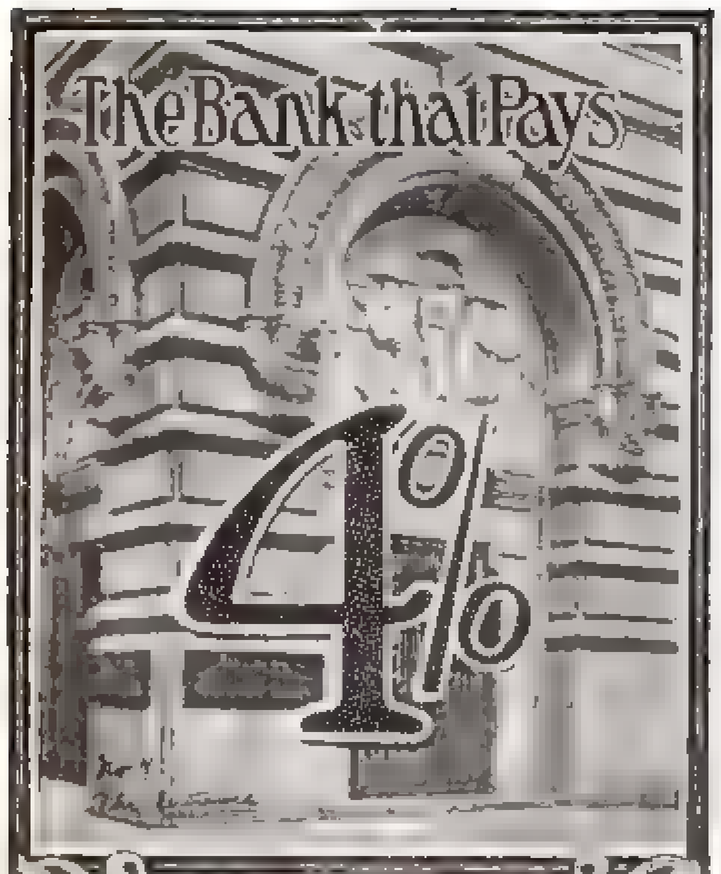

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Dick Danvers Comes to Life

(*Continued from Page 11*)

"For Dick Danvers?" Tommy laughed. "Whatever put that into his head?"

"Oh, well, there were one or two little things that we had noticed."

"We?"

"I mean that Clodd had noticed."

"I'm glad it was Clodd that noticed them not you, Dad," thought Tommy to herself. "They'd have been pretty obvious if you had noticed them."

"It naturally made me anxious," confessed Peter. "You see, we know absolutely nothing of the fellow."

"Absolutely nothing," agreed Tommy

"He may be a man of the highest integrity. Personally I think he is. I like him. On the other hand, he may be a thorough-paced scoundrel. I don't believe for a moment that he is, but he may be. Impossible to say."

"Quite impossible," agreed Tommy

"Considered merely as a journalist, it doesn't matter. He writes well. He has brains. There's an end of it."

"He is very painstaking," agreed Tommy

"Personally," added Peter, "I like the fellow." Tommy had returned to her work

Of what use was Peter in a crisis of this kind! Peter couldn't scold. Peter couldn't bully. The only person to talk to Tommy as Tommy knew she needed to be talked to was one Jane, a young woman of dignity with sense of the proprieties.

"I do hope that at least you are feeling ashamed of yourself," remarked Jane to Tommy that same night, as the twain sat together in their little bedroom.

"Done nothing to be ashamed of," growled Tommy

"Making a fool of yourself openly for everybody to notice."

"Clodd ain't everybody. He's got eyes at the back of his head. Sees things before they happen"

"Where's your woman's pride: falling in love with a man who has never spoken to you except in terms of the most ordinary courtesy"

"I'm not in love with him"

"A man about whom you know absolutely nothing."

"Not in love with him"

"Where does he come from? Who is he?"

"I don't know, don't care; nothing to do with me."

"Just because of his soft eyes and his wheedling voice and that half-caressing, half-devotional manner of his. Do you imagine he keeps it specially for you? I gave you credit for more sense."

"I'm not in love with him, I tell you He's down on his luck, and I'm sorry for him, that's all."

"And if he is, whose fault was it, do you think?"

"It doesn't matter. We are none of us saints. He's trying to pull himself together, and I respect him for it. It's our duty to be charitable and kind to one another in this world!"

"Oh, well, I'll tell you how you can be kind to him: by pointing out to him that he is wasting his time. With his talents, now that he knows his business, he could be on the staff of some big paper, earning a good income. Put it nicely to him, but be firm. Insist on his going. That will be showing true kindness to him—and to yourself, too, I'm thinking, my dear"

And Tommy understood, and appreciated the sound, good sense underlying Jane's advice, and the very next day but one, seizing the first opportunity, acted upon it; and all would have gone as contemplated if only Dick Danvers had sat still and listened as it had been arranged in Tommy's program that he should

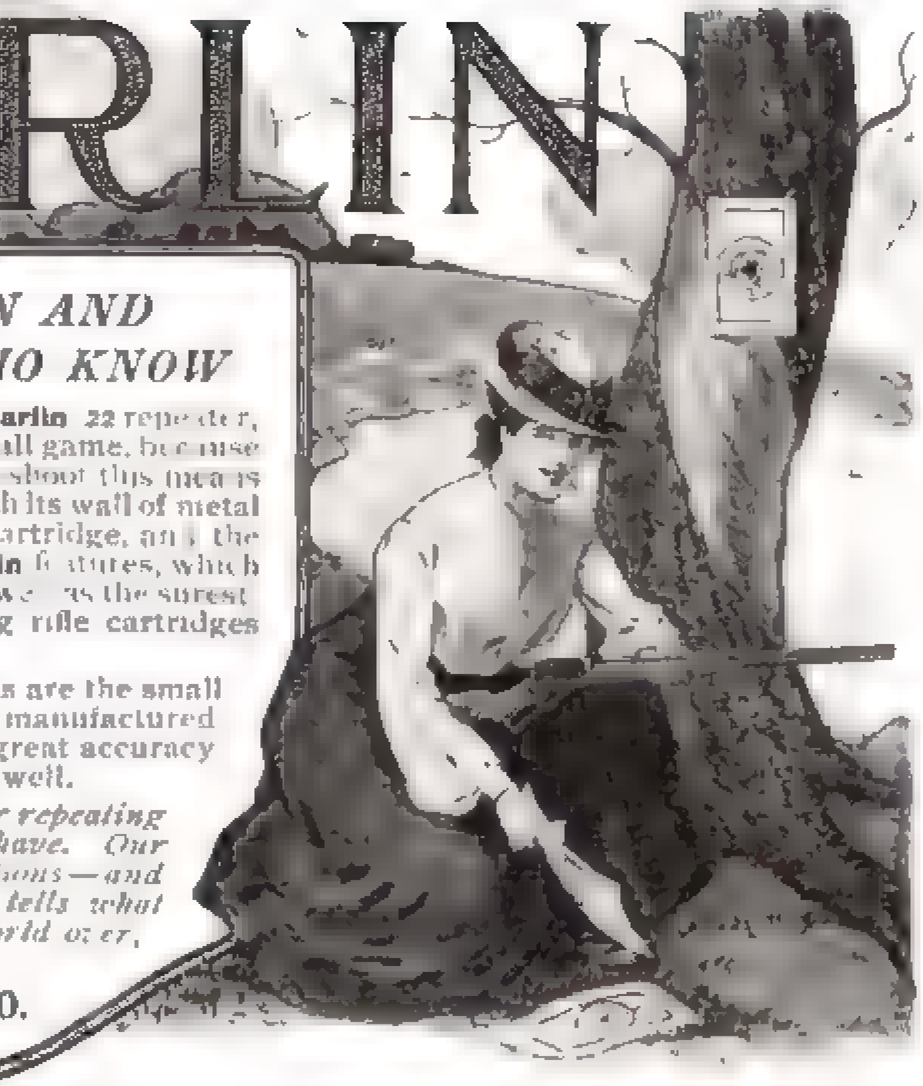
"But I don't want to go," said Dick

"But you ought to want to go Staying here with us, you are doing yourself no good"

He rose and came to where she stood with one foot upon the fender, looking down into the fire. His doing this disconcerted her. So long as he remained seated at the other end of the room she was the sub-editor, counseling the staff for its own good Now that she could not raise her eyes without encountering his, she felt painfully conscious of being nothing more important than a little woman, who was trembling.

"It is doing me all the good in the world," he told her, "being near to you"

MARLIN



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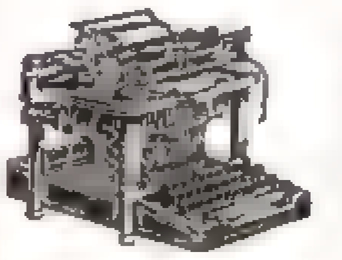

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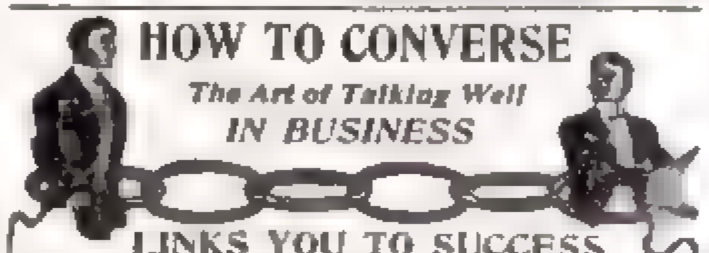

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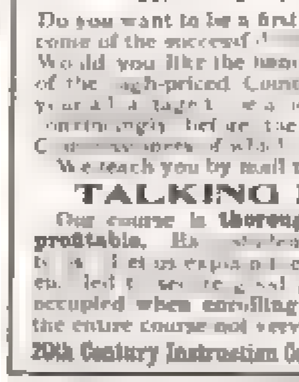

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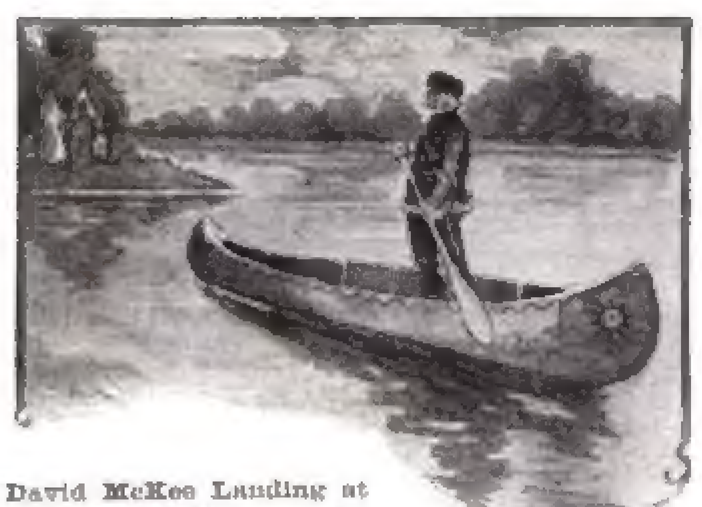

David McKee Landing at Allequippa's Village—now McKeesport.

Queen Allequippa's Word

Made Possible McKeesport where $130,000,000.00 are now paid out in wages each year.

Queen Allequippa of the Delawares

DAVID McKEE, hunter, trapper and pioneer, turned the bow of his canoe toward the point of land which makes the juncture of the Monongahela and Youghiougheny rivers, some twenty years before George Washington led the American troops to victory.

The spring had just blossomed forth and the arrival of a white man brought a crowd of Delawares to the banks. Chattering, gesticulating and shouting they led the hardy pioneer to the wigwam of their ruler Queen Allequippa.

In a few words McKee explained to the handsome and stately Queen of the Delawares his mission. He came, he said, to found a trading post. The braves demurred but Allequippa's word was supreme — McKee remained.

The post flourished and at the close of the French-Indian war was one of the best known trading posts west of the Alleghenies.

In 1769 the site was granted to McKee and was named McKeesport. A land office was opened for the sale of land secured by Indian treaties.

John McKee, son of David, laid out the first plan of lots in 1795 and this sale was a success. From that time on the city grew until to-day McKeesport is one of the greatest manufacturing centers in the world. The heart of the Pittsburg industrial district.

The families of the men who invested in McKeesport realty are now wealthy. Thousands have shared in the prosperity of the former home of Queen Allequippa.

Unlike the majority of towns and cities McKeesport has never known a boom. For the past twenty years it has grown steadily. In 1880 it had only 8212 inhabitants — to-day it has over 50,000. It is the center of Greater Pittsburg with a population of over 1,800,000.

In the Midst of Prosperity

The mammoth tube plant, the largest in the world, to which a $10,000,000 addition is being erected, and immense steel plants, tinplate establishments and dozens of other industries in and around McKeesport pay out over $130,000,000 each year in wages.

Property is a veritable gold mine — rents are sky-high.

Right in the midst of this great money making center is "Arlington" — the logical residential section of McKeesport.

Arlington is the heart of the greater Pittsburg district.

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Arlington lots are from 30 to 60 feet wide on streets and avenues 40 to 60 feet wide. The prices range from $200 to $1000. **Ten Dollars Secures Any Lot** — and five to ten dollars a month pays for it. There is no interest, no taxes, and in case the owner dies before the lot is paid for his heirs receive a free deed for it.

The Greater Pittsburg District

is rapidly forging to the front and in a few years there will be over two millions and a half population. **ARLINGTON** is the greatest bargain in the district. Ten years from now you may have to pay as much for a foot front as you can buy a lot for now.

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from any point east of the Mississippi river to any person who comes to Arlington and buys a lot.

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"Oh, please do sit down again," she urged him; "I can talk to you so much better when you're sitting down."

But he would not do anything he should have done that day. Instead, he took her hands in his and would not let them go; and the reason and the will went out of her, leaving her helpless.

"Let me be with you always," he pleaded. "It makes the difference between light and darkness to me. You have done so much for me. Will you not finish your work? Will you not trust me? It is no hot passion that can pass away, my love for you. It springs from all that is best in me — from the part of me that is wholesome and joyous and strong — the part of me that belongs to you."

Releasing her, he turned away.

"The other part of me — the blackguard — is dead, dear; dead and buried. I did not know I was a blackguard. I thought myself a fine fellow, till one day it came home to me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was. And the sight of the thing frightened me; and I ran away from it. I said to myself I would begin life afresh in a new country, free of every tie that could bind me to the past. It would mean poverty — privation, maybe, in the beginning. What of that? The struggle would brace me. It would be good sport. Ah, well, you can guess the result: the awakening to the cold facts, the reaction of feeling. In what way was I worse than other men? Who was I to play the prig in a world where others were laughing and dining? I had tramped your city till my boots were worn into holes. I had but to abandon my Quixotic ideals — return to where shame lay waiting for me, to be welcomed with the fatted calf. It would have ended so had I not chanced to pass by your door that afternoon, and hear you strumming on the piano."

So Billy was right, after all, thought Tommy to herself; the piano does help.

"It was so incongruous, a piano in Crane Court; I looked to see where the noise came from. I read the name of the paper on the doorpost. 'It will be my last chance,' I said to myself. 'This shall decide it.'"

He came back to her. She had not moved. "I am not afraid to tell you all this. You are so big-hearted, so human; you will understand, you can forgive. It is all past. Loving you tells a man that he has done with evil. Will you not trust me?"

She put her hands in his. "I am trusting you," she said, "with all my life. Don't make a muddle of it, dear, if you can help it."

* * *

Chocolate from the Philippines

OUR Bureau of Agriculture in the Philippines is giving all possible encouragement to the cultivation of the cacao, or chocolate bean, in the archipelago, where the industry promises to become of enormous importance. The Luzon bean is the finest in the world, and fetches in the market to-day a price fifty per cent. higher than the Java bean. Its production is very remunerative, and there seems to be no danger of glutting the market, because the areas in the great Equatorial zone in which the plant prospers are small. Two hundred million pounds of cacao are now consumed annually in the world.

The beans grow in a very odd fashion, in large pods, which are attached to the trunk of the tree by short stems. Ripeness is indicated by an unmistakable aroma of chocolate that pervades the orchard. The pods are carefully cut off with sharp shears, or, at a greater height, with a keen-edged hook-knife on the end of a bamboo pole. They are thrown into heaps, and within twenty-four hours are opened, each fruit being cut in half with a knife to remove from its interior the mass of pulp and seeds. As the seeds are detached from the pulp they are immersed in jars half full of water, arranged in pairs, those of large and uniform size going into one jar and the small and deformed ones into the other. Thus they are graded on the spot, the big and well-formed beans fetching a higher price. After being washed in fresh water they are dried in the sun.

Monkeys, rats and parrots are the greatest enemies of the cacao in the Philippines. All three cut open the pods and eat the beans, being quite as fond of chocolate as are human beings. Besides, there are a number of destructive insect foes. Up-to-date planters capture the insects by placing powerful acetylene lights over tubs of water, on the surface of which a little petroleum is put.

To the Dissatisfied Man

EVERY MAN who has ambition is dissatisfied; not necessarily disgruntled or discouraged, or a malcontent, but dissatisfied *because he wants to go higher.* The right kind of dissatisfaction is a good sign — it is a sign of a man who will make progress; the man who gets left behind in the race for success is the man who is content to drift along with the current.

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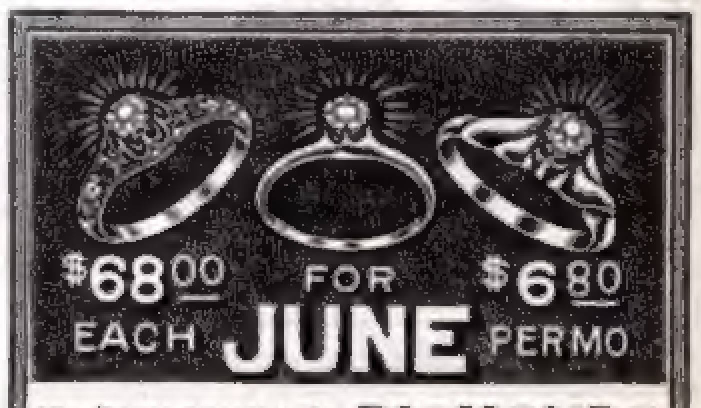

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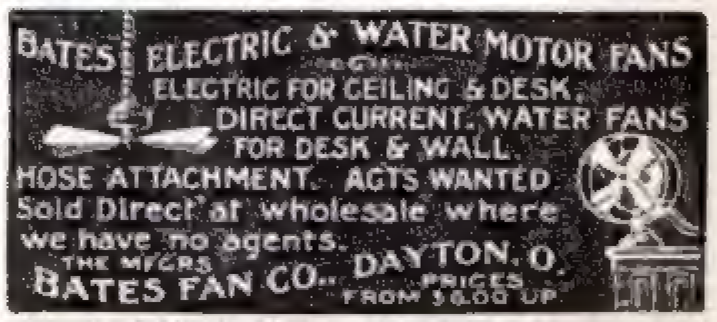

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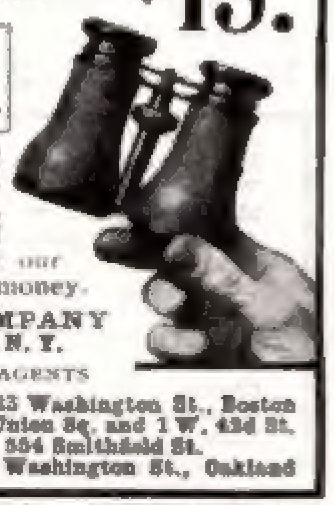

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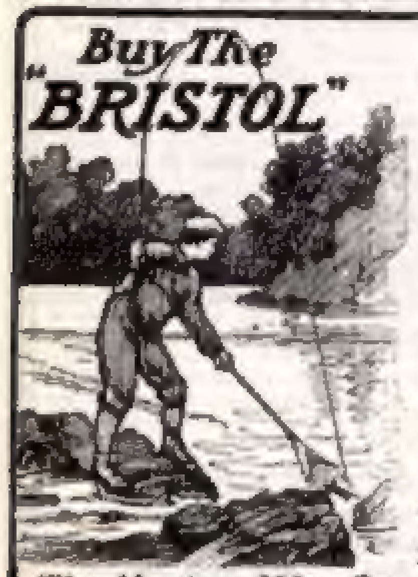

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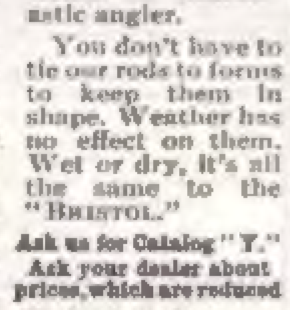

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HURRICANE ISLAND

(Continued from Page 13)

I bowed. "I will repeat what I have already stated," I said; and then, as she turned to go, I took a sudden impulse.

"Miss Morland," said I, "if I must continue to call you so."

"That is my name, sir," she said loftily.

"Then if that is your name there is nothing in my plot," I answered bluntly. "This plot, imaginary or otherwise, but one in which you say you believe, is dependent wholly on your name not being Morland, madam. Assure me that it is, and I undertake that the plot shall cease."

"You speak, sir, as if you had authority over it," she said, after a pause.

"No. I reason only on what I know. This conspiracy has been evolved on the supposition that you and Mr. Morland are not what you claim to be."

Again she made a pause, but spoke quickly when she spoke. "My brother is Prince Frederic of Hochburg."

I bowed. "And, madam, the ship contains treasure? Let us finish our confidences."

"There are bonds and bullion to a large amount on board," she said, as if reluctantly.

"Madam," said I seriously, for handsome as she was, and royal, too, I was nettled by her distance, "you ask me to help you, and you keep me at arm's length."

"I will answer any question you wish to put—if I can," she replied in a milder voice. "But my brother is waiting."

"Then may I know why you credit this plot?" I asked.

"I know nothing of the plot," she said. "The news of it has only just come to my ears, through some words dropped by Mr. Morland. But this I know, that he runs a great risk."

"Now," said I, "I am ready to accompany you," and forthwith, without more words, we went on deck.

When we reached the cabin I found not only the Prince but Day, who was clearly in one of his moods. He did not pay me any attention on my entrance, but fixed his gaze on Princess Alix.

"As I am no longer in command on my boat, Doctor Phillimore," he said abruptly, "perhaps you will be good enough to explain to Mr. Morland what you propose to do."

I looked at the Prince, who nodded curtly.

"I believe that a rising is contemplated before we reach Buenos Ayres," I said. "I would advise, therefore, that we change our course for Rio de Janeiro at once. We are only thirty hours steam away."

Day turned his attention on me. "There is something in that," he said. "I shall be able to get a new doctor."

The Prince frowned. "It is for me to say," he said.

"You, sir, will then be able to get a new captain," said Day politely.

"That is very probable," said the Prince, and added, "I order you to put into Rio, Captain. Doctor Phillimore's advice commends itself to me."

I said nothing, but the Princess gave me a quick glance, in which I read approval.

"Your orders shall be obeyed," said Day, and ceremoniously left the cabin. When he was gone the Prince turned to me.

"I am obliged for your zeal in my service," he said, as if he were conferring a decoration; whereupon he bowed, and I followed the captain.

I went at once to Day's cabin and waited, for I had made up my mind as to the method in which he should be treated. The man was obviously incapable of discretion in his state. He entered presently with a sigh, and observed me. A malignant look worked in his face, but I interposed at once.

"Captain," said I, "if you are captain I am doctor. This can only end one way, and I won't have it end that way if it is in my power to prevent it."

"You are wrong," he said snappishly. "You are captain and doctor in one."

"I'm going to try on you a particular drug which I have faith in," I said, ignoring his words. "It is new, but there are great possibilities in it. If it is all I believe it to be you will get up to-morrow another man."

He put his arms on the table. "Night and day, night and day!" he groaned. "For Heaven's sake, Doctor, give me something."

That was what I wanted. He was a little querulous, spiteful child now, and I had possession of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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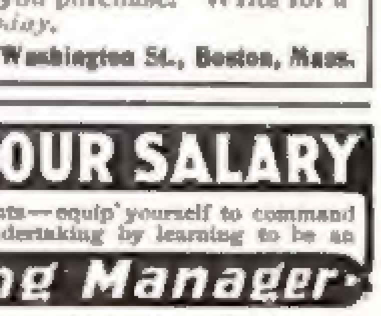

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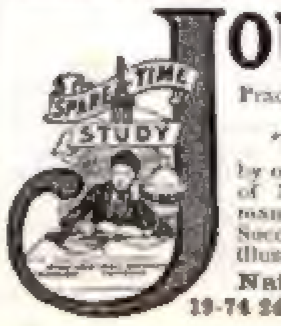

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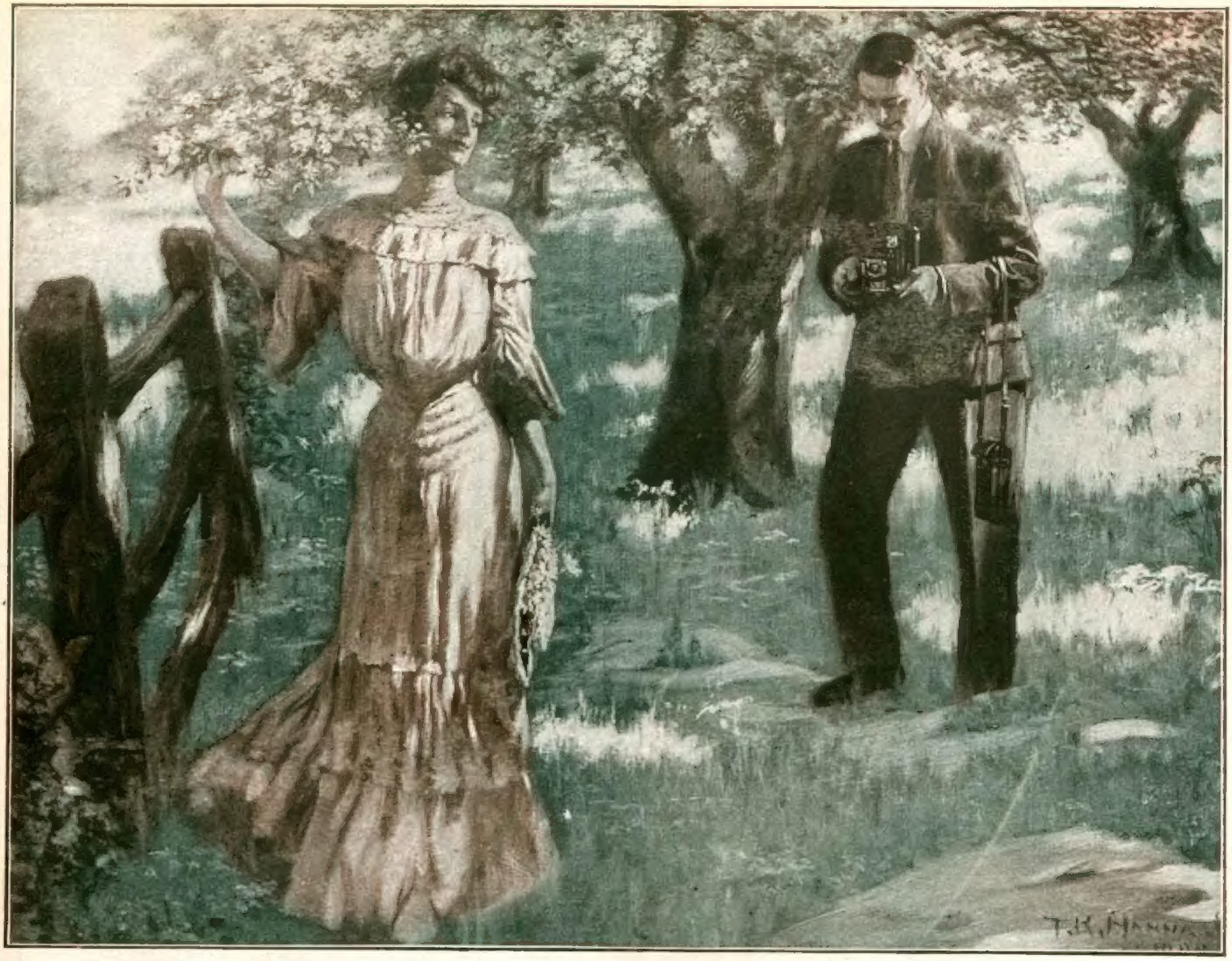

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